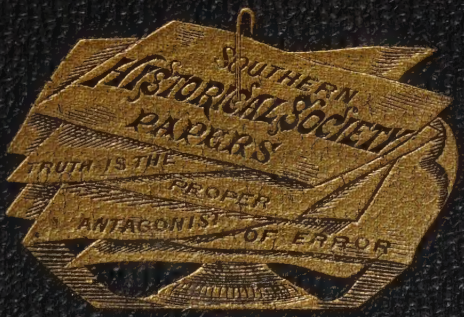
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Vol. XIV. Richmond, Va., January-December. 1886.

Annual Reunion of Pegram Battalion Association in the Hall of House of Delegates, Richmond, Va., May 21st, 1886.

The Annual Reunion of the PEGRAM BATTALION ASSOCIATION was held in the Capitol of the State Thursday evening, May 21, 1886. At 8½ o'clock the Association marched in a body into the Hall of the House of Delegates with music. The Hall was well filled with an audience of ladies and gentlemen, composed of the mothers, wives, daughters, sisters and friends of the living and of the dead members of the Battalion.

"The Assembly" call was then sounded on the bugle, after which a beautiful and touching prayer by Rev. J. WM. JONES, D. D., Chaplain of the Association.

Captain W. GORDON MCCABE, formerly Adjutant of the Battalion, then presented the

OLD BATTLE FLAG

to the keeping of the Association in the following eloquent and historical

PRESENTATION ADDRESS:

Comrades of Pegram's Battalion:

On behalf of the mother of Colonel William Johnson Pegram I give into your keeping this flag—for two campaigns the battle-flag of his old battery, "the Purcell"—afterwards the head quarter battle-flag of the Battalion.

To those who do not look upon it with our eyes it is but a faded bit of bunting, rent and torn and grimy.

But to us the rents are the rents of shot and shell, each with its stirring story, and the grime is the noble grime of battle, and faded though it be by time, every shred of it is transfigured and glorified by memories which time cannot touch—memories of great deeds greatly done—of victory wrested time and again from desperate odds by skill and daring—of hardness endured as good soldiers in a good cause—of noble blood nobly shed for hearth, home, and country—and our blood taking fire at sight of it, even as David's blood took fire when he saw in the hands of Ahimelech the sword which recalled the unequal contest and glorious victory in the valley of Elah, we re-echo the cry of the warrior-king of Israel three thousand years ago: "*There is none like this!*"

As I unfurl the tattered remnant, it seems but yesterday that we saw our boy-colonel riding along some crimson field (followed by Morton bearing this flag), the sweet austerity of his grave face lit up with the joy of battle, as he was greeted by the hoarse cheering of his batteries and "the iron-throated plaudits of his guns"—it seems but yesterday, men of "the Purcell," that in the dusk of that glorious August evening on Cedar Mountain, when you unlimbered within eighty yards of the masses of Pope swarming through the corn-fields straight for the guns, "old Jackson" sat on his sorrel hard by this flag, sucking the inevitable lemon and nodding approval as your canister tore through the huge columns, while *Captain* Pegram cried out in great glee: "*Pitch in men, General Jackson's looking at you*—it seems but yesterday that A. P. Hill paused near this flag amid "the fiery pang of shells" on the slopes of Gettysburg to shake hands with *Major* Pegram, who, with the fever still upon him, had ridden ninety miles in an ambulance to command his guns on those fateful three days—it seems but yesterday that we saw Lee and Gordon and A. P. Hill and Early grouped about this flag as it dal-

lied defiance in the centre of the forty guns commanded by *Lieutenant-Colonel* Pegram crowning the heights of Spotsylvania. Who can ever forget the stirring scene as the enemy gallantly debouched from the woods on that day, brigade front, moving across the open ground to attack, colors flying and men cheering. On the Confederate front all was silent ; a dozen rounds of canister had been "run up" to each gun, the guns already shotted, primers fixed, lanyards taut—all waiting for the word. Our young commander rode slowly up and down his line, his glorious boyish face flushing through its bronze, his voice deep with the joy of hotly-impending fight, speaking briefly to each battery-commander: "Captain, shoot the first man who pulls a lanyard before I raise my sabre as the signal." Can you ever forget how he waited and waited until the enemy seemed almost in the guns—then his sabre flashed suddenly and swiftly in the air, and the double canister tore with dreadful accuracy through the cheering lines which seemed to fall as one man. The remnant breaking sought the cover of the woods, where, reinforced by fresh troops, they once more tried the desperate venture; but, recoiling a second time under the withering fire, broke again and finally fled, leaving their dead and dying on the field along the whole front. Yet a third time did these gallant fellows attempt to reach the heights. Then it was that the men of this Battalion, seized as it were by a sort of delirium of disdainful daring, dropping sponge-staff and lanyard, sprang upon the parapets and bade them "*Come on*" with such a roar of defiance that the whole attacking line, without a shot being fired on our side, broke and fled under that fierce yell which no man ever yet heard unmoved on the field of battle.—Yet, once more, comrades, it seems but yesterday that as Grant attempted to force the passage of the North Anna, following this flag we galloped into action at Jericho Ford, all twenty guns, with cannoneers mounted, while the men of Harry Heth's division, on whose front we came into battery, roared out their rough soldier's greeting with "make way, men, make way right and left, *here comes the fighting Battalion!*"

But time would fail did I attempt further to recall all the glorious scenes with which Memory, plying her busy loom, proudly fills up every rent in these tattered colors. Often in our mother-land beyond the seas—in the great cathedrals of Chester and Worcester and Canterbury and Winchester—have I passed all unheeding by the tombs of her princes and her kings, and paused with beating heart and head uncovered before the battle-grimed standards of her famous

regiments blazoned with battles won in every clime by English constancy and valor—but neither there, nor in the *Invalides* at Paris, nor yet in the *Garnisonkirche*, at Potsdam, where the Great Frederick sleeps, do I remember ever to have seen the colors of any single regiment or battery which bears upon its folds so many pitched fights as this battle-flag is entitled to bear.

To those who do not know its history so well as we do, this may sound the mere extravagance of rhetoric. There are but few names left upon this flag, but omitting many minor combats and countless "affairs," there belong upon it of right and with honor—

First Manassas,
Mechanicsville,
Gaines' Mill,
Frazier's Farm, (Glendale),
Malvern Hill,
Cedar Mountain,
Warrenton Springs,
Second Manassas, (both days),
Ox Hill, (Chantilly),
Harper's Ferry,
Sharpsburg, (Antietam),
Shepherdstown,
Fredericksburg,
Chancellorsville, (all three days),
Gettysburg, (all three days),
Bristoe Station,
Mine Run,
Wilderness,
Spotsylvania C. H., (May 10th, 12th, and 18th, 1864),
Jericho Ford, (North Anna),
Cold Harbor,
First Reams' Station,
The Crater,
Actions on the Weldon Railroad, (August 18th, 19th, and 21st),
Second Reams' Station,
Battle of September 30th, 1864, right of Petersburg,
Battle of Squirrel Level Road,
Battle of the Dabney House,
Burgess' Mill, October 27th, 1864,
Hatcher's Run, February 6th and 7th, 1865,
Action on Petersburg Front, March 25th, 1865,
Five Forks,
Appomattox Station, (evening before surrender, April 8th).

In other words, "the Purcell," having been engaged in 1861 in all the combats on the Potomac and at First Manassas, the batteries of the Battalion, from the time Lee assumed command at Seven Pines, took part (and most honorable and effective part, according to the official reports of Lee, Jackson, and A. P. Hill) *in every general action delivered by the Army of Northern Virginia from that time up to the surrender at Appomattox C. H.*

As I look down on these bronzed and bearded faces, and see them kindling at this long array of famous names, it seems, I repeat, but

yesterday that we shared together the rough delights, the toils, the dangers of field, of battle, and march, and bivouac; and yet, again, the "yesterday" is as "a thousand years!"

How many are the faces we miss of those who quitted like men in the great emprises of that momentous struggle! How sharply have we been reminded even since this flag was furled, that the "fell sergeant is strict in his arrest," and that every "yesterday" but "lights the way to dusty death."

Of the "Field and Staff" of the Battalion—

PEGRAM, of whom I shall speak presently, was slain at Five Forks.

MCGRAW, thrice wounded, is gone—a superb soldier, who, enlisting as a private in "the Purcell," rose through sheer force of grit and practical skill as an artillerist through every grade—corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, captain of "the Purcell," major—to be Lieutenant-Colonel and Battalion-commander. Brave old "Joe," with the empty sleeve!

JOHN MORRIS, Ordnance Officer, "whose forward spirit ever lifted him, where most trade of danger ranged," was slain at Gettysburg.

HAMPDEN CHAMBERLAYNE, so long identified with the Battalion, has passed away—an officer, whose decisive vigor qualified him to conduct enterprises of the highest moment—the man who might have been our Napier, had not death claimed him in the very flower of his manhood.

Of the Line Officers, I see here to-night but two of the old battery-commanders—both worthy companions in arms of the men we mourn.

Gregg, Captain of the South Carolina Battery, is still alive, as is also William G. Crenshaw, first captain of the battery that bore his name. This latter officer, with patriotic generosity, equipped his battery completely as to clothing, blankets, &c., at his own expense, and advanced the money to the Confederate Government to purchases horses and guns for his command. Early in 1863 he was sent to Europe as Commercial Agent of the Confederacy, and remained there until the close of the war. But he did not forget his men. While in Europe he sent through the blockade a full suit of clothes and a pair of boots to each member of his old battery. This first gift was captured by the Federal cruisers, but was immediately duplicated by the generous donor, and added greatly to the comfort of his men during the campaigns of '63 and '64.

I may add here, that with like generosity Mr. John Purcell, of

Richmond, equipped at his own expense with uniforms, blankets, &c., the historic battery that bore his name. This battery was the first company that left Richmond for "the front."

GREENLEE DAVIDSON, commander of the Letcher battery, a man of imperturbable courage, fell at Chancellorsville.

GEORGE CAYCE, captain of "the Purcell," one of the most able and resolute officers in the whole artillery corps, died after the war had ended of the desperate wound received at Spotsylvania.

NED MARYE, captain of the Fredericksburg battery, whose merry quips cheered march and bivouac, died in '64 of disease contracted in the trenches of Petersburg.

Of the lieutenants, all faithful soldiers and good officers—

WILLIAM ALLEN, of "the Purcell," fell at Mechanicsville.

ELLIS MUNFORD of the Letcher battery, their young Sir Galahad, whose "strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure," was slain at Malvern Hill.

MERCER FEATHERSTONE, a daring young officer of great promise, fell at Cedar Mountain.

ZEPH MAGRUDER, of "the Purcell," and JAMES ELLETT, of "the Crenshaw," both fell at Fredericksburg.

JOHN H. MUNFORD, of "the Letcher," gallant and true, died of injuries received at Gettysburg.

During the four years nearly every officer of the Battalion was wounded.

Of the non-commissioned officers and men who died under this flag I have no detailed record. Obeying with glad alacrity whenever our bugles sounded the advance, they were equally stubborn in retreat, and to us, the survivors of this Association, belongs the pious task of transmitting to posterity, so far as it be possible, the names of these soldiers of humbler rank, who were no less truly heroes than the men who so often led them to victory.

And now a word as to our young Commander, "so noble, so simple," as Madame Huber said of Lord Dacre, "that each virtue seemed in him an instinct"—who, though recklessly exposing himself for four years of constant service, had passed unscathed of shot and shell through so many desperate fields, that all of us, officers and men, had come to feel that Death would never dare to touch him in his brave young years—of whom, once before, standing in this very spot, I confessed that I almost feared to speak lest I should injure that memory which I would honor.

He needs no panegyric in the presence of the men who knew him

as he was, and who, thus knowing him, "obeyed his slightest sign" in desperate and critical events "like children"—he needs no panegyric, so long as there shall be left a survivor of that glorious army to which we belonged—he needs no panegyric, even when we have passed away, so long as men shall read the military reports of Hill, of Jackson, and of Lee.

In his case, as in others, well may we leave the praise that ever waits on noble deeds to be fashioned

> —"by some yet unmoulded tongue
> Far on in summers that *we* shall not see.

I first met him in the Autumn of 1860, when we were lads in the University of Virginia. He was then nineteen years old, reserved almost to shyness, grave, yet gracious in his manner, in which there were little of primness and much of the charm of an old-fashioned politeness.

Well do I remember the eager discussions we boys then held touching the great events which Fate seemed hurrying on. Pegram, naturally shy and silent, said but little, but when the storm burst, like Macduff, "his voice was in his sword."

He was one of the first to leave college on Lincoln's proclamation calling for 75,000 troops, and reported at once for duty with his old company (the famous "Company F"), which had been ordered to Acquia Creek. With this company he remained but a short time. Sent as drill-master to exercise the artillerymen of Lindsay Walker in the infantry tactics, he was elected lieutenant of the Purcell battery.

It was as commander of this battery that he was destined in great measure to achieve his hard-won fame—a battery which was with him from the first battle of Manassas, through every general action in Virginia, to the trenches of Petersburg—which was always skilfully handled in the presence of the enemy, yet lost, during its four years of service, *more than two hundred men killed and wounded.* Lindsay Walker, afterwards Brigadier-General and Chief of Artillery of the Third Corps was, as I have said, captain of the battery when Pegram joined. He was not slow to discover what a thorough soldier he possessed in his young subaltern, and long afterwards generously said that Pegram spared him all trouble, and that commanding a light battery, one of the most troublesome things in the world, became a pleasure with such an executive officer. In July of '61 the battery was engaged at Bull Run. Walker received his majority early in '62, and Pegram became captain on the "reorganization."

But it was not until the great struggle in front of Richmond, in June, '62, that the battery came into marked prominence. At Mechanicsville it held the post of honor, and paid the price which the post of honor ever exacts. Here, first to the army, the young captain gave proof of that stubborn courage and literal obedience to orders which all men thereafter looked for in him. Exposed to a biting fire of infantry, to the convergent fire of five six-gun batteries, long after night came down the thunder of his guns told that he was tenaciously holding his ground. But there was surprise mingled with admiration when it became known to the army on the next day that of his six guns four had been disabled before nightfall, that one of his officers had been killed and two badly wounded, and that of the ninety dashing cannoneers, who had on yesterday galloped into action, more than fifty lay killed and wounded on the field.

During that night he thoroughly equipped the two guns which had not been disabled, and at daylight rode to General Hill's field head-quarters and applied to hold the advance. The request was granted, and everywhere during the "Seven Days" that plucky section and its young captain found a place where the combat raged hottest.

Richmond in her joy of triumph, a joy chastened by the sorrow which victory ever brings, was not unmindful of her youthful hero. The town rang with his praises—praises closest to a soldier's heart—from the lips of wounded men, who had seen him in the dust and sweat of battle, and who spoke of him as only brave men can speak of each other. His name was introduced into the play by one of the actors at the theatre, and elicited the most tumultuous applause. The player declared that the boy-captain fought at such close quarters because he was too near-sighted to see a dozen yards, and would never open fire until he saw the enemy. At this, the bronzed veterans in the pit, with bandaged heads and arms in slings, rose and cheered lustily.

But Pegram remained the while modestly in his camp, riding into the city but rarely to see his immediate family, blushing furiously when any one spoke to him of the attention his gallantry had excited.

Three weeks of rest, and his battery, newly equipped and recruited, was on the march to Cedar Mountain with Jackson's flying column. Here again his guns, pushed up to within eighty yards of the enemy, were served with such rapidity and precision as won a nod of approval from the great leader so chary of his praise. For two hours this single battery fought eighteen guns of the enemy, and as the latter

were admirably served, his loss was proportionally very nearly as great as at Mechanicsville.

But he was resolute to push on with the rest of the army to Manassas, where, for the second time, his guns did good service on that glorious field.

In the investment of Harper's Ferry, where all the artillery was served with marked efficiency, his battery and that of Crenshaw won especial attention owing to their good fortune in occupying a position deemed inaccessible and very near the town. In his official report of the capture of the place, General Jackson says: "Lieutenant-Colonel Walker opened a rapid enfilade fire from all his batteries at about one thousand yards range. In an hour the enemy's fire seemed to be silenced, and the batteries of General Hill were ordered to cease their fire, which was the signal for storming the works. General Pender had commenced his advance, when the enemy again opening, Pegram and Crenshaw moved forward their batteries, and poured a rapid fire into the enemy. The white flag was now displayed, and shortly afterwards Brigadier-General White, with a garrison of eleven thousand and ninety men, surrendered as prisoners of war."

On the capitulation of the post, Pegram was enabled to refit his battery thoroughly from the vast quantity of captured munitions of war, and moved with Walker's Battalion up to Sharpsburg. Here he received his first wound, a fragment of shell striking him on the head. He refused, however, to avail himself of leave of absence, and within a fortnight was on duty with his battery.

After "Sharpsburg" came a period of rest, grateful beyond expression to the worn veterans of Jackson's corps. Recrossing the Potomac, they went into camp, after the brilliant combat at Shepherdstown, along the Opequan in the lovely valley of the Shenandoah.

Thus passed October.

In November, Jackson moved slowly in the direction of Millwood, and early in December was ordered to rejoin Lee in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg. Here, in the action of the 13th, Pegram bore his usual part. Jackson, riding along the front of Lane and Archer, said curtly: "They will attack here." On the right of that front, crowning the hills nearest Hamilton's Crossing, fourteen *picked guns* were posted by his order. These guns consisted of the batteries of Pegram and the intrepid McIntosh, of South Carolina, with a section each from the batteries of Crenshaw, Johnson and Latham. On the left were posted twenty-one guns, among them the "Letcher

Artillery''—the whole commanded by Captain Greenlee Davidson of that battery.

As the sun came bursting through the mist on that glorious morning, the army from its position looked down upon a scene which stirred the heart of conscript and veteran alike. Countless batteries, supported by serried masses of infantry, were moving in all the pride and circumstance of war across the plain, sworn to wrest victory from the perch to which she so obstinately clung—the tattered battle-flags of "Rebellion." Far on the right, as the steady marching columns passed the "River Road," the youthful Paladin, Pelham, his cap bright with ribbons, was seen manœuvering his single "Napoleon" within close range of the looming masses of the enemy, doing his *devoir* with a valor so gay and *débonnaire* as drew to him the heart of an army. Pegram, always generous and quick to recognize extraordinary daring, broke out into eager expressions of admiration as he watched the young soldier stubbornly holding his advanced position. Those who in turn watched his own faintly flushing cheek, and the light of battle kindling in his eyes, looked at each other and smiled, knowing how he himself was burning to "go in."

Nor did he have long to wait. The great columns were now marching straight upon his guns. Not until the enemy were within eight hundred yards did these batteries open fire. Before the storm of shot and shell the enemy broke and fled. Again the "Grand Divisions" (as they were then called) of Hooker and Franklin came surging up, and pierced the gap between Lane and Archer. Jackson's second line was now advanced, and the enemy speedily driven back. In both attacks the picked guns performed superb service, but their loss was severe. Not only were they subjected to a galling infantry fire, but the artillery of the enemy admirably served, and opposing thrice as many guns, poured upon them an unceasing rain of shot and shell. But the Confederate batteries were never silenced. It was here that Magruder, of "the Purcell," and James Ellett, of "the Crenshaw," two daring officers, both fell.

Shortly after "Fredericksburg," Pegram received his majority. His energy, his devotion to duty, his brilliant skill and valor, had won the commendation of all of his superior officers, from his immediate Chief of Artillery to the General commanding the army.

He spent the winter much as he had done the last, attending to the administration of affairs in camp, and busying himself in promoting the comfort of his men. His letters to his family at this

time breathe the constant prayer that he may be enabled to do his duty by his men as a Christian and as a good officer. One of his first cares on going into winter-quarters, as you remember, was to assemble the men and say a few words to them concerning the importance of building a chapel and holding regular prayer-meetings. All these services he attended himself with earnest pleasure, and it was a common sight to see him sitting among his men in the rude log-chapel, bowing his young head reverently in prayer, or singing from the same hymn-book with some weather-beaten private, from whom he had ever exacted strictest military obedience. His discipline was, indeed, that of long-established armies. He justly considered it mercy in the end to punish every violation of duty, and he knew that men do not grow restive under discipline the sternest at the hands of officers who lead well in action. He performed with soldierly exactness every duty pertaining to his own position, and held officers and men to a rigid accountability. His closest personal friends ceased to look for any deviation in their favor from his strict enforcement of the "Regulations." For four years he maintained such discipline, and with notable results. Not only in his lifetime were his men ever ready, nay, eager, to meet the enemy, but when he himself had fallen in action, the old Battalion followed its officers, many of the men through their very homes, to Appomattox Court-house, with ranks intact save from casualties of fight.

At "Chancellorsville," he was with "Old Stonewall" in his last march "on the flank." At one time during the battle, owing to the wounding of some of his superior officers, Pegram held command of sixty guns. The stern joy of that fight never faded from his mind. Long afterwards, when a group of his brother-officers were playfully discussing the days they counted happiest in their lives, one of them asked him, "Well, Colonel, what day do you reckon your happiest?" "Oh!" said he promptly, "the day I had sixty guns under me at Chancellorsville, galloping down the turnpike after Hooker and his people."

Soon after "Chancellorsville" he sought and obtained leave of absence to visit his home. While there he was prostrated by a severe attack of fever and was rallying but slowly when news came that the army was in motion. Rumor confidently affirmed that our standards were once more advancing toward the border. Despite the remonstrances of those whom he loved most tenderly, he set out at once to rejoin his command. He reached the Battalion the day after it had crossed the Potomac. Not only did his officers and men give

him joyful welcome on the eve of what all men felt would be the greatest battle of the war, but General Lee, who had seen him immediately on his arrival, said to A. P. Hill, whom he met a few moments after: "General Hill, I have good news for you. Major Pegram is up." "Yes," said Hill, "that *is* good news." A staff-officer of Hill's repeated this to Pegram. The compliment could not fail to please the youthful soldier, for if ever man weighed his words it was Robert Lee, and Pegram afterwards said to a comrade over the camp fire that he valued those few words from the General of the army and the General of his corps more than another star upon his collar.

The other star he was destined soon to win.

At Gettysburg his Battalion suffered severely, being engaged all three days. Many of his officers and men were slain or wounded, and he left eighty horses dead on the field.

But his energy made light of difficulties, and the Battalion was speedily in readiness to be "put in" again.

During the next winter he was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel. Of his services in the campaigns of '64 and '65, in which the fighting was continuous, it would be impossible to speak in detail. Time would fail me to tell of the part played by the Battalion at Spotsylvania Courthouse, Jericho Ford (passage of the North Anna), Cold Harbor, Reams' Station, the Crater, the actions of August 18th, 19th, and 21st for the possession of the Weldon railroad (where the brunt of the fighting fell on the Battalion and Heth's division), second battle of Reams' Station (of which Heth generously said that he did not believe that the works would have been "practicable" for any troops, had not Pegram first shaken the position by the terrific fire of his guns), actions of September 30th and October 1st and 2d on the right of Petersburg, the actions on Hatcher's Run, and the general action of March 25th along the whole line of the army.

One more incident I will recall though many of you saw it. In the action of September 30th, when Heth's and Wilcox's divisions were sent with two of our batteries to recover the extension of the line of rifle-pits on "the right" his conduct excited especial remark. Soon after the troops had become hotly engaged, Pegram opened Brander's and Ellett's guns and then rode forward with the infantry in the charge with an eye to pushing forward his artillery should occasion offer. The brunt of the fighting fell on McGowan's veteran South Carolina brigade, the enemy making a most determined stand in a skirt of pines immediately in McGowan's front. This little brigade,

largely outnumbered (as the official reports prove), pushed the enemy slowly, but steadily, through the pines to an open field beyond. Suddenly the Federals, who were evidently handled by some resolute officer, put in two fresh brigades. The South Carolina brigade, in turn, was being pushed back slowly, stubbornly disputing every foot of ground, when Pegram, spurring through the line-of-battle, snatched the battle-flag from the color-bearer and rode with it straight towards the enemy. When forty or fifty yards in advance of the whole line, placing the color-staff on his stirrup and turning in his saddle he dropped the reins on his horse's neck and shouted out in tones that rang clear above the iron storm, "*Follow me, men!*" It was a scene never to be forgotten—the glorious sunset, the lithe, boyish form now sharply cut against the crimson western sky, now hid for a moment in billowing smoke, the tattered colors, the cheering lines of men.

With a rousing yell the sturdy little brigade closed up on the colors and never after gave back a single inch. The young color-bearer ran forward to him, the tears standing in his eyes, and cried out, "Give me back my colors, Colonel! I'll carry them wherever you say!" "Oh, I'm sure of that," answered Pegram cheerily, handing over the flag. "It was necessary to let the whole line see the colors, that's the only reason I took them."

In the action of the next day, October 1st, he received a slight wound, being struck in the leg by a minie-ball while riding along the skirmish line. He would not, however, leave the field during the fight, despite the remonstrances of General Heth and his own officers, nor would he apply for leave of absence afterwards.

In the latter part of October General Heth applied for him to be assigned with the rank of Brigadier-General to command Field's and Archer's (consolidated) brigades, and shortly afterwards Lieutenant-General R. H. Anderson, knowing nothing of Heth's application, recommended that he be assigned with the same rank to a brigade in his corps.

The recommendation of General Heth was forwarded to army head-quarters by Lieutenant General A. P. Hill with this endorsement: "*No officer in the Army of Northern Virginia has done more to deserve this promotion than Lieutenant-Colonel Pegram.*"

Fortunately the papers were returned with the endorsement that "the artillery could not lose the services of so valuable an officer," and he received instead of the appointment to a brigade a commission as full colonel of artillery, a rank reckoned in every service

higher than Brigadier of infantry. General Lee after the war wrote to one of Pegram's officers as follows: "The appointment was not denied for want of confidence in his ability, for no one in the army had a higher opinion of his gallantry and worth than myself. They were conspicuous on every field. Colonel Pegram had the command of a fine battalion of artillery, a service in which he was signally skilful, in which he delighted, and in which I understood that he preferred to remain."

The last few months of his life were inexpressibly saddened by the death of his noble brother, General John Pegram (who fell at the head of his division in February of 1865 on Hatcher's Run), but as the days grew darker and still more dark for "the Cause," like a true soldier he put aside his own grief to speak cheering words to those about him.

On the first day of April, just as the earth was beginning to grow glad again with flowers, came to him the last of many fights. The brilliant artillerist, the pride of his corps, who, during four years of active service, had never lost a gun, while he could boast that of his twenty every piece had been captured from the enemy, was to fall at Five Forks with all his wounds in front, fighting such odds as had never yet confronted him.

For two days previous to the battle he had undergone immense fatigue—in the saddle day and night with slight intermission during the forty-eight hours; wet, hungry, no blankets; engaging almost continuously the cavalry of the enemy.

On the very morning of the fight his breakfast consisted of a handful of corn, taken from the horses' feed, which he parched over his camp-fire, and generously shared with a comrade.

In the centre of the line-of-battle were posted one gun from his own Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant Hollis of the Crenshaw Battery, and a section from Braxton's Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant Early. Further to the right, sweeping the Gilliam field, were the remaining three guns of "the Crenshaw," commanded by one of the best officers in the Battalion, Captain Tom Ellett.

There had been during the morning some sharp skirmishing with the enemy, but towards noon everything had grown quiet, and old soldiers doubted whether there would be any general engagement.

Pegram, utterly worn down with fatigue, was sleeping soundly among Ellett's guns on the right, when sudden, ripping volleys of musketry from the centre told that the enemy were charging the three pieces under Early and Hollis. Vaulting into the saddle, he

rode at full speed down the line-of-battle to his guns. As the survivors of Hollis' gun will remember, the little salient in which they were posted was literally ringed with flame. Hollis and Early were using double canister at short range, and their cannoneers were serving their pieces with a coolness and rapidity beyond all praise. Within *thirty yards or less* of the guns the dense columns of the enemy were staggering under their rapid fire.

Pegram rode in speaking cheerily to the men, a sweet serenity on his boyish face, as he watched, when the smoke lifted for a moment, the effect of his shot. "Fire your canister low, men!" he shouted as the blue lines still staggered and stayed under the pitiless fire.

It was his last order on field of battle.

Suddenly he reeled and fell from his saddle.

A moment more and the gallant Early, a lad of seventeen and of surpassing beauty, fell dead in his guns, shot through the head. But the men fought on and on, as Hollis cheered them by joyful voice and valiant example.

Despite the tremendous odds, which were five to one, never could these guns have been carried *in front*. Even after the whole position had been turned and the enemy swarming in our rear, they were literally fought up to the muzzle, and "number one" of Hollis' gun knocked down with his sponge staff the first Federal soldier who sprang upon the works.

Small wonder that Pegram was first to fall. Pickett's and Ransom's men were lying down, by order, firing over the low "curtain" which they had hastily thrown up during the morning. He was sitting on his white horse on the front line-of-battle cheering, and encouraging his men.

In a moment, as it seemed, he had received his mortal wound and knew it. But he knew nothing of the bitter defeat. When Victory no longer perched on this battle flag of his old Battalion, he had received his last promotion at the hands of the Great Captain.

He met a soldier's death and had but a soldier's burial. Wrapped carefully in a coarse blanket, he was laid to rest on the bosom of his mother-state—Virginia.

Brief as was his life, he had been for six years a devoted member of the Episcopal church, and a comrade read at his grave her grand and solemn ritual for the dead.

He now sleeps at "Hollywood," beside his knightly brother, on a spot sloping to the ever-murmuring James and overlooking this beautiful city, in whose defence both of them so often went forth to battle, counting their lives a worthless thing.

Thus passed away "this incomparable young man" at the early age of twenty-three. It was his lot to be tried in great events and his fortune to be equal to the trial. In his boyhood he had nourished noble ambitions, in his young manhood he had won a fame greater than his modest nature ever dreamed, and at last there was accorded him on field of battle the death counted "sweet and honorable."

In the contemplation of a stainless life thus rounded by heroic sleep, selfish sorrow dares not raise its wail.

What more can any mortal among men, though he come to fourscore, hope to win than in life to illustrate the virtues which noble souls reckon the highest, and in death to leave behind him a name which shall go down upon the lips of comrades ever eager to speak his biography?

So of the others.

Is it a small thing so to have lived and so to have died that the mere mention of their names still stirs the pulse's play, and that we, their surviving comrades, pondering in our hearts their unshaken resolution in the face of cruel odds, their serene constancy in adversity, rise up even to this day from the contemplation of all their stern and gentle virtues, strengthened for the "homelier fray" of daily life.

Surely it is meet that, as occasion serves, the survivors of this historic corps should gather together to renew old ties of comradeship, to do honor to the memory of the dead, to discuss the great events in which they shared. This last shall they do as becomes brave men—with no bitterness, no bootless railing against the malice of Fortune, but temperately and with chastened pride, yielding generous recognition of the soldierly virtues of their old adversaries, now their fellow-citizens of a common country.

Not one of these old adversaries, I dare affirm, who was steadfast to his own colors, but can understand and sympathize with our affection for this tattered flag consecrated by so many proud memories.

And now, sir, to you,* as ranking officer of the Battalion—to you, who, more than a score of years ago, attested your devotion to this flag by freely shedding your blood in its defence on the heights of Fredericksburg, I confide these colors, the gift of Mrs. VIRGINIA JOHNSON PEGRAM to the survivors of Pegram's Battalion.

Here on the wall of this capitol of our ancient Commonwealth shall it find a fitting place among the proud memorials of our mother's great renown in other wars.

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*Major Brander.

Here from time to time shall we come with our children that they may look upon the colors under which their fathers served, and while teaching them, as is our duty, that their allegiance and our own is now due the flag of our common country, we shall teach them as well that the cause in which this flag was unfurled was no unrighteous cause, and that the blood shed in its defence was *not* the blood of "traitors," but the blood of patriots, who died that they might transmit to their children the heritage bequeathed them by their fathers.

Major Thomas A. Brander, President of the Association, then received the dear old flag in the following appropriate

Reception Address:

Ladies, Friends and Comrades:

As President of this Association it becomes my duty to receive this precious token, so sacredly preserved and cherished by the mother of our beloved comrade and gallant Commander, Colonel William J. Pegram. No one could have presented it to us so handsomely and feelingly as his faithful friend and Adjutant, who was always by his side in danger, and who performed the last sacred office for him, who was so dear to each one of us.

I feel that any words uttered by me would but feebly express the fervent attachment we bore to him whom we have so often followed in battle.

Comrades! this is not a "conquered banner," it never trailed in the dust, it is the same historic flag snatched from the hands of the enemy at Cedar Run by our dauntless Commander, and which was given by him to one whom, like all true men, he most loved and honored—his mother.

What would have become of us but for the dear women of the South, who cared for, nursed, and cheered us on to battle, giving their dearest ones to the cause as freely as they gave themselves to the sacrifice.

When memory recalls the many gallant deeds of the officers and men of this Battalion, I am truly thankful that I have been spared to be present on this occasion, and when my thoughts turn to Ellis and John Munford, James Ellett, Greenlee Davidson, George Cayce, Mercer Featherstone, Ned Mayre, Ham Chamberlayne, and a number of others so dear to us, I feel that it is one of the grandest privileges left us to honor and cherish the memory of these brave

ones, who, in the last words of our glorious Jackson, "have passed over the river, and are now resting under the shade of the tree."

We accept this flag as a sacred trust, and as a memorial of our noble Colonel and brave comrades, who laid down their lives for their native State, the glorious mother of us all, and we had hoped our honored Governor would be present to promise, in the name of our mother Virginia, at whose clarion voice we rallied and dared all, that when the last one of us has joined his comrades, who "have answered their last roll call," she will cherish, as we have done, this banner, dyed in the heart's blood of some of her noblest sons.

Presentation of Colonel Pegram's Sabre.

The band then played "Dixie," after which Major Brander took up a heavy sabre, at the hilt of which a red ribbon could be seen, held it up, and said: "Here is the sword, I can't trust myself to speak about it."

Nothing could have been more eloquent. This sabre was left with Major Scott immediately after the surrender by Captain R. B. Munford, of Pegram's Battalion, who took it from the ambulance that bore Colonel Pegram off the field. Just before the last attack was made at the Five Forks Colonel Pegram was lying on an oil-cloth with two other officers, asleep, when heavy musketry broke out. He immediately arose, buckled on his sabre, mounted his horse, and rode into action, and while directing the fire of a portion of his Battalion and two guns commanded by Lieutenant Early of Lynchburg, Va., in a few moments fell from his horse mortally wounded, and was taken off the field by his gallant adjutant and friend, Captain W. Gordon McCabe.

After benediction by Rev. M. D. Hoge, D. D., the Association and invited guests adjourned to Sænger Halle, where they sat down to a banquet. After enjoying the elegant *Menu* prepared for the occasion, the following toasts were read and responded to:

1. OUR DEAD—

"Their glory ne'er shall be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
And honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps."

Responded to by Hon. James N. Dunlop as follows:

Mr. President:

The toast suggests indeed a solemn theme, and one fitly expressed in the custom which surrounds it, upon its proposal, with solemn silence. In accordance with this immemorial usage of the banquet hall, amid the genial glow with which heart there answers heart, survivors pause, and "standing and in silence" pay the tribute of their reverence to the memory of the sacred dead.

A minstrel of the South, whose harp was late unstrung as the fingers that swept it were themselves chilled in death—a priest, not only of his own communion, but an interpreter also of the heart in its joys and its griefs—has sung with genuine fervor and profound truth—

"There's grandeur in graves."

Truly the noblest instincts of our nature must be stirred, the fountains of the great deep of man's being be broken up, when, in the mystic presence of the loved, the revered, with the sanctity of a sacramental pledge, we plight deathless fealty to the remembrance of their deathless deeds.

To the man and the family there can be no more priceless legacy than the blessed memory and the shining example of one departed, whose life is yet ever present to those linked by cords of affection, and is honored as its nobility becomes their high ideal. The thought of such an one brings "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

And so to the community and the people worthy of those who have passed from life on the pinnacle of fame and are canonized in death, their presence, still a living reality, exhales an atmosphere so pure that in it is stimulated only what is high and ennobling, and aught that is base or low can breathe, but to perish.

Yes, those hearts electric, once "charged with fire from heaven," have long since beat their last mortal throb, and a generation is gone since all of them that could die was committed "dust to dust"; but so long as the noble exhibition of self-sacrificing virtue, the high embodiment of unsullied honor, and the grand example of superb courage shall not have lost the power of a divine inspiration, shall find the manhood to cherish in memory and emulate in practice men of heroic mould, so long shall the imperishable glory of the Confederate dead—"Our Dead"—while it wins homage from the finer instincts of brave men of all lands and climes, find its peculiar dwelling in our memories, its home in our hearts, its radiant reflex in our lives, to us

"a possession forever," an inheritance undefiled from generation to generation.

A people forgetful of what is noble in their past would proclaim their own degradation in the present and their doom for the future. There are degenerate dwellers in some lands—famous throughout the world by achievement of old—that heave not a sigh for the "glory" that was their light, but has "departed." The Corsair of the Grecian isles, himself, perhaps, the descendant of mighty men, may feel no throb of pride at "sea-born Salamis," and the Spartan, more debased than his ancient Helot, blush not at the name of Thermopylæ. Not so with his heritage of glory, the Southron of this day. Unlike effête peoples who, amid all the surroundings of physical beauty and all the incitements to heroic resolve, yet "weep not, wake not, fire not now," but, rather, like the pious Israelite of old, with his people in captivity, his temple in ruins—the instruments of his former joy the mute emblems of his woe—he will feel, as he peoples thought with the "unreturning brave," when I forget, then "may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!"

He has, indeed, become, in good faith, an integral part—as before the strife—of a reunited people, and stands ready to move forward. But oblivion will not veil what is glorious in his history. His late antagonists are glad to share his priceless contribution to the annals of the world's heroism, and join hands with him as he decorates his fallen comrades' graves.

And for himself, when memory brings their forms to view, though the beaming flush of health has faded in the pallor of physical dissolution, and "the pale lack lustre eye," looks not out upon earthly sights, he feels that from out that rugged past, illumined by the splendor of their achievements, there is shed a softening radiance, and encircling it is a gilded halo, from which, now shining adown the moving years, the lines of living light shall irradiate the vistas of all coming time.

He proudly feels—

"Death makes no conquest of these conquerors;"—

that, for them, the mortal hath put on immortality, and in the power that from their graves they wield—"Death is swallowed up in Victory!"

An attempt by one, like myself, not a member of this command, and present as your guest, to refer in other than general terms to its members, would be impossible within the limits your patience accords.

But when we recall the fact, that the batteries of which it was composed, though principally raised in and near this city, yet represented not only different portions of this Commonwealth, but that within its organization sons of the Palmetto State vied with the sons of the Old Dominion in "glory's fearful chase"—all true sons of the South—that on almost every battlefield of the Army of Northern Virginia it made those costly sacrifices that duty exacts, that its guns were heard in the early days of our hope, and were scarcely silenced in the latest hour of our despair, we may judge what part it played in the mighty strife, we may begin to realize how many of its men are among "Our Dead."

Amongst those that earliest fell, you will recall one whose opening career of devoted service, full of rich promise, failed of complete fruition by reason only of his untimely death at the post of duty and of honor. Though brief his career, it was resplendent with the soldier's highest courage, and faithful hearts have enshrined in loving remembrance the heroic firmness, the womanly tenderness, the pure life and the honored name of CHARLES ELLIS MUNFORD.

And, strangely unlike, amongst the last to lay down life, another who, entering the service as a private, by his superb courage and splendid ability rose to the command of the Battalion, who ever

> "Set Honor in one eye and Death in th'other,
> And looked on both indifferently,"

who seemed to bear a charmed life, and fell not 'till the pillars of his cause were reeling, and fell then with his face to the front, the boom of his own guns his dying requiem. The glory of this Battalion, as his own, is linked forever with his name :

> "Gallant PEGRAM, loved, deplored,
> A saintly life, a stainless sword!
> The young Marcellus of the falling State,
> A Virgil's lay alone might fitly celebrate!"

With such a sacrifice at the opening and such a sacrifice at the close of the annals of this historic command, all the long intermediate pages are fitly filled in characters of glory with the names of comrades who sealed their devotion to their country's cause with their hearts' best blood.

With these—officers and men, peers in martyrdom—responds this Battalion to the toast : "Our Dead." With these to swell the ranks of the dead, the grave that encloses their mortal remains is to us an holy sepulchre, one to which we may make pilgrimage, not as of

old, clad in cuirass and steel, to rescue from Saracenic defilement, but a shrine where tender woman may lay her choicest offerings, where chivalrous foemen stand with uncovered head, and where rests the dust, once the embodiment of what is noblest in human nature, and the incarnation of all that is God-like in man!

"Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds that glorious tomb."

* * * * * *

"Their deeds can never be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
And Honor guards the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps!"

2. OUR GUEST—"Always Welcome."

No response.

3. VIRGINIA—"May Her Future be worthy of her Past."

Responded to by Judge H. W. FLOURNOY as follows:

Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen:

Virginia has been the theme of so much grand oratory, so much splendid composition in both prose and poetry, that it is almost impossible, on an occasion like this, within the compass of a few minutes, to say anything which has not often been said before.

In responding to the wish that her future may be worthy of her past, I would say that he is a pessimist, indeed, who takes a gloomy view of her future. Midway between the cold regions of the North and the sun-kissed land of the South; almost in the center of the temperate zone; blest with a genial climate; possessed of every variety of soil; penetrated throughout her borders with abundant streams of crystal water; her great mountains filled with every variety of mineral and covered with every species of timber; her capitol city at the head of tide-water, nearer the great wealth of the West than any other commercial city on the Atlantic slope, it is but a question of a few short years when we shall see her standing in the front rank of the States of this Union in material prosperity.

It is a statistical fact that out of the desolations of war, within a period of twenty years, she is richer in all material things than she was before the red hoof of blood planted itself upon her sacred soil.

In 1860 the population in her territory, without West Virginia, was in round numbers, 1,100,000; in 1885, 2,120,000. She has constructed since 1870 more than six hundred miles of railroad. Every city and town, except two, which had a municipal government before the war has more than doubled its population since. Her capitol city, with a population of hardly forty thousand in 1865, with all its business houses in ashes and all its people overwhelmed with an intolerable burden of debt, after having passed through a period of five years of military occupation from 1865 to the first day of January, 1870, within a period of a little more than sixteen years from the last named date, has more than doubled its population, more than trebled its material wealth, and is to day, with its splendid monuments, beautiful parks, and public drives, the most attractive city in the South.

Now be it known to all the world that this progress and improvement is almost entirely the work of her ragged soldiers who surrendered their bright muskets at Appomattox. But, my friends, the wealth and strength of a nation is not to be found in her material prosperity alone. Courage (I use the word in its broadest and grandest sense) and moral and intellectual culture are elements of strength, without which no people can hope to live long or reach the heights of commanding greatness. If Virginia's future is to be worthy of her past her sons and daughters must make it so. And if it is to be so they must study the characters and emulate the examples of her men and women who have gone into history. Her history, written and unwritten, is a vast storehouse of splendid achievments. In the council chamber, in the judgment hall, and on the bloody field of war, her sons have always been first. She gave the world the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, and the Federal Constitution. It was her soldier who led the armies of the infant colonies to victory against the greatest captains and the best trained soldiers of the eighteenth century. In peace she has always pursued the even tenor of her way with noiseless step. Slow to anger, her councils have never been influenced by the wild demands of fanaticism. When her angry sisters of the South, in an hour of deep resentment, severed the ties which bound them to the Union, anxious to preserve the magnificent fabric, she used all her powers of persuasion to avert the dread catastrophe of war, but when nothing was left but a conflict of blood she put on the vestments of her sovereignty and with the stately steps of a great queen turned her back upon those who refused to regard her warning voice and became a

member of that Confederacy which, within a period of four years, made more history in heroic courage, patient endurance, and generous sacrifice than any nation has ever made within a century of existence. The spirit which sustained her in war has enabled her to bear the results of defeat with such uncomplaining dignity as to have won from all the world as much respect in her humiliation as she would have enjoyed in complete victory.

My friends, her name will not perish so long as her pure women and brave men shall cherish and revere the glorious memories of her sons and daughters who have gone before.

4. THE CAVALRY—"The Men who were Always Fighting."

Responded to by Lieutenant F. H. DEANE as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Comrades:

I know of no more fitting or appropriate toast for the cavalry than, "The men who were always fighting." Yes, sir, they were always fighting, and for this reason General Stuart taught to sing "if you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry."

I find by your programme I am called on, as usual, to precede the artillery and infantry. It was ever their duty to be in the advance when we were advancing, and in the rear if we were retreating.

It was not appointed, in the modern handling of cavalry, for them to be hurled against their foes in large masses, in the tremendous and awful crashes of battle that the infantry had to bear; but, sir, it was their duty, and always nobly done, to gallantly press on the retreating foe, to discover or unveil their march or plans of march or their positions. On our retreat, to bear the hardest of all duties, namely, to withstand the stubborn and insolent attacks of a victorious foe.

In doing this, they were always animated and sustained by their gallant officers, and their individual personal valor, which never admitted of their turning their backs to the foe.

I beg to call your particular attention to why the Southern army exhibited to the world the wonderful prowess it did against such fearful odds, and which will ever stand so grandly to their glory. It was the courage, the patriotism, that *each* Southern soldier had in his heart for his cause and his country. They were not made soldiers by the stern discipline of the paid soldier, nor like them moved about as machines, only recognizing their officers as duty and their only duty. No, sir, it was their ardent love, implanted in each private soldier's breast, that made them to their foes "stand like stonewalls." Yes,

even when scattered and without officers or commands, and when all seemed lost amidst confusion and chaos.

I claim for the cavalry most conspicuously, and in the highest degree, this special attribute, coming as they did from the young men who were "the flowers of the land," and representing in its highest degree the noble manhood of the Sunny South.

I am thankful it was my good fortune to have served in this arm of the service, and I glory in their many and noble deeds in the "Lost Cause," commanded as they were by that great, grand cavalry chieftain, General J. E. B. Stuart.

5. THE ARTILLERY—"A Little more Grape from the Bottle."

Responded to by CARLTON MCCARTHY.

6. THE INFANTRY—"They Stood like a Stone Wall."

Responded to by Major C. S. STRINGFELLOW as follows:

Mr. President and gentlemen of the Pegram Battalion Association:

In rising to address you at this late hour, I find myself very much in the unhappy situation of one of the brave boys in blue, a young and raw recruit, who was captured before the good city of Petersburg and carried to the Provost Marshall, a kind-hearted but stern-visaged old gentleman, who looking him full in the face said to him very abruptly: "And pray, sir, who are you, and what are you doing down here, and what do you want sir, what do you want?" The prisoner burst into tears and replied: "I want to go home, I want to go home!" Now, my friends, I want to go home almost as badly as did that unfortunate little Yank, for I feel sure that after all that has been said, and said so well by the eloquent gentlemen who have preceded me, I can add nothing that will be interesting to you or worthy of the sentiment to which I am expected to reply.

Infantry is a term of somewhat recent date. It was first applied to a body of men organized by a Royal Infante of Spain for the release of his father, who had been captured by the Moors; and subsequently used to designate the great mass of foot-soldiers, who in all ages have composed the bone and muscle of the armies that have been led to the field, sometimes as the mere instruments of unhallowed ambition,

> "The tools,
> The broken tools that tyrants cast away
> By myriads,"

and sometimes as the defenders of right or the avengers of wrong.

And splendid illustrations of the courage, the endurance and the patriotism of man have these infantry soldiers given on the historic battle-fields of Earth. A grand and glorious infantry was that which, massed in the Spartan and Athenian phalanx, made immortal the names of Marathon, Thermopylæ and Platæa. Steady and firm as the seven hills on which the Eternal City rested were the infantry legions who bore the eagles of Imperial Rome to Universal Empire. Men will never cease to wonder at the discipline and valor of that magnificent infantry which the Great Frederick led to victory at Rossbach, Leuthen and Zorndorf, nor will they forget the heroic devotion of the stern old Covenanters, who under Cromwell added such lustre to England's name, and taught the world how religious zeal could triumph over chivalric honor and ancestral pride. Superb indeed was the courage, endurance and dash of that almost matchless infantry that crossed the bridge at Lodi under the First Napoleon, and stamped its victorious heel on two imperial thrones when the sun went down at Austerlitz; and a noble guard was that of which the dauntless Cambronne said on that fateful day at Waterloo, that it had learned to die, but never to surrender!

And yet, my comrades, I venture the assertion, that when they who took part in the great contest which for four long years rent asunder the veil of our Union have passed away; when the passions and prejudices born of that war have been silenced, and History renders its impartial verdict, the highest place in the Temple of Fame will be given to that half-fed, half-armed, half-clad Confederate infantry, grand in victory, sublime in defeat, which from Big Bethel to Appomattox wrote the record of its deathless deeds in characters of living light on Glory's brightest page.

"They marched through long and stormy nights,
They bore the brunt of an hundred fights
And their courage never failed;
Hunger and cold and the Summer's heat
They felt on the march and the long retreat,
Yet their brave hearts never quailed."

When but raw levies, who 'till then had never heard the cannon's angry roar, they stood like a stone wall, while midst whirring shot and bursting shell, Death held high carnival at First Manassas; and the next year, like an eagle from its eyry swooping down on its prey, they burst through the mountain gaps, and crushing three armies in detail made the Valley Campaign at once the study and the wonder

of the world. Weary and worn with marching and hunger and fatigue, and opposed by overwhelming numbers, in that desperate charge up the heights of Cemetery Hill they gave that world an example of heroic daring and unflinching courage which finds no parallel in all its annals. But, I forbear, for of particular leaders or special battles I have no time to speak. Shiloh, Chickamauga, Seven Pines, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Petersburg! What bright leaves all in the chaplet which the valor of the Confederate infantry wove into its immortal crown!

No puppets were the men who filled its ranks, to be moved like senseless pawns on the battle's board. The secret of its almost superhuman powers in attack and defense is to be found in the intelligence and individuality of its members; in their pride of birth and race; in the purity of their motives; in their strong political convictions; their knowledge of and attachment to the principles of constitutional liberty and constitutional law; and above all, in the fact that they fought for their firesides and their homes; their cherished institutions and their fatherland. These sentiments, common to each, bound all together, as with hooks of steel, in one united whole. True it is that many adopted citizens were to be found in their ranks who nobly sustained the ancient renown of the races whence they sprung; but this great fact stands unchallenged, that the Confederate infantry was distinctively an American infantry and its victories distinctively the triumph of Americans over armies composed, perhaps in greater part, of recruits drawn from half the civilized nations of the world. This fundamental truth will some day be sure to find complete recognition, and Americans everywhere point with pride to the grand achievements of this same Rebel infantry and claim a share in its renown, and in the splendid fame and deathless names of its incomparable leaders, the highest embodiment and the purest types of American manhood—its Jackson and its Lee.

But, my comrades,

> "Hushed is the roll of the Rebel drum,
> The sabres are sheathed and the cannon are dumb,
> And Fate with pitiless hand has furled
> The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world."

Nevertheless, to you who heard that drum beat to arms on many a hard fought field, its echoes have not yet altogether died away. That flag, so often followed in the thickest hell of battle, will ever be to you the cherished symbol of a cause believed to be just and true, and

around it will cluster a thousand recollections of camp, and march and field, associations of the past, tender and holy,

> "Dear as remembered kisses after death,
> And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
> On lips that are for others."

It speaks of noble deeds most nobly done; of friends we loved and lost, brave men and true who lived to bless, and died without regret to shield it from dishonor! Ashby and Stuart, Pelham and Pegram, Bartow and Bee, and he, in character and military genius, if second to any, only to Lee, our own great infantry captain, our Stonewall Jackson, with many, ah, so many thousand kindred spirits, all fell beneath its folds, and for their sakes we love that old flag and will love it until we too cross over the river to sleep with them in the silent "bivouac of the Dead."

Doubtless it is best it should be so; for in the full development of the great social convulsions, and in the final settlement of the great wars, civil and international, which from time to time startle, convulse and confound the world, that which groping in the dark we term the decree of Chance or Fate, is after all, when rightly considered, but the natural and necessary result of the conditions forged by man in the smithy of Earth, as consciously or unconsciously he works out the purposes of Heaven tending ever to the progress and the ultimate benefit of our race.

> "O yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,
> To pangs of nature, sins of will,
> Defects of doubt and taints of blood;
>
> That nothing walks with aimless feet;
> That not one life shall be destroyed,
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God hath made the pile complete;
>
> That not a worm is cloven in vain;
> That not a moth with vain desire
> Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
> Or but subserves another's gain.
>
> Behold, we know not anything;
> I can but trust that good shall fall
> At last—far off—at last to all,
> And every Winter change to Spring."

And so, after the long and dismal winter of Defeat and Hate cometh, more slowly than we could wish, but cometh at last, the bright

genial spring of perfect Reconciliation and Peace between all the children of this Great Republic.

And so, burying the dead issues of the past, and emulating the courage, the fortitude and the loyalty of that old Rebel Infantry, let us strive to do our duty in this living Present, and leave the issue to the Future with confidence and hope!

We are glad that the slave has been set free. We rejoice to night in the integrity of the Union cemented as it is in the best blood of the North and the South; and remembering the vast extent of its territory and the teeming millions with which it is peopled, their boundless wealth, their restless activity and marvelous progress in science and literature, in arts and arms, and catching dimly, though it be as through a glass darkly, some glimpses of that wonderful destiny which day by day is unfolding to our view, I know I speak a sentiment common to you all, when I say that we are proud of our birthright, and feel ourselves not less Confederates or Virginians because we can honestly, earnestly and with heartfelt gratitude at the same time boast that we are American citizens!

7. WOMAN—"The South Knows her in her Highest Sphere."

Responded to by Colonel T. J. Evans.

8. LEE CAMP SOLDIERS' HOME—"The Wards of the Confederacy."

Responded to by Colonel J. B. Purcell.

9. THE PRESS—"May its Impressions Always be Correct."

No response.

ORGANIZATION OF BATTALION, APRIL, 1865.

Colonel—Wm. J. Pegram.
Lieutenant-Colonel.—Joseph McGraw.
Adjutant—Wm. Gordon McCabe.
Sergeant-Major—E. Keith Dargan.
Surgeon—James Hines.
Assistant-Surgeon—Hall.
Quartermaster—Robert B. Munford.
Commissary—Arthur Parker.
Chaplain—E. H. Rodman.

BATTERIES:

Purcell—First Captain, R. Lindsay Walker;[1] Second Captain, William J. Pegram;[2] Third Captain, Joseph McGraw;[3] Fourth Captain, George M. Cayce.[4]

Crenshaw—First Captain, William G. Crenshaw;[5] Lieutenant-Commanding, James Ellett;[6] Lieutenant-Commanding, A. B. Johnston;[7] Second Captain, Thomas Ellett.[8]

Letcher—First Captain, Greenlee Davidson;[9] Second Captain, Thomas A. Brander;[10] Lieutenant-Commanding, James E. Tyler.[11]

Fredericksburg—First Captain, Carter M. Braxton;[12] Second Captain, Edward A. Marye;[13] Third Captain, John G. Pollock.[14]

Pee Dee, S. C.—First Captain, D. G. McIntosh;[15] Second Captain, E. B. Brunson;[16] Third Captain, William E. Zimmerman.[17]

Gregg's, S. C.—Captain Gregg.[18]

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1. Captain R. Lindsay Walker organized this Battery, and commanded it until March 31st, 1862, when he was made Major of Artillery; was afterwards promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel and Brigadier-General of Artillery, which position he occupied at the surrender.

2. Lieutenant William J. Pegram, elected Lieutenant in Purcell Battery shortly after organization, was promoted Captain March 31, 1862; promoted to Major in May, 1863; promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel in 1864, and to full Colonel of Artillery in 1865; was mortally wounded April 1st, 1865, at Five Forks, and died about daylight on the morning of the 2d of April, 1865.

3. Sergeant Joseph McGraw elected Lieutenant March 31st, 1862; promoted Captain May, 1863; promoted Major of Artillery, and afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel, and was in command of Battalion at the time of surrender.

4. Private George M. Cayce promoted to First Lieutenant; afterwards promoted Captain, and was in command of Battery at the capture of Petersburg; died near Richmond at the residence of his brother, Mr. Milton Cayce, February 25th, 1883.

5. Captain William G. Crenshaw organized and equipped the Battery March 14th, 1862; commanded it until October, 1862, when detailed and sent to Europe as Commercial Agent of Confederate States Government; resigned April, 1863.

6. Lieutenant James Ellett assisted in raising and organizing this Battery as Senior First Lieutenant; was in command of the Battery at the battle of Fredericksburg December 13th, 1862, when he was killed on the field of battle.

7. Lieutenant A. B. Johnston assisted in raising this Battery as Senior Second Lieutenant; was in command of the Battery at Gettysburg July 3d, 1863; afterwards promoted First Lieutenant, and detached and put in command of stationary guns around Petersburg; when that was evacuated returned to his Battery, and remained until the surrender.

8. First Sergeant Thomas Ellett transferred from F Company, Twenty-First Regiment Virginia Infantry, as First Sergeant of the Battery on its organization; elected Junior Second Lieutenant March 21st, 1862; promoted Captain November, 1863; commission dated April 15th, 1863; commanded Battery at the time of surrender.

9. Captain Greenlee Davidson organized Battery February 17th, 1862; commanded it until killed on field of battle at Chancellorsville, May 3d, 1863.

10. Lieutenant Thomas A. Brander assisted in organizing Battery as Junior First Lieutenant; promoted Captain May 3d, 1863; promoted Major of Artillery January, 1865, and attached to Poague's Battalion, with which he surrendered.

11. Second Sergeant James E. Tyler, transferred from F Company, Twenty-First Regiment Virginia Volunteers, March 21, 1862; promoted to First Sergeant; promoted to Second Lieutenant; was in command of Battery at the time of surrender.

12. Captain Carter M. Braxton—Battery organized April, 1861; made Captain May 8, 1861; promoted Major of Artillery March 7, 1863, and assigned to another Battalion.

13. Lieutenant Edward A. Marye elected Lieutenant May 13th, 1861; promoted Captain March 2d, 1863; died of fever October 5th, 1864.

14. Third Sergeant John G. Pollock, April 23d, 1861; afterwards promoted Lieutenant; promoted Captain October 5th, 1864; in command of battery at the time of surrender.

15. Captain D. G. McIntosh—Battery organized August 1st, 1861; promoted Major March 2d, 1863, and assigned to another Battalion.

16. First Lieutenant E. B. Brunson promoted Captain March 2d, 1863.

17. First Lieutenant William E. Zimmerman, promoted Captain June 30th, 1864. *This Battery was transferred South June 4th, 1864.*

18. Captain Gregg, with his Battery, was assigned to Pegram's Battalion June 4th, 1864; participating in all engagements with the Battalion, and was with it at the time of the surrender.

Extracts from the Diary of Lieutenant-Colonel John G. Pressley, of the Twenty-Fifth South Carolina Volunteers.

July 22d, 1862.—The Clarendon Guards, Captain Y. N. Butler, reported for duty, and the Eutaw Battalion became the Twenty-fifth South Carolina Volunteers, with the following field, staff, and line officers:

FIELD OFFICERS.

Colonel, Charles H. Simonton. Lieutenant-Colonel, John G. Pressley.
Major, John V. Glover.

STAFF OFFICERS.

Adjutant. George H. Moffett.
Quartermaster, J. Ellison Adger.
Commissary, Daniel Dwight Barr.
Surgeon, William C. Ravenel.
Assistant Surgeon, J. M. Warren.
Chaplain, A. Toomer Porter.
Sergeant Major, Samuel W. Dibble.
Quartermaster Sergeant, R. H. McDowell, Jr.
Commissary Sergeant, M. J. Hirsch.
Hospital Steward, M. J. D. Dantzler.
Ordance Sergeant, L. W. Fresner.

LINE OFFICERS.

Washington Light Infantry (*Co. A*).

Captain, James M. Carson.
First Lieutenant, H. B. Olney.
Second Lieut., W. Washington Finley.
Second Lieut., James A. Ross.

Washington Light Infantry (*Co. B*).

Captain, E. W. Lloyd.
First Lieutenant, Robert A. Blum.
Second Lieutenant, Samuel J. Burger.
Second Lieutenant, R. M. Taft.

Wee Nee Volunteers (*Co. C*).

Captain, Thomas J. China.
First Lieutenant, Calhoun Logan.
Second Lieut., Henry Montgomery, Jr.
Second Lieut., B. P. Brockinton.

Marion Light Infantry (*Co. D*).

Captain, W. J. McKerrall.
First Lieutenant, Jas. G. Haselden.
Second Lieutenant, D. J. McKay.
Second Lieutenant, Pickett P. Bethea.

Beauregard Light Infantry (*Co. E*).

Captain, N. B. Mazyck.
First Lieutenant, A. J. Mims.
Second Lieutenant, V. Duc.
Second Lieutenant, F. E. Durbec.

St. Matthews Rifles (*Co. F*).

Captain, Martin A. Sellers.
First Lieutenant, L. A. Harper.
Second Lieutenant, J. G. Evans.
Second Lieutenant, F. E. Shuler.

Edisto Rifles (Co. G).

Captain, James F. Izlar. Second Lieutenant, Samuel Dibble.
First Lieutenant, Sam'l N. Kennerly. Second Lieutenant, George H. Elliott.

Yeadon Light Infantry (Co. H).

Captain, S. LeRoy Hammond. Second Lieutenant, F. G. Hammond.
First Lieut., Whitemarsh B. Seabrook. Second Lieutenant, F. C. Jacobs.

Clarendon Guards (Co. I).

Captain, Y. N. Butler. Second Lieutenant, John J. Logan.
First Lieutenant, Joseph C. Burgess. Second Lieutenant, F. B. Brown.

Ripley Guards (Co K).

Captain, W. B. Gordon. Second Lieutenant, S. N. McDonald.
First Lieutenant, F. J. Lesesne. Second Lieutenant, E. R. Lesesne.

July 23d to 31st.—The health of the regiment growing worse. Our medical staff were kept very busy, and we heard of the death of several of our comrades in the general hospital in Charleston. The regimental hospital was constantly full. It was distressing to see the shortened line of the regiment on dress parade. Some of the companies had scarcely a platoon of men fit for duty.

Besides the sickness which was decimating our ranks, we were now greatly troubled by one of the most unjust and unwise measures of the Confederate Congress—"An act for organizing battalions of sharpshooters." This law, according to General Pemberton's construction of it, provided that details should be made of men, without their consent, for the purpose of organizing battalions of "sharpshooters," the officers of which were to be appointed on the recommendation of division or department commanders. The men felt that Congress had acted in bad faith towards them. They had enlisted under laws which guaranteed to them the right to select their own organizations and elect their own officers. It was thought that the law was made in the interest of young aspirants for office, who lacked the ability to secure promotion by their merits and the choice of the soldiers they were to command. Men were to be torn from their comrades, friends, neighbors and officers of their choice, and turned over to the tender mercies of strangers whose ability for command was untried. Earnest protests and expostulations were made at headquarters by regimental and battalion commanders generally. A deaf ear was turned to their entreaties for justice to the men of their commands. Every regiment in the department was invaded,

and where volunteers could not be obtained [and very few were found willing to go] compulsory details were required. Colonels of regiments were forced to become the agents of the Government in the first and only violation of faith of which the Confederacy was guilty. A general determination was expressed to turn out at the next election every member of Congress who voted for the obnoxious law. There is no doubt that the object of the law was good. The mistake consisted in allowing compulsory details, which had not been contemplated. It was generally believed that proper representation to the War Department by General Pemberton would have caused such a modification of the manner of the execution of the obnoxious measure as to have relieved it of its objectionable features and not impaired its efficacy. But it seemed as if the General was afraid that he could not get volunteers enough to provide places for his favorites. He was utterly regardless of the entreaties of the men. There was much talk among the field officers of a general refusal to obey, but the conclusion was at length reached to yield to the letter of the law. On the *27th of July* the order was made peremptory. The Colonel of the Twenty-fifth South Carolina Volunteers was ordered to detail twenty-four men of his command, and have them in readiness to report for duty when required. This quota was divided among the ten companies in a manner as just as possible. Each captain was directed to name the men to be detailed from his company. The law contemplated a select organization. The captains determined that it should be select (?). Every one who had a worthless fellow in his company detailed him. Some who had men whose friends had influence enough to procure details for them in soft and safe places against the wishes of their company and regimental officers, selected such men. One captain, after explaining to his company the necessity which he was under to obey orders, and expressing the greatest regret at the prospect of parting with any of his men, and his inability to discriminate, proposed to open a poll and allow the company to decide by ballot upon the men he would name. This was done, and the captain detailed the two successful candidates (?). In another company a purse was raised by contribution and two men were hired to volunteer. The other regiments made selections about in a similar way. Unfitness for a sharpshooter was the quality most looked after. The consequence was, that as a whole, General Pemberton's sharpshooters were rivals of "Falstaff's army." When they were gotten together it was found that after the maimed, the halt and the blind were discharged there were men enough for two pretty good companies out

of a whole battalion. Detaching some of these men from their commands would have been unpardonable cruelty if it had not been known that they were entitled to and would receive a surgeon's certificate of disability and discharge from service as soon as they applied. Knowing this, these sick men were, I think, not generally averse to being detailed and thus saving their friends from great hardship. The men fit for duty of the famous corps of sharpshooters were, after Pemberton found that his pet scheme had failed, attached to the Charleston Battalion. That battalion thereafter became the Twenty-seventh South Carolina Volunteers. I must do General Pemberton the justice to say that he selected some excellent officers. Major R. Blythe Allston, who was a captain in the sharpshooters, was one the very best officers of Colonel Gaillard's regiment and Hagood's brigade.

Notwithstanding every subterfuge which the captains could with honor devise, some good men were lost. Though a good shot could not be selected by draft, which was resorted to in some of the companies, it was sometimes impossible to prevent the lot fall ing on a good man. It may seem to some that the evasion of the officers whose duty it was to make these details was unsoldierly. There was at the time no difference of opinion among the officers of the army, so far as I could learn from conversing with them. The whole scheme was looked upon as disgraceful tyranny by every officer whose regiment or company was affected. And any plan by which the greatest number of effective men could be saved, and the letter of the law only obeyed, was looked upon as justifiable and right. Disobedience would have been as fruitless of good results as entreaties had proved. There was no open disobedience in this Military District. We heard that there had been almost a mutiny among the troops in the neighborhood of Savannah, and that some officers lost their commissions in consequence.

August 1st.—Fever on the increase and cases assuming a more virulent form.

August 8th.—The right wing of the regiment moved to a new camp on Stono river, at its junction with Elliot's Cut. We hope that the health of the men will be better in some new location, and here we will have the advantage of salt baths. The hope had been entertained that we might be permitted to leave the island during the sickly season, as the enemy had entirely withdrawn. Their gunboats were not even always in the river. However, it is deemed a military necessity that we remain. It would certainly be hazardous

to reduce the force on James Island any more. We are holding the key to the city of Charleston.

August 9th.—The left wing of the regiment moved into the new camp, which we call "Camp Stono."

August 10th.—Such of our detail of sharpshooters as were in camp were sent off to-day. The rest of them are sick or on furlough.

August 15th to October 17th.—I was, in very complimentary orders, detailed as a member of a "Board of Examiners," for the examination of officers in reorganized regiments, and officers awaiting promotion. The other members of the board are Lieutenant-Colonel William Butler, First regiment South Carolina regular infantry, and Lieutenant-Colonel Ellison Capers, Twenty-fourth South Carolina volunteers. The board sat first at Fort Johnson, but soon adjourned to the Military Hall in Charleston. I served as a member of the board for two months. During that time about one hundred and fifty officers were examined, of rank from lieutenant-colonel down to junior second lieutenant. We found about one-third of the number deficient, and reported against their retention in service. The report was not approved, owing to the fact that some commands would have been almost without officers. Our work was not, however, barren of results. The officers reported deficient were given another examination, and, by assiduous study in the meantime, many of them became efficient. This disposition of the report was not unsatisfactory to the board. Many of the rejected officers afterwards qualified themselves for the position. None of the officers of the Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers were examined. They were exempted from the operation of the order, as they had organized for the war. It affected principally the twelve months' volunteers, which had reorganized within the limits of their original regiments.

While the Board of Examiners were in session a Court of Inquiry, composed of Colonels Stevens, Colquit, and Lamar, was held at the Military Hall to inquire into the killing of Colonel Ransom Calhoun, of the First regiment South Carolina artillery regulars, by Major Alfred Rhett, of the same regiment. While the practice of duelling was condemned, the finding of the court was not such as to deter General Beauregard, who had succeeded Pemberton in the command of the Department, from recommending the promotion of Rhett to fill Calhoun's place.

There was a great deal of fever in the city during the summer and fall. A few cases of yellow fever were reported. Colonel J. B. Lamar, who distinguished himself at Secessionville, was one of the vic-

tims. The health of the regiment gradually improved, and by the middle of October our sick list was very much diminished. Upon the approach of frost the fever disappeared almost entirely. The health of the regiment became good.

October 17, 1862.—Colonel Simonton took my place on the Board of Examiners, and I took command of the regiment.

October 22d.—Wednesday. Received orders about 4 o'clock this afternoon to have the regiment at the depot of the Charleston and Savannah railroad. It was reported that the enemy had advanced from Port Royal Ferry, and had captured the railroad. We soon had our haversacks filled with "hard tack" and bacon and were at the depot. Here we were met by Colonel Simonton, who had been temporarily relieved from duty on the Board of Examination to enable him to accompany the expedition. The Forty-sixth Georgia regiment, Colonel P. H. Colquit, was also there awaiting transportation to the scene of action. The Twenty-fifth South Carolina and Forty-sixth Georgia were embarked on the same train. Colonel Colquit was the ranking officer with our part of the expedition. Colonel C. H. Stevens, with his regiment and a battery of artillery, were on a train which followed ours. We were all night on the cars, though the distance was but sixty-three miles to Pocataligo, the point of our destination. The report that the railroad was in the possession of the enemy seemed to be confirmed by the fact that we could get no communication with Pocataligo by telegraph. This made it necessary for us to proceed very cautiously, sending the engine ahead to reconnoitre and having it return for the train after passing over a few miles. The train, which consisted mostly of open platform cars, was very long and crowded. We had no room for our horses, and the field and staff were consequently afoot when the end of the journey was reached.

October 23d.—We arrived at the station after daylight and marched at once to the scene of the conflict of yesterday, which was at a place called "Old Pocataligo," about two miles from the railroad. The enemy showed no disposition to renew the fight, and had fallen back towards their gunboats, leaving their dead unburied. General Terry was in command of the Federal forces, which greatly outnumbered the Confederates, who were compelled to fall back before the enemy till Old Pocataligo was reached. The fight at this place was across a marsh, from three to four hundred yards wide. The Confederates tore up the bridge on the causeway, and took position on the edge of the marsh in a grove of live-oak trees and in some old buildings.

The enemy were in the woods on the opposite side, and made desperate efforts to cross the marsh on the causeway, but were driven back by the well-directed fire of our troops. The enemy's forces were so much superior to ours that but for this marsh they would probably have reached the railroad. There was much evidence of the terrific fire that had been kept up on both sides. There was a house on our side through which from three to five hundred balls passed, going through the planks as if they were paper. There was scarcely a spot on the trunks of the live-oak trees, from the ground as high as a man's head, as large as the hand in which there was not one or more balls. On the line occupied by the enemy some of the trees were literally barked. I noticed one oak, about twelve or fifteen inches in diameter, which was very nearly shot down. The enemy's wounded had been carried off, but from seventy-five to one hundred of their dead remained to bear witness of the effect of the Confederate fire. There were nine dead and four wounded horses under the oaks on our side. The Confederates were commanded by Brigadier-General Walker, known afterwards as "Live-Oak Walker." There was no pursuit of the enemy on their retreat, owing to the destruction of the bridge. No artillery or cavalry could be crossed in time to have been effective. Captain Joseph Blythe Allston was wounded in the early part of the fight, and he and two of his men assisting him reached the marsh after the bridge had been destroyed. They concealed themselves in the tall grass and the balls of both sides passed over them. Upon the retreat of the enemy they left their perilous situation. I could not ascertain exactly the number of our killed, wounded, and missing, but they did not exceed one hundred. If the wounded of the enemy bore the usual proportion to the killed, their loss must have been from three to four hundred. Their superior force and the topography of the country were such that there was no reasonable excuse for leaving the dead unburied.

Before reaching Old Pocataligo the enemy sent a column towards Cosawhatchie. This force got possession of the railroad, but was soon driven off. I could not learn the particulars of the fight at that place. We met with some loss there. I saw two prisoners that had been captured at that place.

The enemy came provided with implements to tear up the railroad, and bundles of "fat lightwood" to burn the bridges. They threw all of these away in their flight, having found out that they would have no use for them.

After dining on "hard tack" and bacon cooked on spades, sharp

sticks, bayonets, and the ends of ramrods, the Twenty-fifth regiment marched back to the railroad station in the afternoon, not having had the opportunity to fire a shot.

October 24th.—The regiment took the train about 3 o'clock this morning, and after a quicker trip than we had made coming, were disembarked and marched back to Camp Stono, reaching our camp in the afternoon. Colonel Simonton resumed his place on the Board of Examiners, and I am again in command of the regiment.

November 5, 1862.—We commenced moving our camp to-day to a field just opposite Hayward's house, on the road leading from McLeod's up to Lawton's, near Camp Stono.

November 6th.—Finished moving our camp, and called it "Camp Glover," after the gallant Colonel T. G. Glover, colonel of the First regiment South Carolina volunteers, who fell at the second battle of Manassas. He was held in high esteem by all who knew him, and by none was he more esteemed than by the men of the Wee Nee Volunteers and two Orangeburg companies which had been organized in the old (Hagood's) First Regiment. He was the first captain of the Edisto Rifles. Colonel Glover was an unselfish, noble, generous spirit.

November 7th to 27th.—While we occupied "Camp Glover" Colonel Simonton, after being relieved from further duty on the Board of Examiners, was detached from the regiment and given the important and responsible command of the Eastern Division of the James Island fortifications. The command of the regiment devolved on me. I objected to this arrangement at first. Men never submit as readily to authority when exercised by one whom they regard as temporarily in position, or as exercising a command above that which his rank gives him. I foresaw the trouble that I was about to have. We had so much sickness in the regiment during the summer, and so many of the men had been absent from camp on sick leave that the discipline was not in the state that the good of the service required. The state of the regiment and the natural disposition of men to try the temper of a new administration, together with the expectation that whatever unaccustomed restraints were put upon them would only last while the command was temporarily in my hands, made my position for a while anything but desirable. I believe, however, that every man in the regiment after a time came to see that it was best "to hold a tight rein."

[The Colonel returned to the regiment but three times to command it from this time till after I was disabled in Virginia. Two of these

occasions were when we made expeditions to Wilmington, which will be mentioned at the proper time. He was sometimes in charge of one division of the line of fortifications and sometimes of the other, exercising the command of a brigadier. General Beauregard had great confidence in him. The regiment came in time to regard me as their permanent commander, and my position was then as agreeable as could be desired. I had a very sincere regard for the officers and men, and the many proofs of affection and confidence which they gave me are recollections which shall always be cherished. I found Major John V. Glover, a man in whom "was no guile," a willing, efficient, able and brave coadjutor. No regimental commander could have had an assistant and associate better qualified or worthy of higher esteem.]

About the 14th of November the Major was detailed as a member of a Court Martial, which sat in Charleston, and I was left for several weeks without his valuable assistance. While we were at "Camp Glover" a great many of the men, particularly of the two Williamsburg companies, were cheered by the presence of their wives. Their coming was encouraged and everything done to make them comfortable. Their presence was a real benefit to the regiment. Every man was a faithful soldier under the eye of his wife. These ladies were jocularly called "the eleventh company of the Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers."

November 28th.—Orders were received to-day to hold the regiment in readiness to move at any moment. News had reached headquarters in the city that a fleet had left Port Royal. General Beauregard expected an attack somewhere on the coast, and held his forces ready to move to any point where they might be needed.

November 29th to December 13th.—Between these dates we had a period of rest, broken only by the regular routine of camp duties and a visit of Colonel Roman, of General Beauregard's staff, who was on a tour of inspection of all of the troops of this Military District. A copy of the Colonel's report was sent to me for the information of the command. It conveyed the gratifying intelligence that the Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers had been pronounced the best regiment in the District.

December 14th.—To-night orders came to move at once to the depot of the Northeastern railroad for the purpose of being transported to Wilmington, North Carolina. Orders that seemed to indicate a movement on the enemy were always obeyed with spirit and alacrity, and we were not long in marching to the depot. The enemy

were in possession of Newbern, North Carolina, and had commenced to move from that place towards the Wilmington and Weldon railroad. Evan's Brigade had an engagement below Kingston, had been worsted and compelled to fall back.

The Forty-sixth Georgia, Twenty-fourth South Carolina regiment and Preston Light Battery were to go with us. The trip to Wilmington was protracted and tedious. The rolling stock of the North-eastern railroad was not in good working order by reason of age and want of repairs. It sometimes happened that the engine was unable to haul the train on an up-grade, and on such occasions we were delayed for hours.

December 16th.—We reached Wilmington to-day, and were quartered at "Camp Cobb," in wooden barracks near the edge of the city, and near the Wilmington and Weldon railroad. The camp rumor was that we were to remain here only long enough for another South Carolina and four Georgia regiments to come up. The Forty-sixth Georgia was already on the ground. The weather was intensely cold, fuel not very plenty, the barracks full of air-holes, and much more uncomfortable than tents would have been.

[There are no pleasant recollections connected with "Camp Cobb." The troops which preceded us in the occupation of the buildings had left them infected with scarlet fever. Several of our men contracted the disease. Private Breese, of Company B, a youth of great promise, fell a victim. We lost three other men of sickness contracted on this trip, but unfortunately I have forgotten their names. One of these died in Wilmington and the others after our return to South Carolina. Quite a number were added to the sick list, and were sent to the general hospitals in Wilmington and Charleston.]

Our means for cooking are very limited, and in consequence the most of the officers of the regiment broke up their messes for the time and took their meals at the Railroad House, near the depot. It was kept by a very stout and clever lady, whose table was far better than our rations.

December 17th.—News reached us to-day that the enemy had beaten General Evans, passed him and were in possession of the railroad. The Twenty-fourth regiment and Preston's Battery, which were encamped several miles from Wilmington, on the Wilmington and Weldon railroad, were dispatched for the seat of war.

It was reported that General Beauregard was coming from Charleston to command in person. The regiment was delighted with the prospect of having him to command us when we reached the front.

After the discomfiture of Evans, General G. W. Smith was sent with reinforcements from Virginia. The knowledge that he was at the front gave confidence here. No passenger trains had been running for several days, and we got very little news of what was going on. Headquarters might have been better informed.

December 18th.—Marching orders were received by Colonel Simonton, and we took the cars of the Wilmington and Weldon railroad on the afternoon of to-day. The night ride was not as unpleasant as the extreme cold of the weather gave us reason to expect. The high spirits and merry-making proclivities of the men did much to cause them to forget their discomforts.

December 19th.—Reached the town of Magnolia about 7 o'clock this morning. The fact that we were the first regiment of soldiers the people of this town had had with them and the proximity of the enemy made us very welcome visitors. Many of the officers and men were breakfasted by the citizens and treated in the most hospitable manner.

The enemy's infantry had remained on the north side of the Neuse river and detained our forces while their cavalry had made a detour, passed General Evans's command, reached and tore up the railroad near Goldsboro', and burned the bridge across the river. It was ascertained at headquarters in Wilmington that they had then retired. An order was dispatched us directing our immediate return. We reached Wilmington at night and found our quarters occupied by a Georgia brigade. A part of the regiment spent the balance of the night in the cars and the rest bivouacked near by. I preferred the open air by the fire to occupying a cramped seat in the cars any longer.

December 23d.—All the troops in and around the city were reviewed by Major-General Whiting to-day in a field about a mile and a half from Camp Cobb. There were ten regiments of infantry and two batteries of artillery on the review. The field was too small to extend the line of battle, and the infantry were formed in a line of regiments at close column by divisions doubled on the centre. A column was then formed of regiments in the same order, and thus passed in review. The contracted dimensions of the field caused the troops to be very much crowded, but on the whole the display was very fine.

December 31st.—The regiment embarked to-day on the cars of the Wilmington and Manchester railroad for Charleston. We had a slow trip, but got safely back to "Camp Glover," where for more than a week we had a quiet time and a rest from the fatigues of our expedition.

January 9, 1863.—At 4 o'clock on the afternoon of to-day orders came directing us to proceed at once to the depot of the Northeastern railroad and again take the cars for Wilmington. Some demonstrations made by the enemy on the North Carolina coast had created the impression that Wilmington was in danger. We got off during the night, and had another slow and tedious trip. The train stopped for hours owing to defective engines. One stoppage was near the plantation of Mr. Wm. M. Kinders, about a mile from Kingstree. Here a portion of the train remained till the balance was taken to Cades' Station and the engine returned. If the break down had occurred at the depot so that those of us who lived in Kingstree could have seen our families, no regret would have been felt, but waiting in the woods was tiresome and unprofitable.

January 11th—Sunday. Reached Wilmington this afternoon. Marched out of the city and bivouacked just inside of the line of breastworks.

January 13th.—Regiment marched to the race course, on the road leading in the direction of Masonboro' Sound, and bivouacked for the night.

January 14th.—Pitched our tents in a field near the race course. The field officers of the brigade had been directed to select a place for a camp, it seeming probable that no forward movement would be made very soon. As we were riding over the field the owner came to us and suggested that should it rain heavily the ground would be under water. It was the opinion of our party that the fear of losing his rails had prompted this expression of opinion on the part of the land owner. The growth indicated that the ground was not subject to overflow. The first night spent in our new camp was very dark and cold, considerable snow fell and the condition of the fence the next morning, or rather the ground where the fence had stood, showed that the fears of the unfortunate land owner were not unfounded. Nobody acknowledged that he knew what became of the rails. The presence of soldiers in cold weather never had a tendency to improve fences.

January 15th to April 4th.—The brigade to which the regiment was now temporarily attached consisted of the Sixteenth, Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers, Eighth South Carolina Battalion and Forty-sixth Georgia regiment, and was put under the command of Colonel P. H. Colquit, of the Forty-sixth Georgia. He was a brave man, but a lax disciplinarian. His regiment was a very fine body of men, but in point of discipline was

hardly up to the standard. Their way of doing things became somewhat contagious, and the effect of example was felt in the Twenty-fifth. However, under favorable circumstances, our men were very readily gotten out of loose ways in matter of discipline.

The only enemies which we saw while we occupied the camp near the Wilmington race track were prisoners. One of the vessels of a Federal fleet got aground in Masonboro' Sound, and was captured, with all on board, by a brigade of Georgians, stationed near the Sound, under the command of Colonel Wilson, of the Twenty-fifth Georgia volunteers.

While we were here our new Chaplain, Rev. E. T. Winkler, D. D., who had been appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Rev. A. Toomer Porter, reported for duty. The regiment was peculiarly fortunate in securing his services to fill the vacant place. He was a man of the highest scholarly attainments, and one of the most distinguished and eloquent ministers of the Baptist Church. His affability, cordiality and courtesy made him very popular with both men and officers. He was ever assiduous in his efforts to supply such of the wants of the men as a chaplain could reach. His attentions to the sick were unremitting, and the last sufferings of many a dying soldier were alleviated by his presence, counsel and prayers. The men of the Twenty-fifth will never forget his eloquent Sunday discourses and stirring nightly appeals. The church call was usually sounded immediately after the tattoo roll-call. The larger portion of the regiment assembled around some centrally located camp fire, and after reading, singing, and an address, our chaplain dismissed the men to their tents with a fervent prayer for their safety, their wives and children at home, and the success of our cause. There were no unchristian utterances, hatred or bitterness spoken of our enemies.

[I have since the war and in time of profound peace heard more uncharitable speeches from some of our late enemies than were ever heard to fall from the lips of our chaplain amid the din of arms. Besides nightly prayer meetings, service was held every Sunday morning when the exigencies of the service would permit. The Twenty-fifth regiment paid as much regard to the Christian Sabbath as it was possible during all of the years of the war. Sunday, by Army Regulations, is the day for inspections and reviews. We did not long conform to the custom. No objection being made by our brigade commanders, we had our inspections on Saturday. The men were allowed as much rest as possible on Sunday, and while not compelled to attend Divine service, were encouraged to do so in every possible way.]

While near Wilmington I was detailed as a member of a Court Martial, which held its sessions in the Custom-house. The cases disposed of were not of a very serious character. One or two other officers of the regiment, Major Spear, of the Forty-sixth Georgia, and several other Georgia officers constituted the court. Captain James F. Izlar, of the Edisto Rifles, was the Judge Advocate. A Mr. Impy, of the Wilmington bar, appeared as counsel for some of the accused parties. The jokes and anecdotes told by Major Spear and Mr. Impy, during the recesses of the court, and an egg-nogg frolic at Bayley's Hotel, are pleasant memories connected with this court.

The enemy had a large force at Beaufort, North Carolina. The sailing south of a fleet from that place was the signal for a counter movement of the troops that had been concentrated around Wilmington. On the 4th of February orders came from General Beauregard for a removal of troops south. Savannah was thought to be more in danger than Charleston, and the regiments which had been taken from that vicinity were sent off first. On the 6th or 7th the Twenty-fifth got off on their return to Charleston. The court, of which I was a member, was not dissolved till the day after, and the officers of the tribunal were consequently left behind their respective regiments. Upon my return to James Island I found the regiment at "Camp Glover" and myself in command, Colonel Simonton having been again put in charge of a portion of the line of fortifications.

During the month the army intended for operations along the coast of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida was considerably reinforced. Clingman's Brigade of North Carolina troops was added to the force on James Island. It seemed to be the settled belief of the Confederate authorities that very active operations would be commenced against Charleston. On the 18th General Beauregard issued another proclamation directing that all non-combatants leave the city. On several occasions everything short of a resort to force had been done to induce them to go into the interior, but though a large number of families left, many refused to move, and preferred to share the dangers of a siege with their soldier friends.

About the first of March we left "Camp Glover" and pitched our tents near Freer's store, about a half mile from the Presbyterian church, and between that church and the line of breastworks, as then established. We called our new location "Camp Gadberry," in honor of the gallant Colonel J. M. Gadberry, who before this time had in Virginia sealed his devotion to his country's cause with his blood.

About the middle of March the infantry was again sent to the outposts. For some time before that date the cavalry did the picketing,

and the infantry on the island were left to the usual routine of camp life. The opportunity was thus given and improved to carry the drill and discipline of the Twenty-fifth still nearer a state of perfection.

The enemy landed on Coles Island during the month and established their out-posts on Taylor's and Battery Islands.

April 5, 1863.—A large fleet of wooden vessels and nine turreted iron-clad gun-boats were on this day reported off the bar. It was also ascertained that there was a considerable land force on Coles Island. Colonel Simonton returned to the regiment and relieved me of the command. (He did not remain with us very long, being again detached and given a brigadier's command.)

April 6th.—I was to-day field officer of the day, and had the command of the pickets composed mostly of a portion of our regiment. The advanced pickets occupied Horse Island on the banks of Green Creek. We occupied one bank of the creek and the enemy's picket line the other. In the afternoon our advanced pickets at the old bridge on Green Creek exchanged shots with the enemy's pickets; nobody hurt on our side.

April 7th.—The regiment had a quiet day in camp, but nevertheless this was an eventful day in the history of Charleston. The iron-clad fleet of the enemy crossed the bar and approached Fort Sumter. The garrison of the fort consisted of the First regiment of artillery (regulars), under the command of Colonel Alfred Rhett. Our Surgeon, W. C. Ravenel, M. D., went with me down to Fort Johnson to witness the fight. It lasted about two hours and a half. It was a magnificent sight. Perhaps never before in the history of wars were there as many guns of such heavy calibre used in one action. The Confederates had the advantage in the number of guns, but the heavier calibre of the Federal artillery more than counter-balanced this advantage. Forts Sumter and Moultrie, Battery Gregg, on Morris Island, at Cumming's Point, were all engaged using all of their metal to bear on the fleet. The monitors offered such a small mark that it was very difficult to strike them, particularly while in motion. The practice of our artillerists was, however, highly creditable. The iron-clads were struck a number of times. No other fleet then in the world would have floated through such a bombardment. The shot from our heaviest guns glanced from the turrets of the monitors doing apparently no harm. At last the Keokuk drew off evidently injured, and soon the whole fleet steamed out of the range of our guns.

April 8th.—To-day news reached camp that the Keokuk had sunk off Morris Island.

April 10th.—The camp talk to-day was about an engine called a "Yankee Devil," which had been wrecked and had floated up on the beach on Morris Island. This nondescript had been used for the purpose of hunting torpedoes and obstructions in the harbor. I am unable to describe this curious craft. Another was reported to have arrived and to be among the vessels of the fleet. The enemy were reported to-day to be landing in force on Folley Island.

April 12th.—The monitors left the bar to-day and sailed south for Port Royal. The enemy's transports commenced leaving Stono harbor.

April 13th.—I was field-officer of the day, and had charge of the pickets, consisting of four companies of the Twenty-fifth and a detachment of cavalry. Legare's lower house was picket headquarters. No firing on any portion of the line.

April 14th.—The belief began to be general that the attack on Charleston was indefinitely postponed. The enemy were reported leaving Coles Island rapidly, and it was believed that they were leaving Folley Island.

[It was very unfortunate for our cause that this impression prevailed. It enabled the enemy to carry on their operations against Morris Island quietly, and led to the surprise of the 10th of July following.]

April 17th to 20th.—Two guns of a Georgia Light Battery were sent to Legare's, near the picket line, to fire on some gunboats that were in the habit of going up the creek to Folley Island. The gunboats returned the fire. No decisive results on either side.

The high price of necessaries of life and the spirit of speculation which had taken possession of so many of our people began to have a bad effect on our army. I have very often listened to recitals of the distress of the men of the regiment whose families were dependent on their wages for support. To know that a speculator in the rear was charging a month's wages of a soldier for a few bushels of corn or a few pounds of bacon furnished to his family, could not fail to have a demoralizing effect. My means prevented my aiding the brave men under my command in any other way than by sympathy and advice. Such consolation as sympathy could give was bestowed in large measure.

Both the army and citizens have come to feel perfect confidence in the safety of Charleston. This feeling on the part of the latter prevented a general compliance with the frequent requests of General Beauregard that non-combatants should leave the city, and gave time

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and opportunity for all sorts of speculating schemes. The speculation, however, which did most harm to our army was not done in the city. It was the "stay-at-home skulker" in the country who was practicing extortion on the soldiers' families.

April 20th.—A grand review of troops held to-day by General Beauregard, in the field near Freer's house, and not far from our camp. After the review and before the troops were dismissed the General presented a battle-flag to each regiment, battalion and battery. The "stars and bars" had been so often mistaken for the "stars and stripes" that a change of the standard became a necessity. The troops present were Brigadier-General Clingman's North Carolina brigade of four regiments, a brigade commanded by Colonel C. H. Stevens, composed of Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth South Carolina Volunteers, Second regiment of South Carolina Volunteer Artillery, Eighth Georgia Battalion, Lucas' Battalion of Regulars, two companies of White's Battalion, five batteries of artillery, and three companies of cavalry. The display was very fine notwithstanding the heat of the day and dust of the field.

April 21st.—The infantry have been again relieved from picket duty. The out-post duty is done by the cavalry. The field-officer of the day was relieved from duty with the pickets, and it is made his duty to look after the manner in which the routine duties of the camp is discharged in all of the regiments within his jurisdiction. In my rounds to-day I found that very few of the regiments or battalions were in point of discipline equal to the Twenty-fifth, and none surpassing it in efficiency.

Six iron-clads were reported in the North Edisto.

A successful attempt was made by the Confederates to get off the armament of the Keokuk. The Confederate iron-clad Chicera covered the working party. One gun was successfully landed through the enterprise and ingenuity of a Mr. Lacoste, a citizen. A book was found on board containing the system of signals used in the Federal service.

April 23d.—The regiments and battalions under the command of Colonel C. H. Stevens, of the Twenty-fourth South Carolina Volunteers, were to-day exercised in evolutions of the line. There were four regiments and battalions on the drill besides the Twenty-fifth. The performance was very creditable to all of the troops in the line.

April 24th to July 8th.—Under the call of the Executive Council of the State for ten regiments with field officers appointed by the Governor and Council, Lamar's regiment of artillery and the

Twenty-fifth South Carolina volunteers had been raised and organized. The conscription laws of the Confederacy caused all further proceedings under the call to be suspended. Lamar had died, and Colonel Frederick had succeeded him in command of the artillery regiment. Some demagogue in the Legislature of the State, with his eye on that regiment, introduced and got a bill through which provided for an election of field officers in the regiments organized under the call of the Executive Council. No particular regiment was mentioned in the bill, and it applied as much to the Twenty-fifth regiment as to the artillery. It would be very remarkable if in a whole regiment there were no aspirants for office, and the Twenty-fifth was not an exception to an assemblage of about one thousand average citizens. There soon sprung up in the regiment considerable discussion over the proposed election. There were those found in the command who were willing to take the places now filled by the field officers. The Adjutant-General of the State had the indiscretion to issue the orders for the purpose of carrying out the provisions of the statute, apparently forgetting that the State had lost all power and right to control troops in the Confederate service. This action of the Adjutant-General had the effect of increasing the ardor of the candidates, and give a fresh impulse to electioneering. Before the day fixed for the election the aspirants had pretty generally canvassed the regiment, and ascertained that the field officers were so well established in the regards of the men that it was useless to oppose them. No election was held. General Beauregard put a stop to the whole thing by publishing an order in which he said that the act of the Legislature did not apply to the artillery or the Twenty-fifth, because, said the order, "the State of South Carolina could never have intended to control the Confederate army. The law must have been designed to apply to some other troops." The agitation resulted in a benefit to the regiment, for it was ascertained that the men stood ready to endorse the field officers. The 15th of May was the day named by the order of the Adjutant-General for the election. Colonel Simonton was not in command of the regiment, and the Major and the Lieutenant-Colonel were both on leave of absence—the former on sick leave, and the latter on account of the illness and death of his father. The absence of the field officers made the many favorable expressions of opinion which reached their ears still more agreeable.

About this time the Twenty-fourth and Sixteenth South Carolina Volunteers, Forty-sixth Georgia, and the Eighth Georgia Battalion and Fergerson's Light Battery were organized into a brigade and took

their departure, under the command of Brigadier-General S. R. Gist, to join the army of the Mississippi. Colonel Simonton, by the absence of Colonel C. H. Stevens, became for awhile the ranking officer on James Island, and the command of the island devolved on him. The camp of the regiment was moved to Secessionville, and regimental headquarters established in Lawtore's house. Captain G. H. Moffet, the adjutant, usually went with and acted as assistant adjutant general for Colonel Simonton when he was exercising a brigadier's command. Lieutenant F. J. Lesesne, of the Ripley Guards, in the absence of Moffet, acted as adjutant of the regiment. I found him invariably brave, trustworthy and efficient.

In the latter part of the spring we lost the services of our chaplain, E. T. Winkler, D. D. He was detached from the regiment and ordered up to the city for duty in the hospitals. We were exceedingly fortunate in having his place filled by Rev. A. F. Dickson, a Presbyterian minister of high position in his church. Mr. Dickson followed in the footsteps of his predecessors in the chaplaincy, and discharged all of the duties of his honorable and important office with zeal and ability. The officers and men soon learned to love him as they had done our former chaplains. Mr. Dickson distinguished himself by the same kindly efforts to promote the comfort of the well, mollify the sufferings of the sick, and strengthen the faith of the dying which had characterized the administration of the office by Revs. Porter and Winkler. Our three chaplains were men of broad and catholic views. Their perfect freedom from bigotry procured them the esteem and confidence of the men of every religious persuasion, as well as of those of no particular denominational bias.

On the 23d of May I was detailed as president of a Board of Examiners, with Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. Jeffords, of the cavalry, and Captain C. H. Parker, of the artillery, as my associates. I was absent for about twenty days, during which time the command of the Twenty-fifth devolved on Major John V. Glover. The regiment never suffered in its discipline nor otherwise in the hands of Major Glover. As an assistant, messmate, friend and associate, he was all that a regimental commander could desire.

The months of May and June and the early part of July, 1863, were very quiet times on James Island. Daily drills, dress parades and guard mountings, made camp life somewhat monotonous. A feeling of security had taken possession of the soldiers to such an extent that many of the men and some of the officers on the island had brought their wives and expected a quiet summer. Other officers

were making arrangements to bring their families to camp. No one had any idea of how busy the enemy were preparing for the siege of Charleston, more vigorously than it had yet been pressed.

About the 1st of July, First Lieutenant Samuel Dibble, of the Edisto Rifles, a restless, dashing and daring young officer, determined to find out whether the enemy were occupying Long Island. This island is the next below Secessionville, and was at the time covered by a dense growth of pines, scrub oaks and such other trees as grow on the uncultivated islands on the coast. He received permission to go on a scouting expedition, and selected to accompany him two men well qualified for such service, men of true courage and extraordinary presence of mind. These two men, both of whom were only too glad to have an opportunity to volunteer for desperate service, were Sergeant D. M. McClary of the Wee Nees and Corporal McLeod of the Washington Light Infantry Company B. A very light boat which belonged to the post was manned by these two non-commissioned officers, with the Lieutenant at the helm. During the night at high water they pulled across the marsh and landed on Long Island. The men were instructed by Lieutenant Dibble to wait at the boat till his return, proposing to go into the woods by himself and ascertain the situation, and telling them that he would not be gone very long. McClary and McLeod waited till daylight, concealing themselves in the grass, when a Federal sergeant came out of the woods, drew out a telescope and after adjusting the glasses rested it against a tree and leveled it at our works at Secessionville. The non-appearance of Lieutenant Dibble was now understood by his escort. They at once ordered the Yankee to surrender, and having disarmed him ordered him to take hold of one end of the boat, which was now aground, the tide having receded, and assist in pushing it to the water. They had not proceeded far across the mud flat before a squad of the enemy appeared on the edge of the marsh, and demanded their surrender. This they refused, and ordered their prisoner, on pain of instant death, to push the boat with all his might.

They had not many paces more to go till they got the boat to the water, when they got in, compelling their prisoner to follow them and still to protect them by keeping himself between them and the squad, loudly calling for their surrender. They soon got out of range without a shot being fired, the Yankees preferring to allow the game to escape rather than endanger the life of their comrade. He was brought safely to Secessionville. We searched him for papers,

and found a diary, which he had brought down to the capture of Lieutenant Dibble. The diary gave an account of the building of masked batteries at Folley Inlet on the northern end of Folley Island, of which the Confederates had no knowledge previously. I deemed this information quite important, and sent the diary immediately to General Ripley in Charleston. [If proper attention had been paid to the information which it contained the surprise and disaster of the 10th of July would have been avoided, and the advantage gained would in some measure have compensated for the unequal exchange which had been made when we lost Lieutenant Dibble and got a sergeant.] I allowed nothing taken from our prisoner except this diary, and the spy-glass. These he begged to be allowed to retain. He was told that the diary was too valuable to be left in his keeping, and that as our Lieutenant had a spy-glass with him when he was captured, we would take this glass in exchange. [Lieutenant Dibble remained a prisoner in the hands of the enemy till October, 1864, and the Twenty-fifth South Carolina Volunteers was thus deprived of one of our most promising officers.]

July 9th.—All of our hopes of a quiet summer are rudely dispelled. The enemy unmasked formidable batteries at Folley Inlet, and their iron-clad fleet appeared and crossed the bar. The steamer Pawnee came up Stono river and shelled James Island as she proceeded. The regiment marched to the cross-roads near the Presbyterian church where we had so often been when our works were threatened, and there we spent the night in battle array.

July 10th, 1863.—The enemy opened a furious fire from their battery at Folley Inlet. Under cover of this fire General Strong's brigade crossed and captured all of our works on the southern end of Morris Island. The camp and camp equipage of the Twenty-first regiment fell into their hands. Our troops were driven with considerable loss down to Battery Wagner, and the further progress of the enemy was stopped by the guns of that famous fortification.

The regiment remained on the picket line all day and night expecting that the enemy would advance on our works simultaneously with the attack on Morris Island, but all was quiet in our front though the enemy had advanced and held James Island as far as Grimballs.

July 11th.—We were relieved this morning and returned to our camp at Secessionville. The signal book which was found on the Keokuk remained for a long time in the hands of General Beauregard as useless as a sealed volume. At length a signal officer of the enemy was captured near Beaufort. (I have seen it stated by a Fed-

eral officer that the capture was made near Georgetown.) A staff officer of General Beauregard's undertook to learn the signals, had himself dressed in Federal uniform and incarcerated with the prisoner. He made the Federal believe that he was a Yankee just captured and had succeeded in hiding away in his boot the signal book. Said the Confederate, "I had just received an appointment in the signal corps, but was captured before I learnt enough to be of any service. As I have managed to keep my book, we can improve the time by your teaching me the signals. When we are exchanged I will be of some use."

The Federal officer, completely deceived, fell into the trap so artfully set for him. He found an apt scholar. It was not long before the Federal system of signals was thoroughly understood by a Confederate officer capable of imparting his knowledge to our whole signal corps. The two officers were separated, the Federal in ignorance of the fact that his pupil was soon to be set to work teaching the Confederates to read the Federal signals.

Late in the afternoon of to day (11th July) one of the signal corps brought Colonel Simonton a dispatch which they had interpreted, as the enemy's signal officers were sending it from Gilmore, commanding the land forces, to Admiral Dahlgreen, commanding the fleet. It was a request that the Admiral would furnish him with one hundred boats to be manned by the land forces, and to be used in attacking Secessionville, across the marsh by way of the creeks from Folley Island. The attack was to be made before morning. Our engineers had never contemplated the possibility of attack from that direction, and had constructed no defences of any kind on the water front. The creek, which runs by the peninsula on which the village was built, reaches for forty or fifty yards to the high land and then recedes very gradually. A substantial wharf was built where the creek touched the high land. At high water there is from five to eight feet of water in the creek. There is considerable water in it at all stages of the tide. There is nothing by way of defence between us and the enemy at night except a boat picket of three or four men. But for this notice of the intention of the enemy to move on us, such an attack as had been planned would almost certainly have been successful if made with boldness and energy. The enemy could have formed along our water front almost as quickly as our troops could have been gotten under arms. If our boat pickets could have been secured so that no alarm would have been given we might have been taken completely by surprise. As soon as the information was received I assembled

the regiment and made known to them what was expected. We applied to the engineers for intrenching tools, but it was found impossible to supply us, in time for the emergency, with more than one spade for every eight or ten men. The regiment was put to work at once digging a line of rifle pits. The men worked with a will, as soldiers always do when they believe that they, and not some other command, will fight behind the works which they are set to constructing. The spades were kept busy, the men relieved each other at short intervals. We had not been at work long before another dispatch was brought to Colonel Simonton, and by him forwarded to me. Gilmore said to Dahlgreen : "Hurry up the boats, the Rebels are at work."

It may well be imagined that this gave the men a fresh impulse, if they needed anything to increase their energy. By night-fall we had a very respectable line of rifle pits dug, of sufficient length to protect the whole regiment. The garrison of the Peninsula was reinforced by a battery of light artillery, and every possible disposition made to receive the enemy. The whole night was spent under arms, but no attack was made. Our active preparations probably deterred General Gilmore from the attempt to carry out his plans. The enterprise and ingenuity of General Beauregard's staff officer, of whom mention has been made, saved us and Charleston. Had Secessionville been captured, the fall of the other defences on James Island would be almost inevitable. [I have been informed by a Federal officer, since the war, that the enemy learnt to read our signals, but not at so early a date. Their discovery was made by a long series of observations. By recording a great number of motions of the flag or lantern, on the principle that the letters of the alphabet in composition bear certain proportions to each other in the number of times they are used, our signals were unraveled.]

July 13.—I was ordered to move the camp of the regiment nearer to the city. We were relieved by other troops, left Secessionville, and moved to the place occupied by us in June, 1862. The new camp was called "Camp Pettigrew," in honor of Brigadier-General J. Johnson Pettigrew, who had been killed at "Falling Waters," in Virginia. He was well known to the officers and men of several companies of the regiment, and greatly honored and esteemed by all who knew him.

On the *15th of July* an attack on the enemy was planned by the generals in command on the James Island, but owing to the

mistake or forgetfulness of the staff officer, whose duty it was to extend the order, I received no notice till after 11 o'clock at night. I was then roused from a sound sleep by a courier with orders. These orders directed me to report immediately at Secessionville with the regiment. Upon coming out of my tent I found the camp astir, the men had in some (to me) unaccountable way got wind of what was about to be done. The regiment, except the Wee Nees, who were on the picket line, was soon formed on the color front. We marched to Secessionville by way of the bridge at Clark's house. When arrived, we found several regiments of infantry and batteries of artillery which had preceded us in line and ready for action. I was met by a staff officer, who directed me to halt the regiment and report to Brigadier-General A. H. Colquit (the present United States Senator from Georgia). I found that officer with Generals Hagood and Ripley at the famous Lamar Battery, all as cool and in as good spirits as if there was no serious work in hand. General Colquit was the ranking officer. I think that I was selected to lead the advance because of my thorough acquaintance with the ground upon which we were about to operate. Upon being introduced to General Colquit by General Hagood, he inquired of me—

"Colonel, do you know the road leading to Legare's?"

"Yes, General," I replied; "I know every foot of the island in our front."

"Well, then," said he, "march your regiment out of the works, deploy about two hundred and fifty men as skirmishers, hold the rest in reserve, use the road to Legare's as a directrix, keep your reserves well up with your skirmish line; when it is light enough to see about fifty yards, advance and drive the enemy till you are stopped by them, and I will assist you."

"Very well, General, I will carry out your orders."

We then marched out of the Secessionville sally-port and to the road leading by the place where River's House once stood. Companies A, B, E, F, G. and H, were thrown out as skirmishers, and companies D, K and I, held in reserve. This disposition was made with as little noise as possible, but in the darkness the right flank of the skirmish line was thrown too far forward, and encountered the enemy before we were ready to advance. A brisk fire was opened on our right by the enemy, which was promptly returned. It was now nearly daylight, and the signal for a general advance was sounded.

Galway, our bugler, was kept by my side, and sounded the signals. The regiment had been drilled to skirmish by the sound of the bugle. We encountered the enemy on the edge of the marsh below the River's House. They were promptly driven across, our skirmish line following through the mud and water of the marsh. The reserves crossed on the causeway, marching by the right flank. As soon as the high land was reached they were brought into line and kept up with the skirmishers till the end of the engagement. We were followed by two or three regiments of Georgians. The enemy made a stand at the edge of the marsh after crossing. It was not yet light enough to see them in the tall grass and bushes with which the field was covered. Their whereabouts was ascertained by the flashes of their guns along their line. Neither our skirmish line nor reserves halted. The enemy fled before we reached them, and made another stand two or three hundred yards further down. They were driven from this position as easily as from the first. We then discovered that we were fighting colored troops. Some dead were found and prisoners taken. The Marion Artillery, Captain Parker, came up on our left flank and opened fire, doing effective service. It was now fully daylight. We continued to press forward, the firing becoming rather desultory, till we came in sight of Legare's lower house. Just below the house we found the enemy's camp and about a brigade of infantry in line, with a battery of artillery on their right. This battery gave their exclusive attention to the Marions. Captain Parker gallantly returned the compliment. As soon as we commenced the movement at River's the fleet of gunboats lying in the Stono river opened their batteries, but the Twenty-fifth kept so near the enemy that their guns could not be aimed at us without endangering their own troops. The consequence was that all the damage done by the artillery of the fleet fell to the share of the Georgians and our litter corps in our rear.

About the time that the Twenty-fifth marched out of the Secessionville sally-port General Hagood, in command of one or two light batteries of artillery and two or three regiments of infantry, started to attack the enemy's gunboats in the river and their infantry encamped at Grimballs. He was entirely successful, routing their infantry and driving the gunboats down the river towards Battery Island.

After emerging from the bushes, young pines, and tall grass that covered that portion of the island above Legare's plantation house and driving the enemy down to their camp below "Legare's overseer's house," my attention was called to a body of troops coming from to-

wards Grimballs' house on the causeway leading across the marsh on our right. They were at first mistaken for a regiment of the troops that had gone to Grimballs. If we had proceeded as rapidly as we had been advancing these troops would have gotten in between us and the Georgians in our rear. I called in the skirmishers and made an oblique change of front to the right in order to meet this regiment. As soon as these troops discovered that we had made proper disposition to meet them and before we opened fire on them they broke and fled across the marsh towards the Stono river in great confusion. There was an officer mounted on a fine looking black horse with them who seemed to be rather disgusted at the conduct of his men. He did not follow them, but continued his course on the causeway at a very slow pace. Several shots were fired at him, but the brave fellow, without accelerating his pace, escaped and when last seen was about joining the main body of the enemy. We then resumed our former front and continued to advance in line of battle towards the enemy, my intention being to charge the light battery engaged with the Marion artillery, when Captain Taliaferro, of General Colquit's staff, rode up from the rear and directed a halt. After waiting a few minutes I concluded that there was some mistake on the part of the staff officer, and started again for the enemy's battery. We had not proceeded far when Captain Taliaferro again rode up and informed me that the General directed me to move by the right flank.

"Captain," said I, "that movement will take us out of the fight, and General Colquit instructed me to press the enemy till they stopped my regiment and he would help us. They have not stopped us yet."

"The General's orders that you move to the right are peremptory," said the Captain.

"Very well, Captain, I must obey, then," said I, and gave the order to march by the right flank. We soon struck the Grimball causeway and followed it out of the fight. The Georgians in our rear were turned back about the time the Twenty-fifth was stopped and we brought up the rear in the retrograde movement. The enemy made no attempt to follow us. In crossing the marsh on the Grimball causeway the gunboats shelled us furiously, being able to do so now without danger to their own troops. During the engagement we saw the signal officers of the enemy on a tree in the rear of their line of battle, busily sending and receiving signals between the land forces and the fleet. They were thus able to act in concert.

The force of the enemy in our front, exclusive of the troops routed at Grimball's, consisted, as nearly as I could estimate them, of two regiments of white and two of negro troops, and one battery of artillery. Our force was superior, and we could have captured the whole brigade of the enemy if General Colquit had allowed us to press on, and brought up the Georgians to our support, according to the plan as explained to me at the beginning of the engagement.

The number of the enemy killed by the Twenty-fifth was never correctly ascertained. My estimate was from thirty to fifty. Fourteen prisoners, all colored, were captured, some of them by the Twenty-fifth, and some by the Georgians. Montgomery, of Kansas notoriety, was said to have been in command of the enemy.

The loss of the Twenty-fifth South Carolina Volunteers in this engagement was two killed, five wounded, and one taken prisoner. This man, as were most of the wounded, was a part of the infirmary corps. I think he laid down to escape a shell, and remained till after the return of our forces. We did not return over the same ground, and when the enemy threw out their pickets during the day to ascertain if the field in front of them was clear he was captured. A boy came down from Williamsburg to become the substitute of a man in Captain Hammond's company. There was no time to fix the papers for the substitution. The brave little fellow went out with the company and was killed.

July 17th.—It was discovered by our pickets that the enemy had left the island in great haste, leaving quantities of commissary and quartermasters' stores, which fell into our hands. I got the mess-chest of the colonel of the Tenth Connecticut regiment, but as the transportation allowed an officer of my rank in the Confederate army was not sufficient to make it available to me I presented it to General Hagood.

July 18th.—Battery Wagner, on Morris Island, was assaulted after a terrific bombardment. The enemy were repulsed with great loss in killed and prisoners captured. The Confederate loss was also heavy. Colonel P. C. Gaillard was severely wounded, losing his hand; Captain W. E. Stoncy was also severely wounded, and Major Ramsey was killed. Several other valuable officers were killed.

While riding over James Island with General Colquit, and showing him the ground, he explained to me that his reason for stopping the fight on the 16th, and drawing off the troops, was because he

thought that the enemy held the road from James Island to Taylor's Island, and could bring reinforcements from that direction. Had he known that we had passed that road and cut the enemy off from that means of succor he would have continued the advance. The haste with which the enemy left the island, showed, conclusively, that their force was not deemed sufficient to hold their position. General Montgomery probably expected the attack to be renewed on the next day.

Ceremonies Connected with the Unveiling of the Statue of General Robert E. Lee, at Lee Circle, New Orleans, Louisiana, February 22, 1884.

LEE—A POEM.

BY H. F. REQUIER.

Rear aloft the solid column—
  Rear it high that men may see
How the valiant honor valor—
  How the brave remember Lee.

Poise him on the lofty summit
  Of the white enduring stone,
Where his form may linger, teaching
  In dumb majesty alone.

Never braver spirit battled,
  Never grander soldier shone,
Than this victor—vanquished only
  When his hosts were overborne.

Give him greeting while he rises
  On this monument to-day,
As the warrior who led armies
  To the enemy's dismay;

As the hero thrice encompased—
  Thrice outnumbered by the foe—
Who with all the odds against him,
  Still resisted overthrow.

He, the leader of the legions—
  He, the chieftain of the brave—
He, the model man and Christian,
  Sleeping where the willows wave—

Shall be numbered with the noblest
  That have ever swayed the world,
Though his cause be lost forever
  And his fated flag be furled.

God anoint us in this moment
Of memorial for the dead—
For the once contending armies
Now united overhead—

For the Blue and Gray together
That so bravely fought and fell,
When the North and South divided—
Faced the flashing flame of hell.

They are looking from the Heavens
On this hallowed scene to-day,
And the pipes of peace are playing
To their spirits' gentle sway.

While we rear the solid column,
Rear it high that men may see
How the valiant honor valor—
How the brave remember Lee.

ORATION BY HON. CHAS. E. FENNER.

Ladies and Gentlemen :

If I appear before you in the double capacity of President of the R. E. Lee Monumental Association and of orator of the day, it is not of my seeking, but in obedience to the unanimous will of my brother officers and directors, who have imposed on me the task of commemorating the character, the deeds and the cause of Lee, in words, as this monumental tribute was designed to commemorate them in perennial bronze and stone.

It is now nearly two years since this summons came to me; and during that time, at such intervals as a somewhat busy life afforded, I have devoted myself to the study of the memorial records of Lee, with growing wonder at the purity of his life, the moral grandeur of his character and the splendor of his achievements.

Amazed at the glowing picture, and little disposed to believe in human perfection, I have, with the eye of the critic, sought to discover whether eulogy had not distorted truth, and whether, after all, this man was not too great to be so good, or too good to be so great as he is painted.

Unless it was my honest and considerate belief I would not insult the divine modesty of the spirit of Lee by proclaiming as I do that he was "the cunning'st pattern of excelling nature" that was ever

warmed by the "Promethean heat." For surely never revealed it self to the human mind a more delightful subject for contemplation than the life and character of Lee.

The phenomenal elevation of his soul was developed by every fertilizing influence that could tend to stimulate and strengthen, by the antecedents of his race, by the surroundings of his life, by the lofty character of his education and profession.

The blood which coursed in his veins descended in purest strain through an illustrious ancestry, running back to William the Conqueror, every record of which indicates a race of hereditary gentlemen. That the blood of Launcelot Lee, who landed with the Conqueror, and of Lionel, who fought with Cœur de Lion, had not degenerated as it percolated through the centuries is evidenced by the history of the American Lees, whose founder was Richard Lee, a cavalier of Charles the First, who removed to the New World, and is described by Bishop Meade as "a man of good stature, comely visage, enterprising genius, sound head, vigorous spirit, and most generous nature." From his stock sprung a host of illustrious Virginians, the most conspicuous of whom were that Richard Henry Lee, who, in the Congress of the colonies, moved the resolution adopting the Declaration of Independence, and proclaiming that the American colonies "are, and of a right ought to be, free and independent;" and the father of our hero, Light Horse Harry Lee, the Rupert of the Revolution, the friend of Washington, elected by Congress to deliver the eulogy of that illustrious man at his death, and who conferred upon him the memorable title of "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Born in the same county with Washington, and thus bound to his memory by the ties of hereditary friendship, fate seems to have determined that this illustrious exemplar should "rain influence" upon Lee from every source. It gave him to wife Mary Randolph Custis, daughter of the adopted son of Washington, the nearest representative of his house, and a woman whose exalted virtues were derived by lineal inheritance from the wife of Washington. This marriage transferred his residence to beautiful Arlington, the repository of the Washington relics, where he lived surrounded by objects so freighted with the dearest memories and associations of the hero's life, that the very atmosphere of the place seemed instinct with the brooding influence of his spirit.

From his very infancy Lee seems to have been enamored of

virtue. In writing of him at an early age, his father says: "Robert, who was always good, will be confirmed in his happy turn of mind by his ever watchful and affectionate mother."

That mother was an invalid, and so tender and dutiful was he in his attentions to her, even during his rough boyhood, that when he left her to go to West Point she exclaimed: "How can I live without Robert! He is both son and daughter to me."

And here we catch the earliest glimpse of that epicene nature, the highest type of humanity, combining feminine gentleness and modesty, quick sympathy and capacity for self-abnegation, with masculine strength, energy, and inflexible purpose—a combination which, in its highest form, makes man, indeed, "the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!"

Free from perilous precocity, his boyhood and early youth gave ample evidence of that vigorous and symmetrical intellectual organization, which, at every stage of his career, rose to the level of the highest tasks imposed upon it, solved all the problems of life, whether great or small, as they presented themselves, with infallible judgment lifted him to the summit of the profession of his choice and by the evenness, roundness and fullness of its development, left no doubt that, in any other sphere of human activity, it would have enabled him to achieve equal eminence.

Bountiful nature had endowed him with exceptional gifts of physical beauty. The eye of the South Carolina poet, Hayne, once rested upon him in the first year of the war, when he was already on the hither verge of middle age, as he stood in the fortifications of Charleston, surrounded by officers, and he has left the following pen picture of him: "In the middle of the group, topping the tallest by half a head, was, perhaps, the most striking figure we had ever encountered, the figure of a man seemingly about fifty-six or fifty-eight years of age, erect as a poplar, yet lithe and graceful, with broad shoulders well thrown back, a fine, justly proportioned head posed in unconscious dignity, clear, deep, thoughtful eyes, and the quiet, dauntless step of one every inch the gentleman and soldier. Had some old English cathedral crypt or monumental stone in Westminster Abbey been smitten by a magician's wand and made to yield up its knightly tenant restored to his manly vigor, with chivalric soul beaming from every feature, some grand old Crusader or Red Cross warrior, who, believing in a sacred creed and espousing a glorious principle, looked upon mere life as nothing in the comparison, we thought that thus would he have appeared, unchanged in

aught but costume and surroundings. And this superb soldier, the glamour of the antique days about him, was Robert E. Lee."

If such was the Lee of fifty-six years, what must have been the splendid beauty of his youth? The priceless jewel of his soul found fit setting in this grand physique, marked by a majestic bearing and easy grace and courtesy of gesture and movement, sprung from perfect harmony and symmetry of limb and muscle, instinct with that vigorous health, the product of a sound mind in a sound body.

Such was the magnificent youth who graduated from West Point with the honors of his class, and dedicated himself to the service of his country. It was easy to see that "Fate reserved him for a bright manhood." Not his the task, by the eccentric flight of a soaring ambition, to "pluck bright Honor from the pale-faced moon," or with desperate greed, to "dive into the bottom of the deep and drag up drowned Honor by the locks." This great engineer laid out the road of his life along the undeviating line of Duty, prepared to bridge seas and scale mountains; to defy foes and to scorn temptations; to struggle, to fight, to die, if need be, but never to swerve from his chosen path. Honor and Fame were not captives in his train. Free and bounteous, they ambuscaded his way and crowned him as he passed.

Needless to dwell upon the incidents of his life from his graduation to the Mexican war. This period of his early manhood was passed in the study of his profession; in the cultivation of his mind; in the exercise of every virtue; in the enjoyment of domestic life; in the rearing of children who, in the fullness of time, were destined to repay his care by lives not unworthy of the paternal example.

At the opening of the Mexican war he was, perhaps, as perfectly equipped in the science of soldiership as any living man. Although but a captain of engineers and debarred from rapid promotion by the rules of the regular service, he achieved a distinction, if not so noisy, deeper than was gained by any subordinate in that war. No name figured so conspicuously in the reports of the general commanding for brilliant and important services. At its end, while the multitude was sounding the noisier fame of others, the judicious few, who were familiar with the interior of the campaigns, awarded the palm of soldiership to the modest officer of engineers, and already fixed on him as the coming captain of America. The man most competent of all to judge, the hero of Lundy's Lane himself, did not hesitate to declare that "Lee was the greatest living soldier of America," and that "if a great battle was to be fought for the liberty or slavery of America, and I were asked my judgment as to the ability of a com-

mander, I would say with my dying breath, 'Let it be Robert E. Lee.'"

One of the name of Lee has defined happiness in the following homely but thoughtful words: "Peace of mind based on piety to Almighty God; unconscious innocence of conduct, with good will to man; health of body, health of mind and prosperity in our vocation; a sweet, affectionate wife; children devoted to truth, honor, right and utility, with love and respect to their parents; and faithful, warm-hearted friends, in a country politically and religiously free—this is my definition of happiness."

I know not where a better can be found; and if ever man enjoyed these blessings in bountiful measure, supplemented by a wealth of golden opinion in the minds of all his countrymen, it was Robert E. Lee, as the current of his life flowed peacefully through the years preceding the great civil war. Nothing disturbed the placidity of its course save the shadows, rapidly lengthening and thickening, cast by the dread events which were coming with the impending future.

Lee loved the Union. It was emphatically the Union of his fathers, whose cunning hands had wrought in its construction. It was the Union of Washington, the idol of his worship. It was his own Union for which he had fought, and in whose service the "dearest action" of his life had been spent. The tenor of his way had removed him from the growing exacerbation of political strife. The bitterness of sectional hate had not entered his soul. He loved the whole Union. To his acute prevision, its threatened disruption meant chaos and inevitable, desperate war. He opposed secession. He lifted his voice against it in words of solemn warning and protestation.

In vain! Who can lift his hand against fate, and, with feeble gesture, stay or divert its course? The inevitable swept on resistless, remorseless. Snapped, in quick succession, the cords which bound State after State to the Union; and, at last, with mighty effort, Virginia tore asunder the "hoops of steel" which encircled her, and, standing in the solitude of her original sovereignty, with imperial voice, in her hour of peril, summoned all her children to her side. Lee she called by name, singled him out as chiefest of her sons, her Hector, the pillar of her house. Stern mother, as she was, she held out to him the *baton* of her armies and bade him take it and protect her honor, or die in its defence.

The crisis of his life had come. His known love for the Union,

his avowed opposition to secession, his devoted attachment to the venerable Commander-in-Chief of the Federal Army, his education at West Point, his life spent in the Federal service—all kindled hopes in the supporters of the Union that his services would not be wanting to their cause, and he was semi-officially advised that the chief command in the field of the Federal forces then being organized was subject to his acceptance.

Eloquent lips have pictured the struggle which it cost Lee to resist this glittering temptation. And, indeed, viewed from the standpoint of mere personal interest and professional ambition, the alternative presented was "all the world to nothing." But my study of his character forbids me to believe that such considerations ever assumed the dignity of a temptation to him. Amongst the records of his written or spoken thoughts I find no evidence of even a moment's hesitation in his choice. Duty, the guide and guardian of his life, never spoke to Lee in doubtful accents. Its voice was ever as clear as the trumpet's note, and by him was never heard but to be instantly obeyed.

With gracious mien he put aside all contrary solicitations, surrendered to the Union the unstained sword which he had worn so worthily, and parting from the friends and associations of his youth and manhood in sorrow, but not at all in anger, bent his steps to his mother, Virginia, and kneeling reverently at her feet received from her hand the chieftain's sword, and there, kissing its hilt, swore eternal fealty to her cause.

For this act he has been denounced as a deserter from his flag and a traitor to his country. For this act he went down to his grave a disfranchised citizen of a restored Union. For a like act there yet rests the stigma of disfranchisement upon a single man out of millions, the chivalric chieftain of the lost cause.

[To Mr. Davis. Venerable man! while the smirking littlenesses of official life deny you the bauble of an unsought amnesty, that providence which, in the end, surely guides aright the ultimate judgments of mankind, is eloquent in your behalf to the awakening conscience of the American people. Malice and slander have exhausted their power against you. We congratulate you that the kindling splendors of that fame which will light up the centuries already illumine the declining years of a life which has illustrated the history of two nations by valor in battle, wisdom in council, eloquence in debate, temperance in triumph, and inexpugnable for-

titude in adversity. *O, pater patriæ!* living, as it were, "in an inverted order," and mourning, sternly and inconsolably, over the dead country, *salve et vale!*]

If these charges against Lee are true, the urgent question presents itself: What do we here to-day; erecting a monument to a deserter or a traitor?

To magnify the deeds of our heroes, without at the same time vindicating the cause for which they were done, would be to ignore that which gives to those deeds their highest merit and grace and beauty. Mere brute courage, and even the highest military skill, are not, of themselves, fit subjects for commemoration in monumental brass. A pirate captain has often fought in defence of his black flag with as desperate bravery and as consummate art as Nelson at Trafalgar or Lawrence on the decks of the Constitution. A bandit chief might display as much devotion, skill and courage in defending some mountain pass, the key to the lair of his band, as were exhibited by Leonidas at Thermopylæ. But we do not build monuments to these.

We cannot afford to sink our heroes to the level of mere prize-fighters, who deluged a continent in blood without just right or lawful cause.

Remembering that we are here, as Americans, to do honor to one of the greatest of Americans—gratefully acknowledging the presence of many of those who fought against Lee, and who have chivalrously accepted our invitation to participate in these ceremonies—I have anxiously asked myself whether I might without just censure undertake to speak in defence of the cause of Lee.

Two decades have passed since the Confederate flag was folded to its eternal rest. The Union is restored. The wounds of internecine strife are healed. An affluent tide of patriotism, welling from the hearts of a reunited people, rolls with resistless ebb and flow through the length and breadth of a common country, and breaks with equal volume upon the Southern as upon the Northern confines of the Republic. All men agree that we live to-day under a Constitution, the meaning and effect of which have, in certain particulars, been as definitely settled in a sense opposed to that contended for by the Southern States in the recent conflict, as if it had been, in those respects, expressly amended. This has been effected by the inveterate *res adjudicata* of war, from which there is no appeal, and no desire to appeal. We, the people of the South, have renewed our unreserved allegiance to the Constitution

as thus authoritatively construed. By the bloody Cæsarian operation of the war, the right of secession has indisputably been eviscerated from the fundamental law.

Blistered be the slanderous tongue, and cankered the coward heart, which would pervert what I am about to say into an attempt to revive dead issues or reopen settled controversies.

The constitutional dispute between the States as to the right of secession is, to day, as purely a historical question as the questions between the colonies and Great Britain about the rightfulness of the Stamp Act and of taxation without representation. As such I feel myself charged with the solemn duty of discussing it, to the end that I may aid in distributing and perpetuating for the benefit of this and coming generations, a knowledge of the grave and substantial grounds upon which their forefathers believed, when they "stood i' the imminent, deadly breach," in defence of the States, of which they were citizens, that they were acting in their right, in obedience to lawful authority, and in violation of no rightful allegiance due by them to any earthly power.

Standing by the grave of this dead and buried right of secession, we inscribe upon its tomb the solemn "*requiescat in pace*," we admit that the sepulchre wherein it is "inurned" may never "ope his ponderous and marble jaws to cast it up again;" but fanaticism itself cannot deny us the privilege of asserting that it once "lived and moved and had its being," sprung from the womb of the Constitution, begotten of the loins of the Fathers, in its day a leader of hosts as true and valiant as ever struck for the "altars of their country and the temples of their gods."

Follow me, therefore, oh fellow-citizens of a reunited country, whether from the North or from the South, while, with reverent heart, in the spirit of impartial history, and in necessary vindication of the cause for which he fought in whose memory this monument is erected, I seek to trace the origin, the foundation and the history of the right of secession, bearing ever in mind that I speak not from the standpoint of to-day, but of that eventful moment in the already distant past when Lee was called upon to determine, by the lights then surrounding him, whether his allegiance was due to his native State or to the Federal Government, from which she had withdrawn.

Down to the days of Hobbes, of Malmesbury, kingship founded its claim to authority on Divine right. Hobbes originated the doctrine that political authority was derived from the consent of the governed, and based that consent upon the fiction of an "original

contract" or implied covenant, which created "that great Leviathan called the commonwealth of State."

The right of secession, even in the form of revolution, had no place, however, in the theory of Hobbes, because he held that this "original contract" was irrevocable, and thus laid for despotism a firmer foundation than that which he had destroyed.

Locke made a prodigious advance. Adopting Hobbes' theory that political authority was derived from the consent of the governed, he repudiated the doctrine of irrevocability, and held that the power of rulers was merely delegated, and that the people, or the governed, had the right to withdraw it when used for purposes inconsistent with the common weal, the end which society and government were formed to promote. By thus recognizing the responsibility of rulers to their subjects for the due execution of their trusts, and the right of resistance by the people in case of abuse thereof, he established the sacred right of revolution, in the assertion of which the people of England expelled the Stuarts from the throne, and the American colonies established their independence.

On emerging from a revolution in which their rights of self-government had been so strenuously denied, in which they had endured such sufferings and perils, and had so narrowly escaped from complete subjugation, it might naturally be expected that in thereafter establishing a general government among themselves, the colonies would have been careful in guarding the nature and terms of their consent thereto and in leaving open a safe and peaceful mode of retiring therefrom, whenever, in their judgment, it should endanger their rights or cease to promote their welfare. Their experience had taught them the danger, difficulty, and possible inadequacy of the mere right of revolution.

Accordingly, we find that in the Federal Governments, which they instituted, both in the articles of confederation and in the constitution of 1789, they assiduously guarded and restricted the consent upon which alone the authority of these governments rested, and, "to make assurance doubly sure," distinctly provided that all powers, not expressly delegated, were reserved to the States.

The question of the right of secession had its birth prior to the formation of the present Constitution of the United States. It arose under the prior articles of confederation. Those articles, let it never be forgotten, contained an express provision that the Union of the States created thereby should be "perpetual." In view of this clause, it was vehemently contended that, without the consent of all,

no portion of the States had the right to withdraw from a Union which all of them had solemnly covenanted with each other should last forever.

These objections were overborne by the Convention of 1787, and the Constitution of the United States had its origin in the assertion of the right of the States to secede from the confederation previously existing; for the going into effect of that Constitution was, by its terms, made to depend, not upon the assent of all the States, but upon the assent of nine only, each one of them acting separately and independently.

Did not this action concede that the right to withdraw from a Federal Union was a right that inhered in the States prior to the establishment of the present Constitution? And if in the latter instrument we can find no surrender of that right, how can it be denied that it was reserved to the States?

Nay, more; how does it happen that the clause in the articles of confederation, which had declared the Union thereby formed to be "perpetual," and which had been the foundation of the arguments against the right of secession therefrom, was omitted from the Constitution?

> "Can such things be,
> And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
> Without our special wonder?"

We might pause here and ask, in all candor, whether if the Southern States erred in believing and asserting the right of secession, the fault does not rest on the shoulders of those who framed the Constitution.

Unless there is something in the essential nature of the government established by the Constitution, or in the character of the parties who established it, or in the nature and mode of the consent upon which it rests, which is inconsistent with the right of secession in the States, it is difficult to conceive how such right could be disputed.

The doctrine that the Constitution was a compact voluntarily entered into between sovereign and independent States, purely federal in its character, and differing from the former articles of confederation, not as to the nature of the consent upon which it was founded, nor as to the character of the parties thereto, but only as to the kind and extent of the powers granted to the general government and the mode of their execution, may be said to have passed

substantially unchallenged for considerably more than a quarter of a century after its adoption. That doctrine blazes forth in every step taken in the formation and adoption of the Constitution; in Mr. Madison's resolution adopted by the Virginia Legislature appointing commissioners to meet such commissioners as may be appointed by the other States to take into consideration trade and commercial regulations; in the address of the convention of those commissioners, subsequently held at Annapolis, which recommended a "general meeting of the States in a future convention," with powers extending "to other objects than those of commerce;" in the consequent commissioning of delegates by the several States to the convention of 1787, with instructions to join in "devising and discussing all such alterations and further provisions as may be necessary to render the *Federal* Constitution adequate to the exigencies of the Union"; in the organization of that convention, under which, every State, large or small, had an equal and independent unit vote; in the submission of the instrument for ratification to a convention of the people of each separate State, which, thus acting independently and alone, gave its own consent to the proposed compact; in the letter of the convention recommending its ratification, which expressly described the government proposed therein as "the Federal government of these States"; and, finally, in the mode of promulgation directed, which provided that "as soon as the conventions of nine States shall have ratified this Constitution," a day should be fixed on which "electors should be appointed by the several States which shall have ratified the same."

The same doctrine likewise appears in the ordinances of ratification of several of the States, in the debates of the convention itself, and in those of the various State conventions—denied only by the opponents of the Constitution, always affirmed by its friends.

It is repeatedly and explicitly proclaimed in the Federalist. It appears in the writings and utterances of all the fathers of the Constitution, of Hamilton as well as of Madison, of Washington, Franklin, Gerry, Wilson, Morris, of those who favored as well as those who feared a strong government. It is emphatically announced, not only in the extreme Kentucky resolutions, but in the famous Virginia resolutions of 1798, the first from the pen of Jefferson, the last from that of Madison, the latter of which declared that they viewed "the powers of the Federal government as resulting from the compact to which the States were parties." These resolutions formed thereafter the corner stone of the great States Rights party,

which repeatedly swept the country, and which elected Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Jackson to the Presidency.

Even the Supreme Court of the United States had declared that the Constitution was a compact to which the States were parties.

The first purely juridical work on the Constitution was published in 1825 by William Rawle, an eminent jurist of Philadelphia, who, writing as a jurist and not as a politician, did not hesitate to declare that "the Union was an association of Republics;" that the Constitution was a compact between the States; that "it depends on the State itself whether it continues a member of the Union;" that "the States may withdraw from the Union," and that "the secession of a State from the Union depends on the will of the people."

At a later period, De Tocqueville, who, in his great work on Democracy in America, brought to the study of our institutions a patient and impartial spirit, reached the same conclusions, and declared that "the Union was formed by the voluntary agreement of the States, and in uniting together they have not forfeited their nationality. * * If one of the States choose to withdraw from the compact, it would be difficult to disprove its right of doing so."

I must halt here in the enumeration of the plain historical facts and overwhelming authorities upon which rested the great doctrine that the Constitution of the United States was purely a federal compact between sovereign and independent States, deriving its force and authority from the free and individual consent of the several States in their separate political capacities. In these essential respects it did not differ from the articles of confederation, but only, as before stated, in the extent and mode of execution of the powers granted to the general government.

The entire argument against the right of secession rested on a denial of this doctrine.

That denial was never made by any respectable authority until, during the nullification and agitation of 1831–3, Webster and Story stepped into the lists as champions of an indissoluble Union.

These were great men and great lawyers. They saw, and indeed a reference to their works will show that they admitted that, if the doctrine above stated was correct, the right of secession could not be successfully disputed.

They therefore took bold ground against it. They denied that the Constitution was a compact at all. They denied that, even if a compact, it was one to which the States were the parties. They asserted

that the government created thereby was a National, and not a Federal Government. They asserted that the Constitution was ordained and established by the consent, not of the States, but of "the whole people of the United States in the aggregate," and could only be undone by like consent.

In view of the historical record which I have faintly sketched, and which might have been indefinitely extended, the mind is stupefied at the utter impotence of human language as a vehicle of thought, when it encounters such opposite interpretations of a written instrument, and discovers that after the lapse of forty years, time sufficient to have consigned to their tombs nearly every one of those who had aided in its confection, a construction should be advanced diametrically opposed to what they had declared, in every form, to be their veritable meaning.

Of course, it would not be possible for me, within the limits of this address, to state all the arguments advanced by Webster and Story in support of their theory, or the answers made to them; but one or two of the most salient deserve attention.

To show that the government was National and not Federal, they seized upon the first resolution adopted by the convention, which declared that a "National Government ought to be established, consisting of a supreme legislative, executive and judiciary." This resolution was proposed before the convention was full; and how shall we restrain our wonder at the reliance placed upon it, when, in the record of the further proceedings of the convention, we learn that, upon motion of Ellsworth, of Connecticut, and upon his expressed objection to the term "National," the resolution was altered, *nem. con.*, so as to read that "the Government of the United States ought to consist," etc. Thus the convention expressly repudiated the term "National Government," and substituted therefor words expressive of the Federal character of the government; and indeed, as already shown in the letter recommending the ratification of the Constitution, the convention expressly described it as the "Federal Government of these States."

The grand *cheval de battaille* of their argument, however, was the preamble of the Constitution itself, which declares that "We, the people of the United States * * * * * * * ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

There is no doubt that these words, more than all other considerations combined, have lent force to the argument of those who supported the National theory of the government, and had the plain

explanation of their use, which has since been given, been advanced at the time when the question arose, it is doubtful if that theory would ever have attained the acceptation which it received.

What is that explanation, so apparent and conclusive, and yet, so far as I am aware, first advanced after the war by that great publicist, Albert Taylor Bledsoe? It is this: The original draft of the Constitution, instead of using in its preamble the words "We, the people of the United States," used the words "We, the people of the States of Virginia, Massachusetts," etc., specifying each State by name as parties to the compact. So matters stood until the language of the Constitution was submitted to the revision of a "committee on style." That committee discovered that under the provisions relative to the mode of ratification which directed that the accession of any nine States should carry the Constitution into effect, the naming of all or any of the States in the preamble was impracticable, because it might well be that all the States would not ratify, and it would be impossible to state in advance which nine of them would do so. How, then, were they to be named? It thus became absolutely necessary to strike out the enumeration of the States, and to substitute some general phrase which should embrace those States which should ratify and exclude those which should reject the Constitution. Such a phrase was discovered in the words, "the people of the United States," by which the convention surely did not intend to alter the entire nature of the instrument, but only meant the respective peoples of the several States, not named only because unknown, which should thereafter become parties, and by consenting to the proposed Union, become thereby *United* States. Gouverneur Morris, of Pennsylvania, was chairman of the committee on style which reported this alteration in the preamble, and he informs us in one of his letters, that the Constitution, in its final shape, was "written by the fingers which write this letter." He, therefore, wrote the words, "We, the people of the United States," in the preamble and should have known better than any other what was their true import. He was one of the most pronounced advocates of a strong government. The record shows that he had actually moved the reference of the Constitution for ratification to "one general convention chosen and authorized by the people, to consider, to amend, and establish the same," but that his motion had not even received a second. What becomes, then, of the argument based on this expression of the preamble, when we find that Gouverneur Morris, its author, with his well known desire to establish a National government, himself declares in

his writings that "the Constitution was a compact, not between individuals, but between political societies, the people, not of America, but of the United States, each (State) enjoying sovereign power and, of course, equal rights."

Time and the occasion admonish me that I must arrest here the discussion of this interesting historical question. I have, of course, barely indicated the faint outlines of the grand argument sustaining the right of secession. Those who desire to go deeper may consult those great storehouses of facts and principles, the works of Calhoun, Bledsoe, Stephens, Sage, and our immortal leader, Jefferson Davis.

It is not for me dogmatically to proclaim that we were right and that the supporters of the Union were wrong. I shall have accomplished a duty, and shall, as I believe, have rendered a service to the whole Union, if what I have said shall contribute to confirm the Southern people in the veneration and respect justly due to the cause for which their fathers fought, and, at the same time, to moderate the vehemence with which many of the Northern people have denounced that cause as mere wicked and unreasoning treason. The war may have established that the Constitution no longer binds the States by a mere love tie, but by a Gordian knot, which only the sword can sever; yet all patriots will admit that the safest guarantee of its permanence must lie in the mutual respect and forbearance from insult of all sections of the people toward each other.

Far be it from me to impugn the motives of those who advocated and enforced the indissolubility of the Union.

In union the States had achieved their independence. In union, at a later time, during the infancy of the Republic, they had defied again the power of the mightiest nation of the earth, and had vindicated their capacity to protect and defend the rights which they had so dearly won. In union they had subdued the savage, leveled primeval forests, subjected vast wildernesses to the sway of peaceful populations and happy husbandry, borne the ensign of the Republic to the capital of a foreign foe, extended their frontiers till they embraced a continent and swelled their population to a strength which might defy the world in arms. In union the sails of their commerce whitened every sea, wealth poured in affluent streams into their laps, education flourished, science and art took root and grew apace, and those ancient foes, religion and toleration, liberty and law, public order and individual freedom, locked hands and worked together to magnify and glorify the grandest, happiest and freest people that ever flourished "in the tides of time."

The contemplation of this exhilarating spectacle naturally tightened the bands of the Union and inflamed the minds of the people with a deep patriotism, which tended more and more to centre around the Federal Government.

When, in 1833, while the glorious panorama I have just sketched was still being unrolled, upon a comparatively trifling occasion, behind the absurd spectre of Nullification appeared the gigantic figure of the Right of Secession, panoplied though it was from head to foot in the armor of the Constitution, it struck terror to the souls of the lovers of the Union, and shook even the firm poise of the aged Madison. It threatened at a touch and upon inadequate cause to crumble into ruin the grand fabric which had been builded with such pain and had risen to such majestic height.

It conjured up before the quick imagination of Mr. Webster that terrible vision of a Union quenched in blood, of "States discordant, dissevered, belligerent," of strength frittered away by division, of liberty imperilled by the conflicts of her devotees, of the high hopes of humanity blasted by the ambitions, dissensions, and conflicting interests of jarring sovereignties.

In my humble judgment Mr. Webster's was the grandest civic intellect that America has produced. The most prodigious achievement of his eloquence and genius was the success with which he darkened and, to the minds of many, actually obliterated the clear historical record which I have heretofore exhibited, confuted the very authors of the Constitution as to the meaning and effect of their own language, and may be said substantially to have created and imposed upon the American people a new and different Constitution from that under which they had lived for so considerable a period.

Yet we must forgive much to the motives and inspirations upon which he acted.

Ah, well had it been if all the followers of Mr. Webster had been inspired by his own deep respect for the guaranties and limitations of the Constitution.

Time and inclination alike restrain me from any particular notice of the direct causes which provoked the actual assertion of the right of secession.

Suffice it to say that events occurred and conflicts arose which rendered impossible the continuance of a voluntary union. The predestined strife was not to be averted. Passion usurped the seat of reason. Dissension swelled into defiance, chiding grew into fierce recriminations, constant quarrel ripened into hate. In vain did those who clung to the Constitution seek "upon the heat and flame of this

distemper to sprinkle cool patience." Fourteen Northern States, in their so termed "personal liberty bills," openly nullified the Constitution in that very clause which had been the condition *sine qua non*, upon which the Southern States had acceded to the compact. A sectional party was formed upon a basis known and designed to exclude from its ranks the entire people of fifteen States. An election delivered the control of the Federal Government into the hands of this party.

Perhaps these and all other causes might have not been sufficient to justify a resort to revolution. Perhaps allegiance due might have borne the strain of greater wrongs than any with which we were oppressed or threatened.

But a broken bargain, civic strife, the triumph of a sectional party whose electoral majority left no hope that it could be overcome, surely justified the minority of States in peacefully withdrawing from the Union, which they believed, upon the solid grounds which I have stated, to have been created and to exist, as to them, only by virtue of their original and continued consent.

Although Lee, with thousands of other Southern men, believed the justification to be insufficient, and opposed secession, this fact, while rendering his duty more difficult, did not leave it less clear, under his theory of the government, to yield his allegiance to his native State.

And here I leave the cause of Lee to be judged at the bar of impartial history.

That cause presents this singular claim to the considerate judgment of its adversaries, that we, who fought for it, have done and will do what in us lies to gild their triumph by making the restored Union so prolific in benefits to all coming generations that our posterity, while respecting the principles and convictions for which we fought, may rejoice in our defeat.

The Constitution yet lives, an imperishable monument to the wisdom of those who framed it, capable, if preserved in its integrity, of accomplishing all their beneficent purposes, and consecrating forever the co-ordinated rights of individual liberty, local self-government and union for "the common defence and general welfare."

Turn we now to the campaigns of our hero. Lee's campaigns were the poetry of soldiership, so grand and simple in their conception, so masterly in their execution, so daring in their attempts, so astounding in their results, that the simplest intelligence may comprehend and the dullest admire them.

They are not to be regarded as made up of merely detached and independent marches and battles springing from the haphazard order of events, but are, from first to last, the development of a uniform and consistent plan of operations, based on the profoundest science of strategy, and having in view the accomplishment of a specific purpose. That purpose may be announced at once to have been the defence of Richmond. Richmond was not merely important as being the capital of the Confederacy, but also as being the grand centre of depots, arsenals and military manufactures necessary to the support of an army operating north of it, and as the only point having railroad connections with the South sufficient for transportation of necessary supplies.

The position of the Federal capital on the banks of the Potomac, and the exposure of the southern border of the United States along the line of Maryland and Pennsylvania, made it of transcendent importance that the country intervening between Richmond and Washington should be made and kept, as far as possible, the theatre of the war. The retirement of the Confederate forces from Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, thus practically relieving the Southern border of the United States from menace in that direction, had removed a great source of alarm to them, and had liberated for operations at other points the vast forces which would have been required for the defence of that line. Had we been forced to retire from Virginia also, besides the immense moral and material loss, the removal of the seat of war entirely away from the Northern capital and territory would have freed the large forces constantly engaged in their protection to concentrate around us in a narrowing circle of fire, eventuating inevitably in our ultimate destruction. The Confederacy fell with the forced evacuation of Richmond. It is certain it could not long have survived its earlier voluntary abandonment.

The task of defending Richmond was, as I have said, the task of Lee; and it was the most difficult one ever assigned to any soldier. The prime necessity was to avoid a siege. Once shut up in the fortifications of Richmond, the city was lost, for the difficulties of its defence would have been insuperable; because it would have involved the protection of long lines of railroad, without which the army could not be sustained, and in view of the enormous forces which could have been concentrated by the enemy, this would have been impossible.

Yet conceive the difficulty of avoiding such a siege, when you reflect that by the undisputed possession of the James and York rivers,

and with the aid of their powerful flotillas of transport ships and gunboats, the enemy was able, at any time, without the possibility of opposition by us, to land an army within a day's march of our capital, and to support it there by deep water lines of supply, which we could neither destroy nor interrupt.

No invading army ever had such advantages as the Northern Army of the Potomac. The greatest difficulty of successful invasion, the protection of its lines of communication with its base of supplies and reinforcements, was practically eliminated from the problem; for not only were the water routes of the James and the York open almost to the gates of Richmond, but even when it finally moved from the direction of Culpeper Courthouse, its path lay across successive lines of communication, so that, in the words of a philosophic commentator on the campaigns, "it abandoned one, only to find another and a safer at the end of every march." At Culpeper Courthouse, the Orange and Alexandria railroad was its line. When it abandoned that, its halts at the Wilderness and Spotsylvania Courthouse opened up a new line via Acquia Creek. As it advanced to the Annas, the Rappahannock at Port Royal furnished another efficient water line. When it reached the Pamunkey, the York river and Chesapeake Bay gave it one still more efficient; and finally, when its last march brought it to the James, that great river formed a perfectly safe avenue to Washington.

When these facts are considered, in connection with the enormous disparity of numbers and resources now demonstrated beyond the possibility of question by the historical records of the two armies, Lee's successful defense of Richmond for three years must take its place in history as one of the grandest military achievements of ancient or of modern times. Had like success attended the Confederate operations in other directions, the backbone of the war would undoubtedly have been broken. As it was, the tremendous blows of Lee so staggered his adversary that the issue lay in doubt to the very last, and at more than one period in the contest the Northern cause barely escaped collapse.

Follow me now in a rapid sketch of the mere outline of the marvelous campaigns.

After the indecisive battle of Seven Pines, and the unfortunate wounding of the first commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, that skillful soldier, Joseph E. Johnston, his successor in command, General G. W. Smith, had retired the army to its encampments near Richmond, and there it was when, on June 2, 1862,

Lee assumed command. Its effective strength, using round numbers (as I shall continue to do), was *fifty-six thousand* men. McClellan, an able commander, who, in the first year of the war, adopted that route to Richmond, the return to which, after many disasters, at last led to its capture, at that moment lay, possibly within sight of the spires, certainly within sound of the bells of the churches of Richmond, with a present effective force of *one hundred and five thousand.* McDowell, with *forty thousand* men, the flower of the Federal Army, was *en route* to reinforce McClellan, while strong forces under Banks and Fremont were operating in the Valley. Jackson, with a force never exceeding sixteen thousand, was still engaged in that wonderful series of operations in the Valley, which resulted in the successive defeats of Banks, Fremont and Shields, and in the utter paralysis of the movement of McDowell to reinforce McClellan. It was still evident, however, that this paralysis was but temporary, and that with renewed concentration of the vast, though shattered forces of the enemy, Jackson, with his little army reduced by forced marching and constant fighting, would have no alternative but to retire to the defenses of Richmond, which would be reduced to a state of siege by the combined and overwhelming Federal armies.

Nothing less than the genius of Lee could have relieved such a situation. To await the tardy attack of McClellan, while the movement for the annihilation or forced retreat of Jackson and the reinforcement by McDowell was resumed, would be fatal.

With additional troops already received, and by calling Jackson to him, Lee would have a force of *eighty thousand men* with which to engage the *one hundred and five thousand* of McClellan. While the latter General was clamoring for reinforcements and maturing his plans of assault, Lee determined to order Jackson to his support, and with the bulk of his army to march rapidly out of his lines, cross the Chickahominy, gain McClellan's right and there assault him on his flank.

The brilliant audacity of this plan may be appreciated when you remember that in its execution he left but twenty-five thousand men between the army of McClellan and Richmond, and exposed his own rear without a man intervening between it and the large force of McDowell.

Its profound strategic wisdom is demonstrated by the result of the glorious seven days' battle which followed, at the end of which we find the grand army of McClellan, its dream of triumphal entry into

the Confederate capital vanished, cowering, shattered and demoralized, at Harrison's Landing, on the James, under the protection of the powerful gunboats, which alone saved it from destruction.

It is a cold, historic fact that after deducting losses of the battles and stragglers, Lee with *sixty-two thousand men* pursued McClellan with *ninety thousand* to the banks of the James ; yet so had the handling of the Confederate force multiplied its numbers in the imagination of McClellan, that his dispatches informed his Government that he had been overwhelmed by an enemy not less than two hundred thousand strong !

Richmond was relieved and for the moment safe ; but the situation was full of peril.

The army of McClellan, resting in its impregnable position within a day's march of Richmond, reorganized and strengthened with reinforcements, would, if left undisturbed, soon be in position to resume offensive operations. Meanwhile the Federal forces in the other direction had been placed under a new commander, Major-General John Pope, who, at the head of forty-three thousand men, was organizing a bold campaign to operate against Richmond in connection with McClellan.

Lee determined that the easiest way to remove McClellan from the James would be to threaten the inferior force of Pope, upon which the protection of Washington depended. Accordingly, he dispatched Jackson with *twelve thousand* men in the direction of Gordonsville to threaten Pope. This left him with only *fifty-eight thousand* men to confront the *ninety thousand* of McClellan; but the latter General still remaining inactive, Lee, a week later, further depleted his force by sending A. P. Hill's division to reinforce Jackson. Jackson, with his force of about *eighteen thousand* men, did not hesitate to attack Pope with *thirty-seven thousand* at hand, and more in easy reach, and won the victory at Cedar Run. This bold feat had the effect of checking all serious advance on the part of Pope, and of so alarming the Washington authorities for the safety of their capital, that they accomplished the very purpose of Lee, by ordering the transfer of McClellan's army to the support of Pope. This enabled Lee to dispatch the rest of his own force in the same direction. McClellan's forces were being rapidly transported to Alexandria and moving to the support of Pope. If suffered to complete their junction the force of the enemy would be overwhelmingly superior. The only hope was to annihilate Pope before the whole of McClellan's force could reach him. To accomplish this, an attack

upon Pope's front even if successful would be unavailing, because that would only drive him back upon McClellan Lee, therefore, determined upon a movement unsurpassed for boldness in the annals of war. He threw his whole army entirely around the right flank of Pope and, by rapid marching, gained his rear, thus establishing himself directly between the two hostile armies each outnumbering his own. His safety depended upon the prompt defeat of Pope. Failure was destruction. Lee had *fifty thousand*, Pope, *seventy five thousand* men. Under these circumstances the great battle of the second Manassas was delivered, resulting in the complete defeat of Pope and the retirement of his entire army within the defenses of Washington.

Thus, within ninety days from the date of his assuming command, the genius of Lee, operating against overwhelming odds, had completely reversed the relative situation of the contending forces, and rolled back the tide of war from the fortifications of Richmond to the outposts of Washington.

But the task of the Confederate commander was like that of Sisyphus.

He stood victorious in battle; but what was he to do with his victory? The attempt to besiege or assault the Federal army in the defenses of Washington was too absurd for serious contemplation. He could not maintain his army in its then advanced position, because the country was stripped of supplies, and there was no railroad communication with Richmond nearer than the Rapidan. To fall back would be to forfeit the prestige of success, and to leave the enemy, with his overwhelming numbers, free to organize another expedition, by the water route of the James to the gates of Richmond, and thus to reinstate the peril which had just been averted.

The bold resolve was quickly taken to cross the Potomac, find subsistence on the enemy's soil, force his adversary to leave his fortifications and meet him on a battlefield of his own selection, where a victory might arouse the discontented people of Maryland, and lead to other advantages of incalculable value.

A formidable Federal force of *twelve thousand* men lay at Harper's Ferry, on the flank and rear of his intended movement. It was absolutely essential that this force should be captured or dispersed. This must be done certainly and quickly, and, to make sure, a strong force must be dispatched for the purpose. He, therefore, detached Jackson with five divisions to sweep this obstacle from the path, and then by rapid marching to rejoin him in time to join

battle with the army of McClellan. Lee retained, in the meanwhile, only three divisions to confront that vast force, trusting that Jackson's task would be accomplished before McClellan should discover the weakness of the force left to oppose him. There is no reason to doubt that the plan would have succeeded, but for one of those accidents which "turn awry" the best laid schemes. One of Lee's orders to his general officers, formulating the movement, was lost in some way and fell into the hands of the enemy. McClellan, thus fortuitously apprised of the departure of Jackson and of the slight force left to oppose him, was quick to hurl his army upon the latter, confident of annihilating it before Jackson could come to its rescue. The situation was fraught with peril, but the heroic resistance of this small force at South Mountain Pass and Crampton's Gap, held McClellan in check, until Jackson, by tremendous forced marches, having accomplished the object of his detour, was able to rejoin it, and Lee was thus enabled at last to concentrate his army for the battle of Sharpsburg. The accident of the lost order, however, destroyed the chance of that success which might otherwise have attended this brilliantly planned expedition. The divisions with Lee reached Sharpsburg worn and fatigued, and with ranks decimated by the severe fighting they had undergone, while the extraordinary forced marches to which Jackson was driven, had strewed his route with exhausted and broken-down men.

Lee delivered battle in this engagement with *thirty-five thousand* men, worn out and exhausted as we have seen, against *eighty-seven thousand* under McClellan. The result was a drawn battle, both sides resting on their arms the following day, on the night of which Lee, quietly and without molestation, retired his army across the Potomac.

But for the lost order, nothing indicates a doubt that, after the success of Jackson's movement, Lee would have effected an unopposed and leisurely concentration of his forces in a position chosen by himself where, with at least fifty thousand men, fresh and elated with victory, he would have met the onslaught of McClellan. The result of the engagement actually delivered, as well as of past contests, leaves little doubt that an overwhelming victory would have been achieved, the consequences of which no man can now divine.

Not until October, 1862, did the Federal army recross the Potomac. A new commander, General Burnside, now leapt into the saddle. His career in that capacity was speedily ended by the

as fail," for whom the impossible did not exist, and who, in combined manœuvres depending for success upon separate and consentaneous movements, ever assumed that one which was most difficult and made it the most certain of execution. Never his the task of giving good, bad or indifferent reasons for the non-execution of any order confided to him, or for not executing it in the manner, or within the time contemplated. Alas! we now approach the critical and disastrous campaign of Gettysburg, the whole history of which, on the Confederate side, is made up of controversies as to why this, that, or the other order of the commander was not executed, or executed too late, or executed imperfectly, and at every turn of which we involuntarily exclaim, "Where, oh where was Jackson then? One blast upon his bugle horn were worth a thousand men!"

The motives for the advance into Pennsylvania were similar to those already indicated as prompting the movement into Maryland of the previous year.

The campaign was attended with misfortune from the start. The miscarriage of Stuart's cavalry deprived General Lee of its co-operation and left him in a strange and hostile country without its necessary aid in feeling his way and keeping him apprised of his surroundings. This precipitated the unexpected clash at Gettysburg, which took place without premeditation on either side.

I shall not enter into the details of this tremendous battle, because I cannot do so without involving myself in the controversies already suggested.

The failure to press the advantage gained in the first day's fighting, as ordered by Lee, and thus to gain the historic heights of Gettysburg; the delay to deliver the assault ordered for the early morning of the second day until four o'clock in the evening, thus allowing the enemy to increase his forces, strengthen his position and to occupy the eminence of Round Top; the disjointed character of the assault when made, in which the advantage gained by our right wing was lost because the delay of the left wing in advancing, left the former without necessary support; the like miscarriage and failure of the general assault ordered for the following morning, in which the advance of our left wing was paralyzed because not responded to by the simultaneous movement of the right; and the final tremendous blunder, by which the immortal charge of Pickett's and Heth's divisions, launched across half a mile of open plain swept by an overwhelming fire of artillery, against fortified heights occupied by vastly superior numbers, and culminating in their actual capture

and the planting of standards upon the guns of the enemy, was robbed of its results by the lack of support—these errors blasted the fair hopes of a victory which might have changed the result of the war.

I leave to history the task of adjudging the blame for these errors. I content myself with declaring, as the result of my study of the evidence, that Lee was not in fault. The electric cord which bound the great Lieutenants of Lee to each other, and to their commander, and which on so many other fields made them invincible and crowned them with imperishable laurels, seems, on that day, to have sped but a broken current. As Lee was eager to save them from blame and to say "it was all my fault," their generous souls would be the first to exonerate him and repudiate his self-sacrifice.

The battle of Gettysburg was delivered by General Lee with *sixty-two thousand* men of all arms against *one hundred and five thousand* of the enemy. Considering that Lee was the attacking party and was repulsed, it must be accepted as a Confederate defeat. But such was the impression produced upon the enemy by its fierce assaults that he was ignorant of his victory, and the question engaging his attention seems to have been, not whether he should press a defeated adversary, but whether he should himself await a repetition of the attack.

Crimson with the setting of the sun which fell upon the field of Gettysburg, boding storm and tempest to the Confederate cause; yet it substantially ended the campaign of 1863, and left the Federal army farther from Richmond than it was at its opening.

Lee recrossed the Potomac at leisure and without serious molestation, and none but minor operations intervened until the spring of 1864.

We now approach that last and matchless campaign in which the "consummate flower" of Lee's soldiership burst into its fullest bloom, and witched the world with its beauty.

The grim hero of Vicksburg and of Missionary Ridge, a man of inflexible will and desperate tenacity, who measured his own resources and those of his adversary with merciless precision, stepped to the head of the Army of the Potomac. That army was now swollen to an enormous host of *one hundred and forty-one thousand* men, while his home Government, weary of failure and desperately in earnest, gave him the assurance of reinforcement whenever required.

Lee confronted him with *sixty-four thousand* men, precious men,

as fail," for whom the impossible did not exist, and who, in combined manœuvres depending for success upon separate and consentaneous movements, ever assumed that one which was most difficult and made it the most certain of execution. Never his the task of giving good, bad or indifferent reasons for the non-execution of any order confided to him, or for not executing it in the manner, or within the time contemplated. Alas! we now approach the critical and disastrous campaign of Gettysburg, the whole history of which, on the Confederate side, is made up of controversies as to why this, that, or the other order of the commander was not executed, or executed too late, or executed imperfectly, and at every turn of which we involuntarily exclaim, "Where, oh where was Jackson then? One blast upon his bugle horn were worth a thousand men!"

The motives for the advance into Pennsylvania were similar to those already indicated as prompting the movement into Maryland of the previous year.

The campaign was attended with misfortune from the start. The miscarriage of Stuart's cavalry deprived General Lee of its co-operation and left him in a strange and hostile country without its necessary aid in feeling his way and keeping him apprised of his surroundings. This precipitated the unexpected clash at Gettysburg, which took place without premeditation on either side.

I shall not enter into the details of this tremendous battle, because I cannot do so without involving myself in the controversies already suggested.

The failure to press the advantage gained in the first day's fighting, as ordered by Lee, and thus to gain the historic heights of Gettysburg; the delay to deliver the assault ordered for the early morning of the second day until four o'clock in the evening, thus allowing the enemy to increase his forces, strengthen his position and to occupy the eminence of Round Top; the disjointed character of the assault when made, in which the advantage gained by our right wing was lost because the delay of the left wing in advancing, left the former without necessary support; the like miscarriage and failure of the general assault ordered for the following morning, in which the advance of our left wing was paralyzed because not responded to by the simultaneous movement of the right; and the final tremendous blunder, by which the immortal charge of Pickett's and Heth's divisions, launched across half a mile of open plain swept by an overwhelming fire of artillery, against fortified heights occupied by vastly superior numbers, and culminating in their actual capture

and the planting of standards upon the guns of the enemy, was robbed of its results by the lack of support—these errors blasted the fair hopes of a victory which might have changed the result of the war.

I leave to history the task of adjudging the blame for these errors. I content myself with declaring, as the result of my study of the evidence, that Lee was not in fault. The electric cord which bound the great Lieutenants of Lee to each other, and to their commander, and which on so many other fields made them invincible and crowned them with imperishable laurels, seems, on that day, to have sped but a broken current. As Lee was eager to save them from blame and to say "it was all my fault," their generous souls would be the first to exonerate him and repudiate his self-sacrifice.

The battle of Gettysburg was delivered by General Lee with *sixty-two thousand* men of all arms against *one hundred and five thousand* of the enemy. Considering that Lee was the attacking party and was repulsed, it must be accepted as a Confederate defeat. But such was the impression produced upon the enemy by its fierce assaults that he was ignorant of his victory, and the question engaging his attention seems to have been, not whether he should press a defeated adversary, but whether he should himself await a repetition of the attack.

Crimson with the setting of the sun which fell upon the field of Gettysburg, boding storm and tempest to the Confederate cause; yet it substantially ended the campaign of 1863, and left the Federal army farther from Richmond than it was at its opening.

Lee recrossed the Potomac at leisure and without serious molestation, and none but minor operations intervened until the spring of 1864.

We now approach that last and matchless campaign in which the "consummate flower" of Lee's soldiership burst into its fullest bloom, and witched the world with its beauty.

The grim hero of Vicksburg and of Missionary Ridge, a man of inflexible will and desperate tenacity, who measured his own resources and those of his adversary with merciless precision, stepped to the head of the Army of the Potomac. That army was now swollen to an enormous host of *one hundred and forty-one thousand* men, while his home Government, weary of failure and desperately in earnest, gave him the assurance of reinforcement whenever required.

Lee confronted him with *sixty-four thousand* men, precious men,

the death or capture of every one of whom was a loss not to be repaired.

The grandest compliment ever paid by one soldier to another was paid by Grant to Lee in the famous "attrition" order of the former. It openly abandoned competition with him in the fields of strategy and manœuvre, and simply proposed to hurl superior against inferior forces, until "by the mere force of attrition" the latter should be annihilated. Whatever else may be said of it, the plan seemed sure of success, and it succeeded, but at the cost of such enormous destruction to the superior force as the Federal general could hardly have contemplated.

The situation was from the first a desperate one for Lee. The odds against him, and the enemy's unlimited capacity for maintaining and increasing them, left little chance for a decisive victory. He might not hope that Grant would divide his forces, and give him the chance, so often profited by in the past, of whipping him in detail. The policy of retreat, however "masterly," could lead to but one result—the final submission to a siege within the defenses of Richmond, and consequent abandonment of the capital.

The only course which promised the possibility of success was to fight from the start, to attack, regardless of odds, whenever opportunity offered, to dispute every step of the advance, to hold every position to the last, and to take those chances which, upon the most unequal fields, genius sometimes finds to snatch victory from the very jaws of despair.

There is something magnificent in the audacity with which, as soon as Grant had crossed the Rapidan, and set his vast force on the advance to Richmond, Lee marched straight for him, and instantly grappled with him in the Wilderness. A terrible wrestle ensued, lasting for two days, in which the advantage was on the Confederate side. It was Grant and not Lee who retired from this struggle, and sought by a rapid flank movement to gain Spotsylvania Courthouse. But Lee anticipated his design, and reaching that point simultaneously with Grant, again opposed his army to his advance on Richmond. Here again the two armies closed in desperate fight, in which, as at the Wilderness, the losses of the enemy were terrific. After repeated and fierce assaults Grant again retired from this field, and moved by the flank toward Bowling Green, but Lee reached Hanover Junction in time to place himself again in his front.

Declining the gage of battle here offered, Grant began a series of

flank movements eastward, Lee moving on parallel lines, and confronting him at every halt, until at last the two armies met on the historic field of Cold Harbor.

Here Grant again closed with his adversary and hurled his columns in repeated assaults upon the impregnable front of Lee, repulsed with such terrible carnage that, though the intrepid Federal commander would have desperately continued them, his troops, gallant as they were, unmistakably reminded him that they were weary of slaughter.

This campaign may be said to have ended with the next movements of Grant, which brought him in front of Petersburg, within the entrenchments of which, by the invaluable co-operation of Louisiana's foremost soldier, Beauregard, Lee succeeded in establishing his army, and the siege of Petersburg was begun.

Take now a brief retrospect of the campaign.

Grant started with over *one hundred and forty-one thousand* men against *sixty-four thousand* men. He received reinforcements swelling his aggregate engaged in the campaign to *one hundred and ninety-two thousand* men, while Lee had received but *fourteen thousand* reinforcement. Lee had so managed his inferior force as to confront his adversary at every halt and to be ready for battle whenever offered. Such skill had he displayed in the selection of his positions and the disposition of his troops that he repulsed every assault, won every battle and forced his adversary to retire from every field. According to the authority of Swinton, the Federal historian, Grant had lost sixty thousand men, a number nearly equal to the entire force of his opponent. And what had the Federal commander accomplished? He had reached a point on the James River, the water route to Richmond always open, where, in much less time and without the loss of a man, he might have established himself at the opening of the campaign.

The siege of Petersburg! How shall I commemorate it? How shall I do justice to the heroism displayed in the defence of those immortal lines? During nine weary months the great Federal leader, with all his intrepid daring, with his unquestioned military talent, with his vastly superior force, with all the expedients of science and art at his command, and with unlimited supplies of everything essential for his operations, struggled in vain to surmount them. He tried to get over them by assault. He tried to get under them by subterranean mining. He tried to get around them by flanking. He tried to move them out of his way by explosion. In vain! The genius of Lee met and foiled him at every point.

And what shall be said of that little band of immortal heroes, the Don Quixote of armies, who, with unfaltering devotion and unflinching courage, stood by Lee during the long months of this renowned siege? For four years they had fought, and it might have been supposed that they were weary of strife. Hunger often gnawed at their vitals, and famine sometimes stared them in the face. With tattered garments, and often shoeless feet, they shivered in the freezing winter winds. Disasters everywhere to the Confederate cause robbed them of the soldier's solace, the hope and confidence of ultimate triumph. Turning from their own cheerless lot to their distant homes, the tidings they received from wives and children and aged parents told of burning roof-trees, of flight before invading armies, of want, desolation and despair.

And yet they fought on; defied ill-omened augury; dared fate to do her worst; and with a sublime confidence and matchless devotion such as, I dare to say, no other cause and no other commander ever inspired, they stood by Lee to the very last.

And when the end came, when Gordon had "fought his corps to a frazzle," and when in fierce combat every other corps had been torn into shreds; when a mere remnant was left surrounded on every side by foes in such overpowering numbers that further resistance would have been a wanton sacrifice of precious lives; and when, at last, Lee submitted to the inevitable and yielded his sword to the victor, these grim warriors gathered round him, seeming more affected by his humiliation than by their own calamity, and with tearful eyes and kissing the very hem of his garments, gave him their affectionate adieux, and sadly turned to the new lives which opened before them.

Success is not always the test of soldiership.

Hannibal ended his career as a soldier in the overwhelming defeat of Zama, and died a fugitive in a foreign land.

Charless XII of Sweden, that meteor of war, defeated at Pultowa, sought safety in exile, and on returning to his native land, met death in a vain attempt to restore his fallen fortunes.

Napoleon died, a prisoner and an exile, after his complete over throw on the field of Waterloo, where he encountered odds less than those which were opposed to Lee in any battle which he ever fought.

Considering the importance of his operations, the large forces engaged, the immense superiority of his adversaries in numbers and resources, the skillful commanders whom he successfully vanquished, the number of his victories, the brilliancy and successful audacity of his strategy and tactical manœuvres, and the magnificent tenacity

which yielded, at last, to destruction rather than defeat—I challenge for Lee an exalted rank amongst the very greatest captains of the world.

The only obstacle which Lee encounters to the universal recognition of his greatness lies in the perverseness of human nature, which exacts, as compensation for the admiration accorded to great qualities, the privilege of criticising the faults, weaknesses, and excesses with which they are usually accompanied.

His freedom from eccentricities, the absence of merely personal ambition, and the simple and perfect equipoise of his temper, lead shallow minds to deny the force of his individuality, forgetting that these very qualities themselves constitute an ennobling eccentricity, shared in the same degree by no other military character, or by Washington alone.

Certainly the impression produced by him upon his contemporaries was marvelous. As we have seen, his first commander, Winfield Scott, pronounced him "the greatest living soldier of America." His loftiest subordinate, Stonewall Jackson, whose splendid capacities and achievements lifted him into rivalry with Lee himself, said of him: "Lee is a phenomenon—the only man I ever knew that I would be willing to follow blindfold." The estimate of him by his soldiers is illustrated by the commentary of two "learned Thebans" among them upon Darwin's theory of evolution, in which one said to the other: "Well, you and I and the rest of us may be descended from monkeys, but how are you to account for Marse Robert?" Such was their sublime confidence in him that they regarded criticism of him as blasphemous, and were so blind even to his errors that they were like the disciple of Cato, who, when the philosopher died by his own hand, declared that "he would rather believe suicide to be right than that Cato could do anything wrong."

Let nothing I have said be construed as disparaging the valor of the Union troops, the skill of their leaders or the splendor of their achievements. On the contrary, the tribute I have paid to the genius of Lee and the heroism of his soldiers, only emblazons their triumph and lends to it a glory which, otherwise, it would not possess. And equally is it the surest foundation of Lee's fame that his victories were won from "foemen worthy of his steel."

Away with such comparisons! Returning from our voyage over historic seas, in quest of the golden fleece of noble deeds and heroic lives, we bring on shore "the riches of the ship," and cast them into the treasury of our common country. Sail forth, adventurers, on whatever sea, find such jewels where ye may, and whether their tint

be gray or blue, the Republic will bear them as her proudest ornaments.

My task is done. The fruitfulness of the theme has led me to tax your patience far beyond excuse. I may not follow Lee in that gracious and beautiful life to which he retired as college president at the close of the war, and in which he labored to the moment of his death in repairing the neglected education of the Southern youth, and in teaching his people by precept and example the lesson that "human fortitude should be equal to human calamity," the duty of adapting themselves to the situation in which Providence had placed them, of building up their ruined fortunes, and by a faithful discharge of the duties of citizenship of re-establishing themselves as members of that Union from which fate did not permit them to depart.

I may not pause to epitomize the various qualities which mark Lee as a great captain. His deeds speak for themselves, and exhibit the characteristics of that military genius which enabled him to achieve them.

I may not stop to delineate the peculiar nobility and sublimity of his character, nor the "daily beauty in his life," which, from the cradle to the grave, knew no diminution of its pure and steady lustre, which captivated the admiration of the good, and subdued by its subtle influence even the malice of the bad.

I may not enumerate those historic examples of heroic courage, by which, in desperate crises of battle, when the fate of the struggle trembled in the balance, he took his life in his hands, and would have rushed into the jaws of destruction had not his faithful soldiers forced him to the rear, and, reanimated by his daring, restored by superhuman valor the fortunes of the day. Whenever, in all future time, the leader in some great cause finding his followers about to yield shall be inspired to reanimate them by imperilling his own life, let him who first feels the shame of such exposure, but raise the cry of "Lee to the rear!" and if they be made of manly stuff the remembrance of the grand example thrice set upon Virginia fields will avert that leader's danger and win the day without it!

Proudly, then, we unveil this monument, fearless of any denial that it perpetuates the memory of a man justly entitled to rank as one of the princes of his race, and worthy of the veneration of the world.

The Christian may point to it as commemorative of one who faithfully wore the armor of Christ, and who fashioned his life as nearly after that of the God-Man as human imperfection would permit.

The moralist may recognize in it a tribute to a friend of humanity

to whom pride and self-seeking were unknown, and whose unconscious nobility of conduct answers to the description of a virtuous man given by the imperial philosopher, Marcus Antoninus: "He does good acts as if not even knowing what he has done, and is like a vine which has produced grapes and seeks for nothing more after it has produced its proper fruit. Such a man, when he has done a good act, does not call for others to come and see, but goes on to another act, as a vine goes on to produce again the grapes in season."

The social philosopher will see in it a tribute to the highest type of gentleman, in birth, in manners, in accomplishments, in appearance, in feeling, in habit.

The lover of the heroic will find here honor paid to a chivalry and courage which place Lee by the side of Bayard and of Sidney, "from spur to plume a star of tournament."

It is fitting that monuments should be erected to such a man.

The imagination might, alas! too easily, picture a crisis in the future of the Republic, when virtue might have lost her seat in the hearts of the people, when the degrading greed of money-getting might have undermined the nobler aspirations of their souls, when luxury and effeminacy might have emasculated the rugged courage and endurance upon which the safety of States depends, when corruption might thrive and liberty might languish, when pelf might stand above patriotism, self above country, Mammon before God, and when the patriot might read on every hand the sure passage:

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay!"

In such an hour—*quam Dii avertite*—let some inspired orator, alive to the peril of his country, summon the people to gather round this monument, and, pointing to that noble figure, let him recount his story, and if aught can arouse a noble shame and awaken dormant virtue, that may do it.

The day is not distant when all citizens of this great Republic will unite in claiming Lee as their own, and rising from the study of his heroic life and deeds, will cast away the prejudices of forgotten strife and exclaim:

> "We know him now; all narrow jealousies
> Are silent, and we see him as he moved—
> How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
> With what sublime repression of himself—
> Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

But, proudest, tenderest thought of all, the people of this bright Southland say, through this monument, to all the world :

"Such was he; his work is done,
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand,
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure,
Till in all lands and through all human story,
The path of Duty be the way to glory!"

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE R. E. LEE MONUMENTAL ASSOCIATION.

The R. E. Lee Monumental Association of New Orleans had its origin in that grand outburst of tributary grief at the death of Lee, which, while it covered his tomb with the votive offerings of the good and wise of all civilized nations, prostrated the people of the Southern States of this Union in peculiar and unutterable woe.

The Association was organized November 16th, 1870, with the following officers and directors:

Wm. M. Perkins, - - - - -	*President.*
G. T. Beauregard, - - -	*First Vice-President.*
A. W. Bosworth, - - - - -	*Second Vice-President.*
Wm. S. Pike, - - - - -	*Treasurer.*
Thos. J. Beck, - - - - -	*Recording Secretary.*
James Strawbridge, - - -	*Corresponding Secretary.*

DIRECTORS.

Hugh McCloskey,	Henry Renshaw,	R. S. Morse,
A. M. Fortier,	Edward Barnett,	Samuel Boyd,
Chas. E. Fenner,	George Jonas,	S. H. Kennedy,
Wm. B. Schmidt,	Abram Thomas,	Newton Richards,
Wm. H. Dameron,	Lloyd R. Coleman,	Jas. Jackson,
W. N. Mercer,	Ed. A. Palfrey,	E. A. Tyler,
M. O. H. Norton,	Arch. Mitchell,	Ed. Bigney.

It is unnecessary to say why the enterprise languished. It was in those dark days when poverty sat by every honest hearthstone in New Orleans, and when the scanty remnant left by the greedy tax-

gatherer was too sorely needed for the necessities of the living to be spared for building monuments, even to the most illustrious dead.

In the course of years, it came to be remembered that the small fund which had been accumulated by the first efforts of the founders of the association was lying idle in bank, and a meeting of the directors was called on February 18th, 1876, for the purpose of determining whether the association should not be dissolved, and its funds returned to the donors, or distributed to charitable associations.

A call of the roll at that meeting revealed the fact that, in the years which had passed, the president, the treasurer, the secretary, and eleven (11) of the original directors had died.

A reorganization was then effected, constituting the following officers and directors: Charles E. Fenner, President; G. T. Beauregard, first Vice-President; M. Musson, second Vice-President; S. H. Kennedy, Treasurer; W. I. Hodgson, Recording Secretary; W. M. Owen, Corresponding Secretary. Directors: W. B. Schmidt, Geo. Jonas, Lloyd R. Coleman, R. S. Morse, E. A. Tyler, Jas. Buckner, Thos. A. Adams, Saml. Choppin, S. H. Snowden, W. T. Vaudry, Henry Renshaw, E. A. Palfrey, Saml. Boyd, Arch. Mitchell, W. C. Black, B. A. Pope, Jas. I. Day, I. L. Lyons, J. J. Mellon, E. D. Willett.

The times were scarcely more propitious than they had been before, but when the directors stood face to face with the proposition to abandon the work, their patriotic impulses refused to accept it, and inspired them with the determination at all hazards to complete it.

It was then resolved, with the means which could be immediately commanded, to begin the monument, as the best means of assuring its completion.

Of the numerous designs submitted, that of our distinguished home-architect, Mr. John Roy, was selected, not only because of its artistic merit and beauty, but also because its plan was such that its construction could proceed just as far and as fast as our means would permit.

And so was built the monument which exists to-day.

The difficult and expensive foundation, the massive mound of earth, the granite pyramid and the shapely marble column were all constructed under a contract with Mr. Roy, which provided that his work should progress just as fast as our means would allow, stopping when the treasury was empty, and proceeding when it was replenished.

Slow and tedious was its progress, often halting, while fresh ap-

peals could be made to the liberality of the people of New Orleans. They were always answered, and, surely though slowly, stone was piled upon stone, until, when the cap stone was set upon the lofty pillar, the whole was paid for.

Then came the task of providing the means for the colossal bronze statue which now crowns the work.

The means of the Association did not allow the privilege of calling to its aid the reigning kings of the artist world.

Fortune threw in our way a young sculptor, Alexander C. Doyle, of New York, who had already given some evidence of the mettle that was in him, and who had such confidence in his own capacity, that he was willing to execute a plaster model of the exact size of the proposed statue, and from which the latter was to be directly moulded, subject absolutely to the acceptance of the association and without cost unless satisfactory.

That work was done by him in the St. Louis Hotel building of this city—how well, let the statue, now standing in Lee Place, tell to admiring thousands. In purity of conception, spirit and grace of pose and expressive resemblance, it is not unworthy of the subject.

After various changes, the officers and directors of the association consisted of the following:

CHARLES E. FENNER, - - -	*President.*
G. T. BEAUREGARD, - - - -	*First Vice-President.*
M. MUSSON, - - - -	*Second Vice-President.*
S. H. KENNEDY, - - - -	*Treasurer.*
W. I. HODGSON, - - - -	*Recording Secretary.*
W. M. OWEN, - - - - -	*Corresponding Secretary.*

DIRECTORS.

W. B. Schmidt,	W. T. Vaudry,	R. M. Walmsley,
Alfred Moulton,	A. H. May,	Lloyd R. Coleman,
James Jackson,	W. J. Behan,	Cartwright Eustis,
Samuel Boyd,	J. L. Harris,	Ed. A. Palfrey,
J. C. Morris,	E. A. Burke,	Arch. Mitchell,
J. J. Mellon,	I. L. Lyons,	James McConnell,
Ad. Meyer,	C. H. Allen,	E. Borland.

The statue having been completed, the board selected the anniversary of the birth of Washington, the 22d of February, 1884, as an appropriate occasion for the ceremonies of unveiling.

Great preparations had been made for the event. An immense platform had been erected for the accommodation of subscribers to the Association and other invited guests, and upon which the ceremonies were to take place, while in front and upon the sloping sides of the mound at the base of the monument seats were provided for thousands.

The day broke threatening and cloudy, but notwithstanding its stormy aspect, there was such an assemblage of the people as has never been seen in the Southern States. The seats were filled with ladies, while the circle and even the streets approaching it were crowded by the multitude eager to do honor to the memory of Lee.

Amongst the many distinguished persons in attendance were the President of the Confederate States, Jefferson Davis, his daughters, and Misses Mary and Mildred Lee, daughters of the great soldier and patriot, in whose honor the monument was erected. The associations of the armies of Northern Virginia and Tennessee, the militia of the State, and a large delegation from the Grand Army of the Republic honored the occasion by their presence. Just as the ceremonies were about to begin, the storm, which had been gathering, burst in torrents of rain which lasted for hours, dispersing the immense audience and rendering it impossible to proceed. In the midst of it, however, and while the salvos of Heaven's Artillery almost drowned the salute with which, in despite of the storm, the event was greeted by the famous Washington Artillery, the monument was unveiled by a private soldier of Lee's army, who, at the suggestion of Miss Lee, in herself declining the honor, had been selected to perform this duty.

Immediately a meeting of the Directors was held at the Washington artillery armory, of the proceedings of which the following official minute gives a full account and forms the appropriate close of this sketch :

OFFICIAL MINUTES OF THE ASSOCIATION.

R. E. Lee Monumental Association, February 22, 1884.

Immediately after the dispersion by the storm of the immense audience gathered to participate in the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the statue of Lee, the Directors of this Association met at the Washington Artillery Hall to determine what course should be pursued with reference to the ceremonies.

After consideration and discussion, the following resolutions were proposed and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, the immense audience assembled this day at Lee Statue has signalized the veneration and respect in which the people of New Orleans hold the memory of Robert E. Lee, and the enthusiastic approval with which they regard the erection of the monument to him; and, whereas, a postponement of the ceremonies could add nothing to the tribute already paid thereby:

Be it resolved, That the oration prepared for the occasion be published; that the Mayor being present, the presentation of the monument to the city of New Orleans by the President of this association, be forthwith made; that the directors of the association proceed immediately to the statue, and that the Bishop, J. N. Galleher, here present, be requested to invoke the blessing of Almighty God upon the work, and that the ceremonies of the occasion be then considered as concluded.

Resolved, That the Board of Directors tender their thanks to the Grand Army of the Republic, the Associations of the Armies of Northern Virginia and of Tennessee, the militia of the State and all visiting organizations, as well as to the patriotic women and men of the South, for their attendance in such enormous numbers, and express their regret that the storm prevented the completion of the ceremonies.

After the adoption of the foregoing resolution, Hon. Charles E. Fenner, President of the Association, arose and addressed Mayor Behan as follows:

Mr. Mayor: As President of the R. E. Lee Monumental Association, and in its behalf, I have now the honor of presenting the monument this day unveiled, through you to the city of New Orleans.

What I have to say touching the illustrious man to whom it is erected has been uttered in another form.

The immense outpouring of the people of New Orleans which congregated around the statue to-day, defying the elements until all hope of further proceedings had to be abandoned, testifies to the deep and enthusiastic veneration with which his memory is revered by the women and men of the South.

The design of the monument and its construction up to the base of the statue are the work of our home architect, Mr. John Roy; while the statue itself is the production of a young American sculptor,

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Mr. A. C. Doyle, of New York, whose growing reputation will surely be confirmed and extended thereby.

I experience a peculiar pleasure in finding our city represented in her chief officer by one who was a distinguished soldier under Lee, and who was at the same time an active member of the Association and contributed valuable aid in the successful accomplishment of our enterprise.

Louisiana is entitled to a full share in the glory of Lee. Her sons illustrated by their valor every field on which his fame was won.

To her chief city we confide this monument, with full assurance that she will appreciate and preserve it as one of her most precious possessions.

Thereupon Mayor Behan arose and responded as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Lee Monumental Association:

In accepting at your hands, and receiving into the charge of the city of New Orleans the monument which now completed, so proudly stands as an enduring tribute to valor, worth and military genius, it is indeed difficult to sufficiently acknowledge the appreciation and respect with which our public must regard the affectionate devotion of those who have contributed to its construction.

This shaft has been erected as a tribute to the greatness and virtue of one of the purest and noblest men whose names are written in modern history.

General Lee was not only illustrious as a great commander, but he was also great in all those attributes which might constitute a brilliant exemplar of the highest civilization.

Gentlemen, it needed not this monument to perpetuate the name and fame of General Lee. His deeds are his monument, and they will survive and continue in remembrance long after this marble shall have crumbled into dust; his great example will outlive the brush of the painter and the chisel of the sculptor, for great examples are indeed imperishable:

> "They will resist the empire of decay,
> When time is o'er and worlds have passed away;
> Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
> But that which warmed it once can never die."

After the conclusion of the presentation, the Board of Directors, in company with Bishop Galleher, proceeded to the statue, and the

Bishop, in the presence of such persons as were present, pronounced his benediction on the work.

And then, on motion, the meeting adjourned.

By order of the President.

W. I. HODGSON, *Secretary.*

Company B, Battalion of Washington Artillery, Captain Eugene May commanding, with a four-gun battery, fired between 3 and 4 o'clock a salute of one hundred guns in honor of the unveiling of the statue.

First Maryland Campaign.

REVIEW OF GENERAL LONGSTREET BY COLONEL W. ALLAN.

In the *Century* for June, 1886, General Longstreet has an article on the Maryland campaign of 1862, which is remarkable for its ill-natured allusions to General Jackson, as well as for its partial view of the campaign and its severe and unfair criticism of General Lee's strategy. General Longstreet leads us to infer that he prevailed over Lee's hesitancy to go into Maryland at all by reminding him of his (Longstreet's) "experiences in Mexico, where, on several occasions, we had to live two or three days on green corn." As Jackson's corps certainly, and Longstreet's probably, had to live on green corn for some days before the second battle of Manassas, it was hardly necessary in General Longstreet to recur to Mexican experiences in order to overcome the hesitancy of Lee. But however much Lee yielded to the influence of Longstreet in crossing the Potomac, it is evident from General Longstreet's article that Lee unfortunately refused to be guided by the wisdom of his lieutenant when he had once entered upon the campaign. General Longstreet thinks that Lee ought not to have attempted the reduction of Harper's Ferry. Longstreet is careful to throw all blame for this movement off his own shoulders, for he tells us that when Lee proposed to him to undertake it he objected, and urged that "our troops were worn with marching," &c. He thinks, too, that the fight at South Mountain was a mistake, and that the stand ought to have been made at Sharpsburg, and not at the Mountain, though he does not frankly admit that this would have involved the failure of Lee's plans for the reduction of Harper's Ferry. After South Mountain he criticises the battle of Sharpsburg—thinks it should not have been fought

—but that the Confederate army ought to have yielded the moral effects of victory without further struggle by retiring at once to the south side of the Potomac. After defending General D. H. Hill from some imaginary assailant for the loss of the captured dispatch, he adopts, more or less, General Hill's idiosyncrasy in regard to the value of that dispatch to McClellan and its effect upon the fortunes of the campaign. He thinks it did McClellan little good, and that it contributed in no considerable degree to General Lee's failure. The animus of the article is unfair to the Confederate leader, but makes up for this by being very complimentary to General Longstreet himself.

If the author looks back with distorted vision upon Lee and his deeds in this campaign, his bile is evidently deeply stirred when the vision of Jackson passes before his mind. Speaking of the results of the campaign, he says: "Jackson was quite satisfied with the campaign, as the Virginia papers made him the hero of Harper's Ferry, although the greater danger was with McLaws, and his was the severer and more important service." Again: "Jackson made a wide, sweeping march around the Ferry, passing the Potomac at Williamsport, and moving from there on towards Martinsburg, and turning thence upon Harper's Ferry to make his attack by Bolivar Heights. McLaws made a hurried march to reach Maryland Heights before Jackson could get into position, and succeeded in doing so. With Maryland Heights in our possession the Federals could not hold their position there. McLaws put two or three hundred men to each piece of his artillery, and carried it up the Heights, and was in position before Jackson came on the Heights opposite. Simultaneously Walker appeared upon Loudoun Heights, south of the Potomac and east of the Shenandoah, thus completing the combination against the Federal garrison." In the description of the battle of Sharpsburg but a very meagre allusion is made to the tremendous struggle which took place on Jackson's line, and which was the heaviest attack made by McClellan during the day; and only the obscurest mention is made of the magnificent blow struck by A. P. Hill in the afternoon, which relieved Longstreet's own line from overwhelming pressure, and sent Burnside's corps broken and bleeding back to the Antietam.

The purpose and plans of this Maryland campaign are not hard to understand. Lee had just defeated one-half of the Federal troops in Virginia, and driven them to the fortifications of Washington. He could not get at his foe in that position, and to remain idle at Manassas was to give the enemy an opportunity to recover from the blow

he had struck. He, therefore, (after, it would seem, being satisfied by General Longstreet that his army might live on green corn!) crossed into Maryland for the purpose of drawing the Federal army away from Washington in order to defend the North from invasion. His movement was immediately successful. McClellan, without waiting to reorganize his disjointed forces, set forth from Washington towards Frederick city, that he might cover Baltimore as well as the Federal capital. His movements were necessarily slow, and this slowness was increased by his cautious temperament and the panic fears of the National Administration, which, but a few days before, had looked upon the fall of the capital as certain. McClellan crept slowly up the Potomac, carrying on his work of reorganization as he went, stretching his army from the Potomac to the Patapsco, so as to cover the great cities upon those rivers. His force was large, from 80,000 to 90,000 effective men, but his army was not in good condition. One part of it had but recently returned from the unsuccessful Peninsula campaign, another part under Pope had been dreadfully beaten at Manassas. Gaps had been filled by new troops not yet inured to service. With his usual tendency to exaggerate the strength of his foes, McClellan believed that the veteran and victorious army in his front was at least equal in strength to his own. Add to these considerations the fact that General Halleck, the Federal commander-in-chief, had not recovered from the nightmare induced by Pope's disasters, and seemed possessed of but one idea, which was, that Lee's object was to draw off the Federal army from Washington, and then suddenly cross to the Virginia side of the Potomac and attack that city. Halleck was therefore constantly warning McClellan against such a movement. Halleck says on the 9th: "We must be very cautious about stripping too much the forts on the Washington side. It may be the enemy's object to draw off the mass of our forces, and then attempt to attack from the Virginia side of the Potomac." On the 12th President Lincoln telegraphs: "I have advices that Jackson is crossing the Potomac at Williamsport, and probably the whole Rebel army will be drawn from Maryland." On the 13th Halleck says: "Until you know more certainly the enemy's forces south of the Potomac you are wrong in thus uncovering the capital. I am of the opinion that the enemy will send a small column towards Pennsylvania and draw your forces in that direction, then suddenly move on Washington with the forces south of the Potomac, and those he might cross over." This was the very day on which McClellan obtained the lost dispatch. On

the 14th Halleck says: "I fear you are exposing your left and rear." And even as late as the 16th he urges the same idea upon McClellan. Now, if we put together the condition of McClellan's army, his slowness and caution as a commander, which was so fully evidenced in the Peninsula campaign, and the apprehension with which the Federal Administration viewed his increasing distance from Washington, is it not evident that McClellan's progress must have been slow, and as he approached the mountains slower still? In estimating McClellan's progress, General Lee could not have known fully of Halleck's fears, and of the constant pulling back exercised upon McClellan from Washington, but he knew the sensitiveness of the Federal Government in regard to that city, he knew McClellan's cautious character as a commander thoroughly, he knew the disordered condition of his army—indeed, probably underrated the rapidity with which it was recuperating—and from these data he estimated, fairly and justly, we believe, the length of time it would take McClellan to reach the South Mountain.

General Lee expected, of course, when he entered Maryland that the garrison at Harper's Ferry would leave the place and escape to the North. Finding that it continued there, he determined, while watching and waiting for McClellan, to capture this garrison and the large amount of ordnance and other supplies which had been collected at Harper's Ferry. He proposed to General Longstreet, it seems, to carry out this plan, but finding his senior lieutenant unable to appreciate the opportunity, he turned to Jackson, whose vigor and boldness better suited the enterprise.

On the 10th of September the army left Frederick. Jackson, as General Longstreet states, was to make a sweeping march by way of Williamsport and Martinsburg, and, driving the Federal troops at the latter place towards Harper's Ferry, close all the avenues of escape in the angle between the Shenandoah and the Potomac. At the same time McLaws, with his own and Anderson's divisions, was sent into Pleasant Valley, with instructions to take Maryland Heights, and hedge in the garrison on the north side of the Potomac. J. G. Walker, with two brigades, was ordered from the mouth of the Monocacy to cross the Potomac, move towards Harper's Ferry, and, seizing the Loudoun Heights, to shut up the eastern angle formed by the Shenandoah and the Potomac. Longstreet was sent to Hagerstown to look after some supplies and reported movements of troops from Pennsylvania, while D. H. Hill was left at Boonesboro' to be ready to support Stuart's cavalry and to guard the mountain-

pass which led to McLaws's rear until Harper's Ferry should fall. It was not General Lee's original intention to dispute the passage of South Mountain with McClellan. His design, on the other hand, was to induce the Federal army, if possible, to cross that range into the Hagerstown Valley, and when this army had thus gotten fairly out of the reach of Washington the Confederate commander expected to give it battle upon his own terms. And, judging from McClellan's character and movements, Lee believed he would have ample time for the reduction of Harper's Ferry and the reunion of his divided army in the neighborhood of Hagerstown before McClellan would be ready to cross the mountain. Consequently D. H. Hill and Stuart were expected to delay McClellan's march until the operations at Harper's Ferry should be completed.

On the 13th of September a copy of General Lee's order, giving the proposed movements of every division in his army until it should be reunited after the capture of Harper's Ferry, fell into the hands of General McClellan at Frederick. The copy so captured was the one sent from General Lee's headquarters addressed to General D. H. Hill. How it was lost, and where, are not definitely known. General Hill states that he never received this copy of the order, and consequently it must have been lost through the carelessness of some one else, but we believe no means exist of tracing the history of this accident further. General Longstreet thinks that McClellan might have gotten through his own agencies all the information the order gave him; but such a supposition is at variance with all the facts of the case. As Halleck's dispatches show, the movement of Confederate troops to the south side of the Potomac was interpreted as a menace to Washington, and served simply to hamper McClellan. Nor could any agencies, even had they been vastly more efficient than usual, have revealed to McClellan the position for days to come of every part of Lee's army as well as the designs of its commander. McClellan, it is certain, valued the importance of the order infinitely higher than General Longstreet does. He gave vent to demonstrations of joy when he read it, and at once comprehended the opportunity presented for striking his adversary a tremendous blow. By a prompt movement forward he might expect to overwhelm the small part of Lee's army in his front, and, turning down upon the rear of McLaws, might raise the siege of Harper's Ferry, and perhaps destroy a portion of the troops engaged in conducting it.

At once orders were issued to every part of the Federal army for a vigorous forward movement. Stuart found his cavalry pickets

attacked and pressed back with unusual vigor. Everything on the evening of September 13th gave indications of a change in the mode of movement of the Federal army. Some one who had been a witness of the scene at McClellan's headquarters when the lost dispatch was brought to him came through the lines and informed Stuart, who then understood the cause of the Federal activity. Stuart sent in turn, the information to General Lee at Hagerstown. Lee received it some time during the night of the 13th, and at once ordered Longstreet back to Boonesboro' to support Hill. General Longstreet says that he urged Lee not to make a stand at Boonesboro', but to bring D. H. Hill back to Sharpsburg. General Longstreet leaves us in doubt as to his opinion of the effect of this movement on the Harper's Ferry enterprise, but as such a movement would have uncovered McLaws's rear, there is no doubt that it would have cost the failure of the plan for the reduction of Harper's Ferry. General Lee was not prepared to yield so much to his enemy. Nor is it certain that the line of the Antietam presented any better opportunity for opposing McClellan than did South Mountain, where greatly inferior forces could, if well handled, keep back, for a time at least, the Federal army.

It is not our purpose to discuss the battle of South Mountain, about which much might be said. General D. H. Hill, aided later in the day by General Longstreet, was able to hold the mountain passes at Turner's Gap all day of September 14th. Their commands suffered heavily, however, and such positions were won by the Federal army as to insure their possession of the mountain next day. Meantime the Federals had gained possession of Crampton's Gap, but not until too late to press McLaws on the 14th. Hence Lee withdrew towards Sharpsburg next morning. While this move ment was in progress he learned of the fall of Harper's Ferry, and ordered the concentration of his whole army behind the Antietam.

Let us turn now to operations about Harper's Ferry. According to General Lee's captured order McLaws was to possess himself of Maryland Heights by Friday morning, September 12th; Walker, at the same time, was, if practicable, to be in possession of Loudoun Heights; Jackson, by Friday night, September 12th, was expected to be in possession of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and "of such of the enemy as may be at Martinsburg." Jackson had by far the longest march to make to reach Harper's Ferry; it amounted to about fifty miles. He was at Martinsburg, according to orders, on the night of the 12th, and had driven the Federal troops from that place towards Harper's Ferry.

About 11 o'clock on the morning of the 13th the head of his column came in sight of the enemy drawn up on Bolivar Heights, the southwestern suburb of Harper's Ferry. Thus Jackson was fully on time. McLaws, who had not half the distance of Jackson to march, entered Pleasant Valley on the 11th, and on the 12th proceeded towards Maryland Heights. The way was rough. The Heights themselves were not strongly guarded—by a small force, I think, of two regiments. It was about half-past 4 on Saturday evening, the 13th, when General Kershaw succeeded in carrying the Heights. The Confederate loss in this operation was slight. which shows that the resistance was not very determined. It was difficult to get artillery upon the mountain from the Pleasant Valley side and General McLaws had to haul them up by hand, and it was 2 o'clock P. M. Sunday, 14th, before McLaws's guns were in position to co-operate with Jackson's in the reduction of Harper's Ferry. Thus the capture of Maryland Heights was accomplished, not on Friday morning, but some thirty hours later, on Saturday evening, and when McLaws got possession of the Heights, Jackson had been for some hours at Bolivar. Walker, who crossed to the Virginia side at the Point of Rocks, reached the foot of Loudoun Heights by 10 o'clock on the 13th (Saturday), and took possession of them without opposition by 2 P. M. of that day. By 8 o'clock on the morning of the 14th his artillery was up and ready for action. It thus appears that McLaws and Walker were each more than a day late in reaching their positions and about two days late in getting their artillery into place for effective co-operation in the reduction of the garrison. Hence the statement by General Longstreet that McLaws made a hurried march to reach Maryland Heights before Jackson could get in position, and succeeded in doing so, gives an entirely erroneous impression. We have nothing to say in derogation of the brave and skillful part performed by General McLaws and General Walker in the reduction of Harper's Ferry—all honor to them for what they did—but it is evident that if McLaws made a hurried march, Jackson must have made one more than twice as much hurried, since in the same time he marched about fifty miles to McLaws's twenty. Nor is it true that McLaws reached Maryland Heights before Jackson got in position. It was General Lee's intention, evidently, from his order, that both McLaws and Walker should be in position before Jackson, as it was likely that the enemy, when alarmed, would attempt to escape through the avenues to be guarded by their commands, but Jackson, as we have seen, was in front of Bolivar before either Maryland or Loudoun Heights were occupied.

After the various commands were in position the intervention of the rivers between Jackson and his colleagues made it difficult to communicate with them. The only means of communication was by signals, and some hours were consumed in learning the condition of affairs and transmitting the orders for attack. General Walker opened fire from his guns on the afternoon of the 14th. Jackson then followed suit, and McLaws joined in a little later in the afternoon. The fire from Walker's guns was effective, as it was a plunging fire at no great distance. McLaws was too far off to accomplish as much, but the moral effect of his shells, plunging from the mountain tops, was no doubt great. Jackson's troops were the only ones who could come in contact with the garrison since the Potomac separated the Federals from McLaws, and the Shenandoah separated them from Walker. Jackson made disposition therefore to attack the Federal works. General Walker, in his interesting article in the June *Century*, says that as late as midday on the 14th Jackson had no knowledge of the important events transpiring at the South Mountain passes, and thought the fight going on there was simply a cavalry affair. He therefore spoke at that time of regularly summoning the garrison to surrender, and of giving time for the removal of non-combatants before opening his batteries. Later in the day Jackson learned from General Lee of the great danger threatened by McClellan's unexpectedly rapid advance, and was informed of the urgent necessity for completing the operations at Harper's Ferry. Jackson set to work with all his energy on the night of the 14th, and accomplished the object in view. During that night A. P. Hill, who was next the Shenandoah, was thrown forward, until some of his troops were on the right and in the rear of the Federal line of defence. Jones's division, near the Potomac, was thrown forward to attack the portion of the Federal line in its front. Ewell's division was moved forward on the turnpike between the two. During the night Colonel Crutchfield took ten guns over the Shenandoah, and established them near the foot of Loudoun Heights, so as to attack the formidable fortifications of the Federals in reverse. Colonel Lindsay Walker, and his gallant adjutant, Ham. Chamberlayne, brought up a large number of Hill's batteries to a position which a portion of Hill's infantry had gained. The greatest activity prevailed in Jackson's command during the night. The General himself took little if any rest, and soon after daylight mounted his horse and rode to the front. Fire was opened from all of Jackson's batteries that were in position at an early hour. This fire was

seconded by McLaws's and Walker's guns from the mountain tops. "In an hour," says Jackson, "the enemy's fire seemed to be silenced, and the batteries of General Hill were ordered to cease their fire, which was the signal for storming the works." Again, however, the enemy opened, drawing a rapid fire from Hill's batteries at close quarters. At 8 o'clock, as Jackson's lines were about moving forward to the attack, the white flag was hoisted, and the garrison surrendered. The captures amounted to over 11,000 men, 73 pieces of artillery, 13,000 stand of small arms, and other stores.

During the 14th McClellan had thrown forward Franklin to Cramp ton's Gap, through which McLaws had entered Pleasant Valley. After a spirited resistance by Colonel Munford's cavalry and McLaws's rear guard, the mountain pass was forced, and at nightfall Franklin had full possession of the road to McLaws's rear. But a day had been gained, and this was enough to insure the fall of Harper's Ferry. During the evening and night of the 14th McLaws moved back a large part of his troops, and drew them up across the Valley in so strong a position, and so skillfully, that Franklin next morning declined to attack. After the surrender of Harper's Ferry, McLaws who, on the morning of the 15th, was hedged in by the garrison at the one end of Pleasant Valley, and by Franklin at the other, was relieved from his unpleasant position. He withdrew through Harper's Ferry, and returned to the army by the route taken by Jackson. Jackson, many of whose men had had little rest on the night of the 14th, left A. P. Hill to dispose of the prisoners and stores at Harper's Ferry, and on the evening of the 15th set out to rejoin his chief. By a severe night-march he reached the Potomac at Shepherdstown, and on the morning of the 16th crossed the river and rejoined Lee. Walker followed him closely, and reached the battlefield at about the same time. McLaws rested for some time near Harper's Ferry, and then moved towards Sharpsburg, which he did not reach until about 9 o'clock on the 17th.

Of the soldiers of the Federal garrison cooped up in Harper's Ferry none escaped except about 1,300 cavalry under Colonel Davis. They silently made their way up the north bank of the Potomac at the foot of Maryland Heights during the night of the 14th. Next morning in their retreat they ran foul of some of Longstreet's trains near Sharpsburg and did some damage. The road by which these soldiers escaped was on General McLaws's line. Stuart had suggested to McLaws the propriety of guarding it, and Jackson had cautioned him against the danger of the garrison's attempting

to escape into Maryland, but McLaws, no doubt, thought his troops on Maryland Heights sufficiently blocked the road at its base, and the consequence was the escape of the Federal cavalry.

The operations of Harper's Ferry were under Jackson's control as the senior officer. There was, we believe, no disposition on the part of the Virginia papers, nor of anyone else, to make Jackson the "hero of Harper's Ferry" to the disparagement of any of his colleagues, but it probably never occurred to any one but General Longstreet that Jackson's was not the leading part in this brilliant operation. All honor to General McLaws for what he did, but his was not the "severer and more important service." Creditable as was the part he played, it has no claim either from its intrinsic importance, or from the manner in which he discharged the duties assigned him, to be classed with Jackson's achievements on the same occasion.

Though McClellan, after the capture of the lost dispatch, was no longer perplexed as to his adversary's designs, but was free to devote all of his energies to the relief of Harper's Ferry and the crushing of that part of the Confederate army which was nearest to him before the other portion could rejoin it, the habitual caution and slowness of the Federal commander prevented him from reaping the full advantage of his good fortune. As we have seen, Lee was able to hold him back at the South Mountain passes until nightfall on the 14th of September, and the time thus gained was sufficient to insure the fall of Harper's Ferry early next morning. This disaster to the Federal army was known to McClellan as soon as it was to Lee, and thenceforward the former's only object must have been to exact as severe a penalty as possible from his adversary for this success. When Lee took position behind the Antietam, on September 15th, he had but Longstreet and D. H. Hill with him, and as this fact was known to McClellan, it is difficult to account for the deliberation of his movements. Lee, it is true, disposed of his troops and batteries so as to show as formidable a front as possible Imposed upon to some extent by this, and slow at best, McClellan not only did not attack on the afternoon of the 15th, but was not ready to do so until nightfall of the 16th. It was Wednesday morning, the 17th of September, before the Federal commander was able to deliver battle. Lee used every hour of his time in energetic efforts to re-unite his army. The troops about Harper's Ferry were recalled to Sharpsburg by orders suitable to the urgency of the occasion. Jackson, leaving A. P. Hill's division, marched back on the evening and night

of the 15th. J. G. Walker was close behind him. These two reached Sharpsburg during the forenoon of the 16th. McLaws and Anderson were a day later, and arrived on the morning of the 17th after the battle had been some hours in progress. A. P. Hill was sent for on the night of the 16th, and, leaving early on the 17th, reached the field, as we shall see, in time to snatch victory from Burnside's corps. Thus, Lee, by great effort, concentrated all his army in time for participation in the battle. This concentration was, however, effected by exhausting marches and at the price of much straggling.

On the 16th the two armies were separated by Antietam creek, Lee occupying the hills west of the stream, which offered a fine commanding position. His right rested at the Burnside bridge—the lower one of the three which were used in the battle. His right centre faced towards the bridge on the turnpike leading from Sharpsburg to Boonesboro'. His left centre and left extended northward, gradually receding from the creek and finally resting upon the Hagerstown turnpike some two miles or so north of Sharpsburg. Cavalry continued the line thence to the Potomac. Jackson's two divisions held the left, supported by Hood. In the centre was D. H. Hill. Beyond him, towards the right, was Evans and D. R. Jones's division of Longstreet's command. A part of Toombs's brigade held the bridge on the right. J. G. Walker's brigades had been sent to this flank on the 16th, but early on the 17th were ordered to the other wing to help Jackson. Stuart's cavalry was mainly on Jackson's left guarding that flank. A number of batteries had been sent to assist him.

McClellan's plan was to throw the corps of Hooker, Mansfield, and Sumner, supported by Franklin if necessary, against the Confederate left wing, and, as soon as matters looked favorable there, to move Burnside's corps against the Confederate right wing. Whenever either of these attacks were successful, he intended to advance his centre with all the forces then disposable. It thus appears that McClellan intended to throw the half of his army upon Lee's left and support it if necessary by Franklin in addition. His other operations were to be in concert with this, but subsidiary. At daylight on the 17th, Hooker opened the battle by fiercely attacking Jackson. After a terrible struggle, Jackson's two weak divisions were forced back, when Hood's veteran brigades and part of D. H. Hill's brave men came to the rescue, and Hooker's corps was broken in pieces. Mansfield, who was close

behind Hooker, came to his assistance, and once more ensued a struggle of the fiercest and bloodiest character. Gradually Jackson and Hood yielded to the pressure and were forced to the west side of the Hagerstown turnpike, while Hill's men were driven back upon the remainder of his division along the "Bloody Lane." The Federals got for a time a foothold near the Dunker church; but if the Confederates on Jackson's wing had been forced to yield ground, they had exacted a fearful price for it, and at 9 o'clock in the morning Mansfield's corps was fought out. There was nothing left of it but a few fragments, in no condition of themselves to renew the attack. Mansfield had fallen and Hooker had been borne wounded from the field. Now it was that McClellan threw in Sumner, whose corps made the Federal force that had been launched against the left of the Confederate army, in all 40,000 men. Sumner's corps became divided in moving to the attack. Sumner himself, leading Sedgwick's division, followed the track of Hooker and Mansfield and moved against Jackson's weak lines in the woods north of the Dunker church. Sumner found that at this time Hooker's corps was not only repulsed but dispersed. He says: "I saw nothing of his corps at all as I was advancing with my command on the field. There were some troops lying down on the left which I took to belong to Mansfield's command. General Hooker's corps was dispersed. There is no question about that." Though it is plain from this that Jackson had nothing to fear from Hooker and Mansfield, the advance of Sedgwick's five or six thousand fresh men threatened to overwhelm the weak Confederate line. But one brigade (Early's) of Jackson's command had not been seriously engaged. Early was instructed (in conjunction with the other forces at hand) to hold the enemy in check if possible until reinforcements could arrive. Fortunately McLaws and J. G. Walker were rapidly approaching. Stuart, with his artillery, and Grigsby, with a handful of Jackson's old division, clung tenaciously to some ground in Sedgwick's front, while Hood, in the woods near the church, fiercely contested every inch he was forced to yield.

A bold and skillful move of Early defeated and drove back some of Mansfield's men, who were pressing Hood, and opened the way for a crushing flank attack upon Sedgwick. In a few moments this attack was made by McLaws, Walker, and Early, all in conjunction, and in twenty minutes two fifths of Sedgwick's men were *hors de combat*, and the remainder were driven in confusion to the refuge of the Federal batteries from the line of which they had advanced.

This ended the serious fighting on the Confederate left. McClellan's attack had failed, and Jackson and his gallant colleagues held the field. When Sumner was leading Sedgwick to the attack the other two divisions of his corps, under French and Richardson, turned southward, and soon found themselves face to face with the centre of the army along the Bloody Lane. This position was held at first by two of D. H. Hill's brigades and some fragments of the others. A little later R. H. Anderson's division reinforced it. Sumner, when Sedgwick was being pressed, ordered French and Richardson to attack the troops in their front in order to make a diversion. After a most gallant resistance Hill was driven from the Bloody Lane. Anderson was involved in the defeat, and it looked as if the enemy was about to pierce the Confederate centre. The noble efforts of many brave men prevented this result. The artillery was managed and served with a skill and gallantry never surpassed. Fragments of commands fought with a splendid determination. As General Longstreet says, the brave Colonel J. R. Cooke showed front to the enemy when he no longer had a cartridge. Such instances of courage and gallantry as General Longstreet relates of his own staff did much to encourage our men. The manner in which Longstreet, D. H. Hill, and other officers of high rank exposed themselves contributed to the result, and though, as General Longstreet says, some ground was gained and held at this point by the Federals, the attempt to break through the centre failed.

General Longstreet's article would lead one to infer that this attack of French and Richardson was the leading event of the day on the field north of Sharpsburg. It does not, however, deserve this distinction, having been subsidiary to the efforts made early in the morning further to the Confederate left. Let us see how the battle seemed to the people who were making the attacks up to this time. General Palfrey, a gallant officer of Sedgwick's division, who has given us the best account so far written of this campaign, says: "The right attack spent its force when Sedgwick was repulsed. Up to that time there had been close connection of place and some connection of time between the movements of the First (Hooker's), Twelfth (Mansfield's), and Second (Sumner's) corps, but after that the attacks were successive, both in time and place; and good as were some of the troops engaged, and gallant as some of the fighting, the movements of French and Richardson excite but a languid interest, for such use as was made of these troops was not of the kind to drive Hill, Hood, Jackson, Longstreet, and Lee from a strong position,

from which six divisions of the Federal army had already recoiled, and recoiled in a condition which left them for the moment almost incapable of further service."

The fighting on the Confederate left and left centre was over by one o'clock in the day. Here McClellan's heaviest blows had been delivered, and they had been foiled with such fearful loss to the Federal army, that when Franklin reached the field about midday Sumner would not permit him to resume the offensive lest the repulse of this last body of fresh men might lead to overwhelming disaster. It would be difficult to gather from General Longstreet's article that Jackson and his men had much to do with this tremendous struggle on the Confederate left, though they received the first and most terrible blows delivered that morning against the Confederate army.

McClellan's plan of throwing Burnside forward against the Confederate right flank at the same time that his main attack was being made on their left failed of execution. Toombs, with a handful of Georgians, held the bridge over the Antietam for hours against all efforts of Burnside to cross it. No more gallant thing was done that day than the defence of this bridge, and it was taken only when Burnside had found his way across the creek at a ford below, and threatened to envelop Toombs. Though forced from his position at last, the time Toombs had gained was invaluable to the Confederates. The fighting on Jackson's and D. H. Hill's line had been over some hours before Burnside was ready to advance. When the advance did come, however, it was in such overwhelming force that D. R. Jones's division was gradually driven back from point to point, until, by the middle of the afternoon, the Federal troops were in the very suburbs of Sharpsburg, and the day that McClellan had lost on his right seemed about to be won by Burnside on his left. It was at this critical moment that A. P. Hill, who had marched seventeen miles from Harper's Ferry that morning, and had waded the Potomac, reached the field upon the flank of Burnside's victorious column. With a skill, vigor and promptness, which cannot be too highly praised, A. P. Hill formed his men in line, and threw them upon Burnside's flank. Toombs, and the other brigades of D. R. Jones's division, gave such aid as they were able. The Confederate artillery was used with the greatest courage and determination to check the enemy, but it was mainly A. P. Hill's attack which decided the day at this point, and drove Burnside in confusion and dismay back to the bridge. There is no part of General Longstreet's article more unworthy than the single line in which he obscurely refers to

the splendid achievement of a dead comrade, whose battles, like Ney's, were all for his country, and none against it, and who crowned a brilliant career by shedding his life's blood to avert the crowning disaster. A. P. Hill's march was a splendid one. He left Harper's Ferry sixteen hours after McLaws, but reached the battle-field only five hours behind him. McLaws had, however, the night to contend with. The vigor of Hill's attack, with hungry and march worn men, is shown by the fact that he completely overthrew forces twice as numerous as his own. Though his force of from two thousand to three thousand five hundred men was too small to permit of an extended aggressive, his arrival was not less opportune to Lee than was that of Blucher to Wellington at Waterloo, nor was his action when on the field in any way inferior to that of the Prussian field-marshal.

The battle of Sharpsburg was a very bloody one, and a very exhausting one to the Confederate army. As General Longstreet says: "Nearly one-fourth of Lee's men were killed and wounded," but they had met and defeated all the attempts of an army more than twice as numerous as themselves to drive them from their position. We think General Longstreet must have forgotten much of the battle when he says that "at the close of the day 10,000 fresh troops could have come in and taken Lee's army and everything he had." A fact or two will show how wide he is of the mark. In the afternoon McClellan visited the right of his lines, where the main battle had taken place. Sumner had refused permission to Franklin, with more than "10,000 fresh men," to resume the attack. Sumner declared that these troops were the only ones available for any effective resistance in case of attack; that Hooker's, Mansfield's, and his own corps had suffered so heavily that they could not be counted on, and that it was not safe to risk in fight the last body of fresh troops that was within reach.

This opinion of one of the bravest of his subordinates, of the man who had had charge for hours of that part of the battle-field, and who had been in the midst of the battle himself, was approved by McClellan. About the same time, or somewhat before it, Jackson, under Lee's direction, was trying to organize a force of 4,000 or 5,000 men from his meagre lines with which to move out and attack the right flank of the Federal army. A little later Longstreet himself was ordering J. G. Walker, near the Dunker church, to resume the offensive. Stuart went out in advance of Jackson to feel the way for his movements. He found the enemy commanding, with a great

mass of artillery in good position, the country extending all the way to the Potomac, and Jackson reluctantly concluded that the movement was impracticable with the forces he had at hand. Thus, while McClellan and his lieutenants were husbanding a fresh corps of 12,000 men because the 40,000 men who had been engaged on the Federal right were deemed incapable of even holding their own lines in case of a counter attack, Lee and his subordinates were planning such a counter attack to be made, not by fresh troops, but by regiments every one of which had been engaged in the morning struggle.

Note another fact: General Lee held his position all next day, and no attempt was made upon it by the Federal army. McClellan was unwilling to risk further battle without reinforcements, and these were on their way to him. Lee, on the other hand, offered battle all day on the 18th. He was ready and willing to meet the army he had repulsed on the 17th. But he could expect no reinforcements to offset those which were about to join McClellan, and he, therefore, withdrew his forces across the Potomac on the night of the 18th. It seems to me very clear that there were no 10,000 soldiers in McClellan's army (and he had more than that number of fresh troops) who could have overwhelmed Lee. The truth of the matter is that the Confederate army was better off at the close of Sharpsburg than the Federal army, and it is far more likely that Jackson with "10,000 fresh men" would have driven the latter into the Antietam than have been driven from his own position. It is certain at any rate that Lee and Jackson and Sumner and McClellan thought so, and their views may be taken as a fair offset to General Longstreet's.

When General Lee undertook the reduction of Harper's Ferry, he expected to accomplish it and to reunite his army in the Hagerstown Valley before having to deal with McClellan. We have seen that this expectation was justified by the condition of the Federal army, by McClellan's character as a commander, and by the sensitiveness of the Federal Government in regard to Washington. This expectation was defeated by the loss of the dispatch containing General Lee's plans, and, we believe, by this alone. General Longstreet seems to think that only Virginian writers consider this dispatch of great importance. We believe that Generals Longstreet and D. H. Hill are the only two people who refuse to see the decisive importance of the lost dispatch upon the campaign. (See Swinton, Comte de Paris, Palfrey, &c.) General Lee, we know, thought it the most important factor in the campaign. It changed all his plans and, as he believed, the result. A single day of delay on McClellan's part

at South Mountain would probably have rendered the battle at this barrier unnecessary. Two days' delay would certainly have relieved Lee from all necessity of defending the passes, and would have rendered possible the concentration of his army anywhere in the Hagerstown Valley in time for battle. There seems to us no reasonable room for doubt that the lost dispatch cost Lee these days, and perhaps several others. The rapid advance of McClellan threw Lee on the defensive, forced him to fight at South Mountain or permit Harper's Ferry to be relieved, and compelled him either to give battle at Sharpsburg with a march-worn and depleted army or to yield the prestige of victory without a struggle. He succeeded in capturing Harper's Ferry and all it contained, but a few days' delay would have enabled him to concentrate his army without forced marches and the straggling produced by them, and would have placed him in condition to give McClellan battle instead of receiving it. He might even then have failed, for, as General Lee once said, "no man can predict the result of a battle." But does not the wonderful skill, ability, and courage with which the Confederate commander extricated himself from the dangers that threatened him after the capture of the lost dispatch show what might have been expected had not an untoward accident prevented the execution of his original plans?

We regret the tone in which General Longstreet speaks of Virginians, of the great leader under whom he served, of the gallant colleagues by whose side he fought. Virginians can never forget on how many of their fields General Longstreet won imperishable laurels. They can never forget the true, brave, skilful soldier who shed his blood upon Virginian soil. They will ever gladly turn away from his carping criticisms to recall the leader who, in conjunction with A. P. Hill, struck so splendidly at Frazier's Farm, whose ability was so conspicuous in seconding Jackson at Second Manassas, whose name is indissolubly associated with Sharpsburg, Marye's Hill, the Wilderness, and many other noted fields; who was ever ready to strike great blows alongside of his Virginian colleagues and under the leadership of his great Virginian commander.

McDonough, Maryland, July 26, 1886.

"Died for Their State."

BY BENJAMIN J. WILLIAMS, ESQ., A WELL KNOWN GENTLEMAN, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

[Lowell (Mass.) *Weekly Sun*, June 5th, 1886.]

The communication printed below is from the pen of Mr. Benjamin J. Williams, of this city, and treats of a subject of deepest interest to the people of this country, North and South. It treats of Mr. Jefferson Davis and his connection with the Southern Confederacy from a Southern standpoint. The writer handles his subject in a manner unfamiliar to our readers, who, if they do not agree with the sentiments expressed, will at least find it a very interesting and instructive communication, particularly at this time.

Editor of the Sun:

Dear Sir,—The demonstrations in the South in honor of Mr. Jefferson Davis, the ex-President of the Confederate States, are certainly of a remarkable character, and furnish matter for profound consideration. Mr. Davis, twenty-one years after the fall of the Confederacy, suddenly emerging from his long retirement, journeys among his people to different prominent points, there to take part in public observances more or less directly commemorative, respectively, of the cause of the Confederacy, and of those who strove and died for it, and everywhere he receives from the people the most overwhelming manifestations of heartfelt affection, devotion and reverence, exceeding even any of which he was the recipient in the time of his power; such manifestations as no existing ruler in the world can obtain from his people, and such as probably were never before given to a public man, old, out of office, with no favors to dispense, and disfranchised.

Such homage is significant, startling. It is given, as Mr. Davis himself has recognized, not to him alone, but to the cause whose chief representative he is. And it is useless to attempt to deny, disguise, or evade the conclusion that there must be something great, and noble, and true in him and in the cause to evoke this homage. As for Mr. Davis himself, the student of American history has not yet forgotten that it was his courage, self-possession and leadership, that in the very crisis of the battle at Buena Vista won for his country her proudest victory upon foreign fields of war; that as secretary of

war in Mr. Pierce's administration, he was its master-spirit, and that he was the recognized leader of the United States Senate at the time of the secession of the Southern States. For his character there let it be stated by his enemy but admirer, Massachusetts' own Henry Wilson. "The clear-headed, practical, dominating Davis," said Mr. Wilson in a speech made during the war, while passing in review the great Southern Senators who had withdrawn with their States.

When the seceding States formed their new Confederacy, in recognition of Mr. Davis's varied and predominant abilities, he was unanimously chosen as its chief magistrate. And from the hour of his arrival at Montgomery to assume that office, when he spoke the memorable words, "We are determined to make all who oppose us smell Southern powder and feel Southern steel," all through the Confederacy's four years' unequal struggle for independence down to his last appeal as its chief, in his defiant proclamation from Danville, after the fall of Richmond, "Let us not despair, my countrymen, but meet the foe with fresh defiance, and with unconquered and unconquerable hearts," he exhibited everywhere and always the same proud and unyielding spirit, so expressive of his sanguine and resolute temper, which no disasters could subdue, which sustained him even when it could no longer sustain others, and which, had it been possible, would of itself have assured the independence of the Confederacy. And when at last the Confederacy had fallen, literally overpowered by immeasurably superior numbers and means, and Mr. Davis was a prisoner, subjected to the grossest indignities, his proud spirit remained unbroken, and never since the subjugation of his people has he abated in the least his assertion of the cause for which they struggled. The seductions of power or interest may move lesser men, that matters not to him ; the cause of the Confederacy, as a fixed moral and constitutional principle, unaffected by the triumph of physical force, he asserts to-day as unequivocally as when he was seated in its executive chair at Richmond, in apparently irreversible power, with its victorious legions at his command. Now, when we consider all this, what Mr. Davis has been, and most of all, what he is to day in the moral greatness of his position, can we wonder that his people turn aside from time-servers and self-seekers, and from all the commonplace chaff of life, and render to him that spontaneous and grateful homage which is his due?

And we cannot indeed wonder when we consider the cause for which Mr. Davis is so much to his people. Let Mr. Davis himself state it, for no one else can do it so well. In his recent address at

the laying of the corner-stone of the Confederate monument at Montgomery, he said: "I have come to join you in the performance of a sacred task, to lay the foundation of a monument at the cradle of the Confederate Government which shall commemorate the gallant sons of Alabama who died for their country, who gave their lives a freewill offering in defence of the rights of their sires, won in the war of the Revolution, the State sovereignty, freedom and independence, which were left to us as an inheritance to their posterity forever." These masterful words, "the rights of their sires, won in the war of the Revolution, the State sovereignty, freedom and independence, which were left to us as an inheritance to their posterity forever," are the whole case, and they are not only a statement, but a complete justification of the Confederate cause to all who are acquainted with the origin and character of the American Union.

When the original thirteen colonies threw off their allegiance to Great Britain, they became independent States, "independent of her and of each other," as the great Luther Martin expressed it in the Federal Convention. This independence was at first a revolutionary one, but afterwards, by its recognition by Great Britain, it became legal. The recognition was of the States separately, each by name, in the treaty of peace which terminated the war of the Revolution. And that this separate recognition was deliberate and intentional, with the distinct object of recognizing the States as separate sovereignties, and not as one nation, will sufficiently appear by reference to the sixth volume of Bancroft's *History of the United States*. The Articles of Confederation between the States declared, that "each State retains its sovereignty, freedom and independence." And the Constitution of the United States, which immediately followed, was first adopted by the States in convention, each State casting one vote, as a proposed plan of government; and then ratified by the States separately, each State acting for itself in its sovereign and independent capacity, through a convention of its people. And it was by this ratification that the Constitution was established, to use its own words, "between the States so ratifying the same." It is then a compact between the States as sovereigns, and the Union created by it is a federal partnership of States, the Federal Government being their common agent for the transaction of the Federal business within the limits of the delegated powers. As to the new States, which have been formed from time to time from the territories, when they were in the territorial condition, the sovereignty over them, respectively, was in the States of the Union, and when

they, respectively, formed a constitution and State government and were admitted into the Union, the sovereignty passed to them respectively, and they stood in the Union each upon an equal footing with the original States, parties with them to the constitutional compact.

In the case of a partnership between persons for business purposes, it is a familiar principle of law, that its existence and continuance are purely a voluntary matter on the part of its members, and that a member may at any time withdraw from and dissolve the partnership at his pleasure; and it makes no difference in the application of this principle if the partnership, by its terms, be for a fixed time or perpetual—it not being considered by the law sound policy to hold men together in business association against their will. Now if a partnership between persons is purely voluntary and subject to the will of its members severally, how much more so is one between sovereign States; and it follows that, just as each State separately, in the exercise of its sovereign will, entered the Union, so may it separately, in the exercise of that will, withdraw therefrom. And further, the Constitution being a compact, to which the States are parties, "having no common judge," "each party has an equal right to judge for itself as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress," as declared by Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison, in the celebrated resolutions of '98, and the right of secession irresistibly follows. But aside from the doctrine either of partnership or compact, upon the ground of State sovereignty, pure and simple, does the right of State secession impregnably rest. Sovereignty, as defined by political commentators, is "the right of commanding in the last resort." And just as a State of the Union, in the exercise of this right, by her ratification of the Constitution, delegated the powers therein given to the Federal Government, and acceded to the Union; so may she in the exercise of the same right, by repealing that ratification, withdraw the delegated powers, and secede from the Union. The act of ratification by the State is the law which makes the Union for it, and the act of repeal of that ratification is the law which dissolves it.

It appears, then, from this review of the origin and character of the American Union, that when the Southern States, deeming the constitutional compact broken, and their own safety and happiness in imminent danger in the Union, withdrew therefrom and organized their new Confederacy, they but asserted, in the language of Mr. Davis, "the rights of their sires, won in the war of the Revolution,

the State sovereignty, freedom and independence which were left to us as an inheritance to their posterity forever," and it was in defence of this high and sacred cause that the Confederate soldiers sacrificed their lives. There was no need for war. The action of the Southern States was legal and constitutional, and history will attest that it was reluctantly taken in the last extremity, in the hope of thereby saving their whole constitutional rights and liberties from destruction by Northern aggression, which had just culminated in triumph at the presidential election, by the union of the North as a section against the South. But the North, left in possession of the old government of the Union, flushed with power, and angry lest its destined prey should escape, found a ready pretext for war. Immediately upon secession, by force of the act itself, the jurisdiction of the seceding States respectively, over the forts, arsenals, and dockyards within their limits, which they had before ceded to the Federal Government for federal purposes, reverted to and reinvested in them respectively. They were of course entitled to immediate repossession of these places, essential to their defence in the exercise of their reassumed powers of war and peace, leaving all questions of mere property value apart for separate adjustment. In most cases the seceding States repossessed themselves of these places without difficulty; but in some the forces of the United States still kept possession. Among these last was Fort Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina. South Carolina in vain demanded the peaceful possession of this fortress, offering at the same time to arrange for the value of the same as property, and sent commissioners to Washington to treat with the Federal Government for the same, as well as for the recognition of her independence. But all her attempts to treat were repulsed or evaded, as likewise were those subsequently made by the Confederate Government. Of course the Confederacy could not continue to allow a foreign power to hold possession of a fortress dominating the harbor of her chief Atlantic seaport; and the Federal Government having sent a powerful expedition with reinforcements for Fort Sumter, the Confederate Government at last proceeded to reduce it. The reduction, however, was a bloodless affair; while the captured garrison received all the honors of war, and were at once sent North, with every attention to their comfort, and without even their parole being taken.

But forthwith President Lincoln at Washington issued his call for militia to coerce the seceding States; the cry rang all over the North that the flag had been fired upon; and amidst the tempest of passion

which that cry everywhere raised the Northern militia responded with alacrity, the South was invaded, and a war of subjugation, destined to be the most gigantic which the world has ever seen, was begun by the Federal Government against the seceding States, in complete and amazing disregard of the foundation principle of its own existence, as affirmed in the Declaration of Independence, that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and as established by the war of the Revolution for the people of the States respectively. The South accepted the contest thus forced upon her with the eager and resolute courage characteristic of her proud-spirited people. But the Federal Government, though weak in right, was strong in power; for it was sustained by the mighty and multitudinous North. In effect, the war became one between the States; between the Northern States, represented by the Federal Government, upon the one side; and the Southern States, represented by the Confederate Government, upon the other—the border Southern States being divided.

The odds in numbers and means in favor of the North were tremendous. Her white population of nearly twenty millions was fourfold that of the strictly Confederate territory; and from the border Southern States and communities of Missouri, Kentucky, East Tennessee, West Virginia, Maryland and Delaware, she got more men and supplies for her armies than the Confederacy got for hers. Kentucky alone furnished as many men to the Northern armies as Massachusetts. In available money and credit, the advantage of the North was vastly greater than in population, and it included the possession of all the chief centres of banking and commerce. Then she had the possession of the old government, its capital, its army and navy, and mostly, its arsenals, dockyards, and workshops, with all their supplies of arms and ordnance, and military and naval stores of every kind and the means of manufacturing the same. Again, the North, as a manufacturing and mechanical people, abounded in factories and workshops of every kind, immediately available for the manufacture of every species of supplies for the army and navy; while the South, as an agricultural people, were almost wanting in such resources. Finally, in the possession of the recognized government, the North was in full and free communication with all nations, and had full opportunity, which she improved to the utmost, to import and bring in from abroad not only supplies of all kinds, but men as well for her service; while the South, without a recognized government, and with her ports speedily blockaded by the Federal navy,

was almost entirely shut up within herself and her own limited resources.

Among all these advantages possessed by the North, the first, the main and decisive, was the navy. Given her all but this, and they would have been ineffectual to prevent the establishment of the Confederacy. That arm of her strength was at the beginning of the war in an efficient state, and it was rapidly augmented and improved. By it, the South being almost without naval force, the North was enabled to sweep and blockade her coasts everywhere, and so, aside from the direct distress inflicted, to prevent foreign recognition; to capture, one after another, her seaports; to sever and cut up her country in every direction through its great rivers; to gain lodgments at many points within her territory, from which numerous destructive raids were sent out in all directions; to transport troops and supplies to points where their passage by land would have been difficult or impossible; and finally to cover, protect and save, as by the navy was so often done, the defeated and otherwise totally destroyed armies of the North in the field. But for the navy Grant's army was lost at Shiloh; but for it on the Peninsula, in the second year of the war, McClellan's army, notwithstanding his masterly retreat from his defeats before Richmond, was lost to a man, and the independence of the Confederacy established. After a glorious four years' struggle against such odds as have been depicted, during which independence was often almost secured, when successive levies of armies, amounting in all to nearly three millions of men, had been hurled against her, the South, shut off from all the world, wasted, rent and desolate, bruised and bleeding, was at last overpowered by main strength; outfought, never; for, from first to last, she everywhere outfought the foe. The Confederacy fell, but she fell not until she had achieved immortal fame. Few great established nations in all time have ever exhibited capacity and direction in government equal to hers, sustained as she was by the iron will and fixed persistence of the extraordinary man who was her chief; and few have ever won such a series of brilliant victories as that which illuminates forever the annals of her splendid armies, while the fortitude and patience of her people, and particularly of her noble women, under almost incredible trials and sufferings, have never been surpassed in the history of the world.

Such exalted character and achievement were not all in vain. Though the Confederacy fell as an actual physical power, she lives, illustrated by them, eternally in her just cause, the cause of constitu-

tional liberty. And Mr. Davis's Southern tour is nothing less than a vertical moral triumph for that cause and for himself as its faithful chief, manifesting to the world that the cause still lives in the hearts of the Southern people, and that its resurrection in the body in fitting hour may yet come.

Here, in the North, that is naturally presumptuous and arrogant in her vast material power, and where consequently but little attention has, in general, been given to the study of the nature and principles of constitutional liberty, as connected with the rights of States, there is, nevertheless, an increasing understanding and appreciation of the Confederate cause, particularly here in the New England States, whose position and interests in the Union are, in many respects, peculiar, and perhaps require that these States, quite as much as those of the South, should be the watchful guardians of the State sovereignty. Mingled with this increasing understanding and appreciation of the Confederate cause, naturally comes also a growing admiration of its devoted defenders; and the time may yet be when the Northern as well as the Southern heart will throb reverently to the proud words upon the Confederate monument at Charleston :—

"These died for their State."

BENJ. J. WILLIAMS.

The Confederate Steamship "Patrick Henry."

BY CAPTAIN J. H. ROCHELLE.

During the winter of 1864–'65, Commodore Lynch was detailed by the Navy Department at Richmond to write a report on the battles and combats fought or participated in by the Confederate States Navy. Commodore Lynch wrote to Flag-Officer Tucker, then commanding the Confederate States Naval Forces at Charleston, for information in relation to the battle of Hampton Roads and the subsequent repulse of the United States squadron at Drewry's Bluff. Flag-Officer Tucker having, as Commander Tucker of the Confederate steamship *Patrick Henry*, been present at both these engagements. I was in command of the Confederate steamship *Palmetto State*, one of the iron-clads of Flag-Officer Tucker's squadron at Charleston, when he received Commodore Lynch's letter, and as I

had been executive officer of the *Patrick Henry*, the Flag-Officer requested me to give him my recollection of the principal events connected with that vessel. The letter which follows is my reply to that request.

J. H. Rochelle.

August 23, 1886.

Confederate Steamship Palmetto State,
Charleston S. C., January 30, 1865.

Flag-Officer John R. Tucker,
Commanding Afloat at Charleston, S. C.:

Dear Sir,—I am glad to learn from you that Commodore Lynch has been directed by the Department to prepare a narrative of the memorable and gallant deeds of the Confederate Navy; judging from the former works of the Commodore, I think we may congratulate ourselves that the navy has fallen into good hands, and feel confidence that the proposed book will not only be a valuable contribution to the history of this giant war, but also a pleasant addition to the literature of the day. Hitherto there has been no effort made to popularize the navy, our officers, trained in an illustrious and exclusive service, have looked with a feeling akin to contempt on both the praise and blame of the periodical press, hence the only records of the navy are to be found in dry and terse official dispatches, exceedingly uninteresting to unprofessional readers, and unintelligible to the great mass of the people. Let us hope that the forthcoming work will be popular with the people, remove many of the prejudices against our service, and assist the present generation to the just conclusion that the Confederate navy has done well its part, notwithstanding the almost complete lack in the Confederate States of all the necessary constituents of naval strength. Among the naval events that Commodore Lynch will be called upon to relate, the career of the Confederate steamship *Patrick Henry* will, perhaps, claim a prominent place, and if you think there is anything in this letter which will aid the Commodore to a fuller understanding of the services of that vessel, you are quite at liberty to send it to him.

The *Patrick Henry*, a side-wheel steamer of beautiful model and of about fourteen hundred tons burthen, was called the *Yorktown* before the war, and was one of the line of steamers running between Richmond and New York. She was considered a fast boat, and de-

served the reputation. When the Commonwealth of Virginia seceded from the Union this vessel was, fortunately, in James river. She was seized by the State, and the Governor and Council determined to fit her out as a man-of-war. She was taken up to the wharf at Rocketts, Richmond, and the command conferred upon Commander John Randolph Tucker, late an officer of the United States Navy, who had resigned his commission in that service in consequence of the secession of Virginia, his native State. Naval Constructor, Joseph Pearce, with a number of mechanics from the Norfolk Navy Yard, commenced the necessary alterations, and in a short time the passenger steamer, *Yorktown*, was converted into the very creditable man-of-war steamer, *Patrick Henry*, of ten guns and one hundred and fifty officers and men. The vessel being properly equipped, so far as the limited resources at hand could be used, proceeded down James river and took a position off Mulberry Island, on which point rested the right of the Army of the Peninsula under Magruder. It was dull work laying at anchor off Mulberry Island ; the officers and crew very rarely went on shore, the steamer being kept always with banked fires, and prepared to repel an attack which might have been made at any moment, the Federal batteries at Newport News and the guard vessels stationed there, the *Congress*, *Cumberland*, and several gunboats being plainly in sight. After awhile the monotony became so irksome that Commander Tucker took the *Patrick Henry* down the river to within long range of the Federal squadron and opened on them with his two heavy guns, with the hope of inducing a single gunboat to ascend the river and engage vessel to vessel. The challenge was not accepted, and the enemy having moved a field battery of rifled guns up the bank of the river, and taken a secure position from which they opened an annoying fire, the vessel was steamed slowly back to her station off Mulberry Island. The Northern papers stated that in this little affair, which took place on September 13, 1861, the fire of the *Patrick Henry* did considerable damage to the frigate *Congress*. About this time intelligence was received that one or two of the Federal gunboats came up the river every night on picket duty and anchored about a mile and a-half above their squadron at Newport News. Here was a chance ; so on the night of the 1st of December, 1861, the *Patrick Henry* again went down the river, keeping a sharp lookout for the expected picket boat. Not a sign of a vessel was seen, and when day broke there were the Federal squadron and batteries looming up against the dawn with all the gunboats quietly at anchor near the larger vessels. As

the *Patrick Henry* could not have returned unseen, Commander Tucker opened fire. The Federals were evidently taken by surprise, and it was some minutes before they replied to the fire. They soon got to their guns however, and the sun as it rose was greeted with a roar of artillery that shook the windows in Norfolk and roused the people of that then gay city from their slumbers at a most inconvenient hour.

The Federal fire was well directed, and one officer and several men were wounded on board the *Patrick Henry*. One gunboat in particular, commanded by Lieutenant H. K. Davenport, was noted for the precision with which she used her rifled guns. The old sailing master of the *Patrick Henry*, a seaman of sixty winters and many gales, was much pleased with the manner in which Davenport used his guns. He said to some one standing near him, "look at that black, ugly little craft yonder, well, whenever you see a puff of smoke go up from her, look out, for, as sure as you are born, there will be a blue pigeon about." The skirmish having continued for an hour or more, and nothing to be gained by prolonging it, the *Patrick Henry* returned to her usual anchorage.

In February, 1862, the ladies of Charles City, a county bordering on James river, desired to present to the *Patrick Henry* a flag which they had made for her, as an evidence of their confidence in the vessel, and their appreciation of the services she had done them by keeping marauding expeditions from ascending the river to pillage, plunder, and perhaps destroy the famous old country seats that are to be found on its banks. But the flag was destined never to be presented, such stirring times were at hand that the few hours necessary for the ceremony could not be spared. The iron-clad, *Virginia*, was about to make an attack upon the Federal batteries and vessels at Newport News, and the *Patrick Henry* was ordered to participate in the battle.

The day before the attack was to be made, the *Patrick Henry* was moved down to Day's Neck, and an anchorage taken, from which any vessel coming out from Norfolk could be seen.

The 8th of March, 1862, was a bright, placid, beautiful day, more like a May than a March day. All eyes on board the *Patrick Henry* were watching for the *Virginia*. About one o'clock in the afternoon she came steaming out from behind Craney Island, attended by her satellites—the gunboats *Beaufort* and *Raleigh*. Grand, and strong, and confident, a Hercules of the waters, she moved straight upon the enemy.

It was not necessary to "call all hands up anchor" on board the *Patrick Henry*, the anchor was "raised with a run," and under a full head of steam the vessel sped on her way to aid her powerful friend.

The Confederate vessels in James river formed "in line ahead" as they approached the batteries at Newport News. The *Patrick Henry*, 10, Commander Tucker, leading; next came the *Jamestown*, 2, Lieutenant-Commanding Barney; and next the *Teaser*, 2, Lieutenant-Commanding Webb. The *Virginia* reached the scene of action first; amidst the iron hail which fell harmlessly on her armour, she ran into and sank the *Cumberland;* a hearty cheer from the James river vessels greeted her success, but there was no time to give up to exultation, the long line of the Newport News batteries were close at hand, and in order to reach the naval combat it was necessary to pass them. The guns of the *Patrick Henry* were elevated for a range of eight hundred yards, that being the distance at which the pilots expected to pass the batteries.

And now the hush which precedes the shock of battle settled alike on Federal and Confederate. Through the embrasures of the Federal batteries glimpses could be caught of the men at their guns, but not a sound came from them. As the *Patrick Henry* ranged up abreast of the first battery she delivered her fire, and the flash from her guns had scarcely vanished when the Federal works were wrapped in smoke, and their projectiles came hissing through the air. The first shots from the *Patrick Henry* went over the batteries, her guns having been elevated for a range of eight hundred yards, consequently she was passing the batteries at less than that distance, and to this circumstance is to be attributed her not having been sunk or disabled by them. The enemy supposed she would pass as far from them as the channel would allow, and had elevated their guns for that range; the vessel passing closer than they thought she would, their shot for the most part passed over her. She was struck, however, several times during the passage; one shot passed through the crew of No. 3 gun, wounding two men and killing one, a volunteer from the army, who had come on board to serve only for the fight. His last words as he fell were, "Never mind me, boys."

Having passed the batteries with less damage than was expected, the *Patrick Henry* became engaged in the thick of the fight; whilst the forward guns were engaging one enemy, the after-guns were firing at another. The situation of the Confederate wooden vessels at this time seemed desperate. The Newport News batteries were on one

side; on the other, the frigates *Minnesota*, *St. Lawrence* and *Roanoke* were coming up from Old Point Comfort, and, in front, the beach was lined with field batteries and sharpshooters. Fortunately for the Confederate wooden vessels, the *Minnesota*, *St. Lawrence* and *Roanoke* grounded, and the smaller vessels which accompanied them, warned by the fate of the *Cumberland*, returned to Old Point. The *Minnesota*, though aground, was near enough to take part in the action, and opened a heavy fire on the Confederate squadron.

About this time Flag-Officer Buchanan hailed the *Patrick Henry*, and directed Commander Tucker to burn the *Congress*, which vessel had run ashore, hauled down her ensign, and hoisted a white flag. The gunboats, *Raleigh*, *Beaufort* and *Teaser*, had attempted to burn her, but had been driven off by a heavy artillery and infantry fire from the Federal troops on the beach. The pilots of the *Patrick Henry* declared that that vessel could not get alongside the *Congress* in consequence of an intervening shoal. This determined Commander Tucker[1] to approach the *Congress* as near as the shoal would permit, and then to send his boats and burn her; the boats were prepared for the service, and the boat's crews and officers to command them held ready, whilst the vessel was steaming in to the *Congress*. This movement of the *Patrick Henry* placed her in the most imminent peril; she was brought under the continuous and concentrated fire of three points; on her port-quarter were the batteries of Newport News, on her port-bow were the field batteries and sharpshooters on the beach, and on her starboard-bow the *Minnesota*. It soon became evident that no wooden vessel could long float under such a fire; several shots struck the hull; a piece was shot out of the walking beam; as the sponge of the after pivot gun was being inserted in the piece the handle was cut in two by a shot—half in prayer and half in despair at being unable to perform his duty, the sponger exclaimed, "Oh, Lord! how is the gun to be sponged?" and he was much relieved when the quarter gunner of his division handed him a spare sponge. This state of things could not last long; a rifle shot from the field batteries penetrated the steam chest, the engine room and fire room were filled with steam, five or six of the firemen were scalded to death, the engineers were driven up on deck, and the engines stopped working. The vessel was enveloped in a cloud of escaped steam, and the enemy, seeing that some disaster to the engines or boilers had occurred, increased his fire. At the moment, no one knew what had happened, the general impression being that the boiler had exploded; and it is an unmistakable evi-

dence of the courage and discipline of the crew that the fire from the *Patrick Henry* did not slacken, but went on as regularly as before the damage. As the vessel was drifting towards the enemy, the jib was hoisted to pay her head around, and the *Jamestown*, Lieutenant-Commanding Barney, gallantly and promptly came to her assistance and towed her from her perilous position. The engineers soon got one boiler to work, the other was so badly damaged that they were unable to repair it at the time, and with the steam of one boiler alone the *Patrick Henry* returned to the conflict. Night, however, soon closed in, and as in the darkness it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe hostilities ceased, the victory of this day being without dispute with the Confederates.

During the battle the shores of the Confederate side of the "Roads" were lined with spectators from Norfolk and the adjacent camps, who seemed greatly to enjoy the "historical piece" that was enacted before them.

The night after the battle the Confederate squadron anchored under Seawell's Point, at the mouth of the harbor of Norfolk. There was little time for sleep that night, for the conflict was to be renewed the next morning, and it was necessary to make many repairs and preparations. Soon after midnight a column of fire ascended in the darkness, followed by a terrific explosion. The Federal frigate *Congress*, which had been on fire all the evening, had blown up, the fire having reached her magazine.

At the first peep of dawn on the 9th of March the Confederate squadron was underway, it having been determined to destroy the *Minnesota*, that frigate being still aground near Newport News. As the daylight increased the *Minnesota* was discovered in her old position, but the *Minnesota* was not the only thing to attract attention: close alongside of her there lay such a craft as the eyes of a seaman does not delight in; an immense shingle floating on the water with a gigantic cheese box rising from its centre; no sails, no wheels, no smokestack, no guns, at least, none that could be seen. What could it be? On board the *Patrick Henry* many were the surmises as to the strange craft; some thought it a water tank sent to supply the *Minnesota* with water, others that it was a floating magazine replenishing her exhausted stock of ammunition, but few were of the opinion that it was the *Monitor* which the Northern papers had been boasting about for a long time.

All doubts about the stranger were soon dispelled; as the *Virginia* steamed down upon the *Minnesota* the cheese box and shingle

steamed out to meet her. It was, indeed, the *Monitor*, and then and there commenced the first combat that had ever taken place between iron-clads.[2]

The *Patrick Henry* and the other Confederate wooden vessels took little part in the events of the day, except to fire one shot at the *Monitor*, at very long range, as she passed and repassed at one time during her manœuvreing with the *Virginia*. At one time the *Virginia* did not seem to move, and apprehensions were entertained that she had got aground or that some part of her machinery was damaged. Signal flags were run up on board of her, but the flags did not blow out clear, and it was some minutes before the signal officer of the *Patrick Henry* could make out the numbers. At length he reported the signal to be, as well as he was able to read it, "disabled my propeller is."[3]

No wooden vessel could have floated twenty minutes under the fire that the *Virginia* was then undergoing from the *Monitor* and the *Minnesota*, but if her propeller was disabled it was necessary to attempt to tow her back to the cover of the Confederate batteries. So the *Patrick Henry* and *Jamestown* started to make the attempt, but they had gone only a short distance when the *Virginia* was seen to move and her propeller to turn, showing that she required no assistance. That evening all the Confederate vessels went into the harbor of Norfolk.

Flag-Officer Tattnall having relieved Flag Officer Buchanan, who had been seriously wounded in the first day's fight in Hampton Roads, and all the vessels having been refitted, on the 13th of April the squadron again sallied out to meet the enemy. In case the *Virginia* should not be able to capture or destroy the *Monitor*, the gunboats *Beaufort* and *Raleigh* and two small steamers were assigned the duty of carrying the *Monitor* by boarding.[4] The squadron steamed about in Hampton Roads for two days in succession, and the *Jamestown* captured two of the Federal transports, but the *Monitor* did not leave her anchorage at Fortress Monroe.[5]

* * * * * *

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. H. Rochelle,

Lieutenant Commanding Confederate steamship Palmetto State.

[1] The name of my dear and deeply-lamented friend, Admiral John Randolph Tucker, has been necessarily so frequently mentioned in this letter as commander of the *Patrick Henry*, that it will not be out of place to say a few words as to his career.

During the course of his honorable and eventful life Admiral Tucker served in three navies, rendering gallant, faithful and important services to each of them, but probably the most brilliant, if not the most important, of all his services was rendered whilst he commanded the *Patrick Henry*.

Born in Alexandria, Virginia, in the year 1812, he entered the navy of the United States as a midshipman in 1826, and made his first cruise in the frigate *Brandywine*. In 1837 he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and in 1855 to that of commander. During the Mexican war he commanded the bomb brig *Stromboli*. In 1861, when commanded so to do by the Virginia Convention, he resigned his commission in the United States navy and entered the Confederate service, with the rank of commander. He commanded the Confederate States steamer *Patrick Henry* at the naval conflict in Hampton Roads; and at Drewry's Bluff, having landed his crew and mounted the principal guns of his vessel on the bluff, he materially aided in repulsing the Federal squadron. Soon after the battle of Drewry's Bluff he was promoted to the rank of captain, and ordered to Charleston, where he commanded the Confederate naval forces as flag-officer of the station. When Charleston was evacuated he returned to Drewry's Bluff, which station he commanded until Richmond was evacuated, when he reported with his command to General Lee. His services in the civil war ended at Sailor's Creek, where, after a most gallant resistance, he surrendered to General Keifer, who some years after the close of the war returned him his sword.

During the war between the Republics of Peru and Chili and Spain, Admiral Tucker commanded, with the commission of rear admiral, the combined fleets of the two Republics. His last service was the exploration and survey of the upper Amazon and its tributaries, being president of the Peruvian Hydrographic Commission of the Amazon.

He died of disease of the heart, at his residence in Petersburg, Virginia, on the 12th of June, 1883, and was buried by the side of his wife, in the cemetery at Norfolk.

It would require a volume to do anything like justice to the character and career of this most noble and gallant man. His firmness

on all occasions of duty was of proof, though no one was more gentle in the ordinary intercourse of private life. None served with him without feeling that he was a man fitted for high destinies, for he was of a nature, an experience, and a professional skill, well calculated to command respect and inspire confidence. In the course of my life I have had many opportunities of hearing character discussed among sea officers ; few escape criticism of some sort or other for their professional acts, and fewer still as men, yet I do not remember a single instance in which I have ever heard a whisper of complaint against the professional or private conduct of John Randolph Tucker.—J. H. R., 1886.

[2] The combat between the *Virginia* and the *Monitor* was an indecisive action so far as those two vessels were concerned; at least such was my opinion after witnessing the fight from the distance of about a mile. Both vessels were skillfully and gallantly fought, and neither could claim a victory over the other. If the *Monitor* had been silenced, the *Minnesota* would have been destroyed, and probably much other damage done to the Federal forces. If the *Virginia* had been defeated, the city of Norfolk would have been at the mercy of the *Monitor*.—J. H. R., 1886.

[3] Some years after the conclusion of the war I showed a copy of this letter to my friend, Captain Catesby apRoger Jones, who was in command of the *Virginia* during her fight with the *Monitor*. Captain Jones informed me that the signal officer of the *Patrick Henry* did not read the *Virginia's* signal correctly; I forget what Captain Jones said the signal was, but it did not indicate that the *Virginia* was in distress, or that she desired assistance.—J. H. R., 1886.

[4] One of these small steamers was the tender of the Norfolk navy yard. She was manned for the occasion by officers and men of the *Patrick Henry*, under the command of the executive officer of that vessel, and was christened by the men *Patrick Henry, Junior*.—J. H. R., 1886.

[5] The conclusion of this letter has been lost. It went on to relate the services of the *Patrick Henry* up to the date of the letter. These services may be briefly recounted : When the Confederate anthorities determined upon the evacuation of Norfolk, the *Patrick*

Henry was employed to remove what public property could be saved from the navy yard to Richmond. The hulls of several uncompleted vessels were towed past the Federal batteries at Newport News. The running past the batteries was always done in the middle of the night, moonless nights being chosen; so far as we ever knew, we were not once discovered by the enemy.

When the Federal squadron entered James river, the *Patrick Henry* ran up to Drewry's Bluff, and her officers and crew aided materially in getting that position ready for defence. The Confederate steamship, *Jamestown*, was sunk to complete the obstructions of the river, her guns having been previously landed and placed in battery on the Bluff. One solid shot 8-inch gun and two rifled 32-pounders were landed from the *Patrick Henry*, mounted in pits dug in the brow of the Bluff, and manned by the officers and crew of the vessel.

On the 15th of May, 1862, the Federal squadron, consisting of the *Galena*, *Monitor*, *Naugatuck*, *Port Royal* and *Aroostook*, made the well-known attack on the Confederate batteries at Drewry's Bluff, which was the only defensible position between the squadron and Richmond. The *Galena* and the *Monitor* were the only vessels which engaged the batteries at effective range. The *Galena* was managed with great skill and daring. She steamed up to about eight hundred yards of the batteries, deliberately and swiftly moored ship, sprung her broadside on the batteries, and opened with much precision a most damaging fire. After a hot action of about four hours duration, the Federal squadron was beaten off, and steamed away down the river. The guns on the Bluff were worked by the officers and crews of the *Patrick Henry*, *Jamestown*, *Virginia*, and a battalion of artillery. The most effective gun on the Bluff was the *Patrick Henry's* 8-inch solid shot gun; the working of this gun was personally directed by Captain John R. Tucker, and the execution done by it was manifest.

After the action at Drewry's Bluff, the *Patrick Henry's* officers and crew were permanently attached to the naval batteries at that place. The vessel herself became the schoolship of the Confederate States naval school, and was destroyed when Richmond was evacuated by the Confederates, to prevent her from falling into the hands of the enemy.—J. H. R., 1886.

Reminiscences of Field Ordnance Service with the Army of Northern Virginia—1863-'5.

BY COLONEL WILLIAM ALLAN, FORMERLY CHIEF OF ORDNANCE, SECOND CORPS, A. N. V.

A valuable and interesting paper by General Gorgas in Vol. XII, *Southern Historical Papers*, gives a terse but vivid description of the enormous difficulties which beset the Confederacy in reference to munitions of war. The principal difficulties of the situation, of course, rested upon the department which was charged with obtaining the needed supplies, but it may be interesting and useful to recall some of the experiences of the ordnance officers in the field, whose duty it was to husband and distribute these supplies.

During the campaign of 1862, which, as General Gorgas says, was the hardest year upon his department, the perplexities of ordnance officers in the Army of Northern Virginia were frequently relieved by important captures from the enemy. The stores obtained from Banks, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, and the capture of Harper's Ferry, were of immense assistance in the campaign, and eked out the meagre supplies to be obtained from Richmond. The organization of the ordnance department in the field was at this time imperfect. There were few ordnance officers below divisions and corps, and even in the case of these larger bodies the duty of ordnance officer was often combined with other staff duty. As a result, but little system or order existed in the management and distribution of supplies. Great waste, too, existed, but all serious difficulty was avoided by frequent and valuable captures. During that summer a law was passed by Congress providing for the full organization of the ordnance department in the field; by the assignment of regular ordnance officers to all commands from brigades up, and, at the suggestion of General Gorgas, the Secretary of War determined to secure the officers needed for these appointments by means of a competitive examination. A board of competent officers was commissioned to conduct these examinations throughout the Confederacy. The examinations were held at the leading centres, both east and west of the Mississippi, including the headquarters of all the principal armies. From the list thus obtained it was designed that the appointments should be made in order of merit. Some divergence from this rule was subsequently made, when it was found that far more of the suc-

cessful candidates were from Virginia than from any other one State, but though the order of merit was thus not strictly followed, the appointments were all made from successful candidates. It is probable that by this method of selection General Gorgas secured a far better body of officers than he could have obtained in any other way.

As soon as the army had fully settled down in their winter quarters, after the battle of Fredericksburg, the work of the organization of the department in the field was begun and carried forward. At the same time the army was being supplied for the coming campaign. Colonel B. G. Baldwin, the chief ordnance officer, Army of Northern Virginia, ordered a thorough inspection and report of the condition of the equipments and ammunition throughout the army. Steps were taken to obtain officers for the brigades from the list of successful candidates. The work of organizing the artillery into battalions was going on at the same time, and it was decided to assign a lieutenant of ordnance to each one of these battalions, and a captain as chief ordnance officer to the artillery of each corps. By February these appointments were pretty much all made, and the chief ordnance officer of the army had his department thoroughly organized. The inspection of ordnance supplies in the hands of the troops, which had been irregular and imperfect, was now made systematic and exact. Reports of the amount and condition of supplies on hand, and the requisitions to fill deficiencies, were now made at regular intervals. Before this, they had often been careless and haphazard.

This result was partly the consequence of the measures adopted to diminish the great waste of ordnance supplies in the hands of the men. When I took charge of the ordnance of the Second corps, Army of Northern Virginia, in January, 1863, it was reported to me that during the preceding three months ammunition, amounting to twenty-five rounds per man, had been wasted or destroyed. This did not include of course that used in the battle of Fredericksburg, but it did include that used on the picket line and perhaps some used in skirmishes. Urgent representations came from Richmond as to the necessity of checking this waste, if the department was to be expected to accumulate an adequate supply for the next summer. From General Gorgas's paper, already referred to, we find that the total capacity of the department for the manufacture of infantry ammunition was about a half a round a day to the man, or in other words forty-five rounds per man in three months. This capacity had

probably not been reached in the winter of 1862–'3. Hence the consumption of ammunition in camp, and while the army was doing no serious fighting, appeared to be more than half the capacity of our arsenals to supply. This large waste of ammunition came from the want of care exercised in camp. Many soldiers thought of their cartridge-boxes only when about to go into battle. Little care was taken by many of them in camp to prevent their cartridges from getting wet; indeed cartridge-boxes were often cut up to mend shoes, and the question of ammunition left to be decided when an emergency for its use arose. In some regiments the good discipline of the line officers prevented or checked this waste, as it did the throwing away of bayonets, &c., but in a great number of cases the regimental discipline of officers not trained originally to war was loose in regard to these matters. To correct the evil, a system of reports was prepared, by which the exact condition of the ordnance in the hands of the men was obtained every two weeks, and the difference between the present and the preceding reports had to be accounted for, even down to every round of ammunition. Orders were issued from army headquarters providing for the inspections on which these reports were to be based, and also directing that all damage to ammunition, arms, and equipments, due to carelessness or neglect, should be charged against the men or officers who were to blame; the sum to be deducted on their next pay roll. In this way the soldier was held to a strict responsibility for the property in his possession. If he broke or threw away his bayonet, or cut up his cartridge-box, or fired away his ammunition when not in battle, or allowed it to spoil, he was made to pay for it, and so frequent and exact were the inspections that there was little room for escape from the penalty. It often seemed hard to charge such damages against the poor pittances which the private soldier received in depreciated currency, but in this as in many other cases the exigencies of the situation would not admit of the neglect or mild enforcement of this regulation. This system of reports, first adopted in the Army of Northern Virginia, was extended through the agency of General Gorgas to the other armies. The results were quite marked. The ammunition wasted or lost in the Second corps, Army of Northern Virginia, in the first three months of 1863, fell to five rounds per man, and subsequently became less. A great improvement was also made in regard to the care of equipments and bayonets.

The troops at this time were armed in a heterogeneous fashion. Many of the men had smooth bore muskets, calibre .69. Others had

rifled muskets, calibre .54 ; and others still had Springfield muskets, calibre .58. There were some other arms, as, for instance, some Belgian rifles, calibre .70, but the three kinds I have mentioned were the principal kinds in the hands of the infantry in January, 1863. We were all anxious to replace the smooth bores with rifles, and especially with calibre .58, which was the model the Confederate as well as the Federal Government had adopted. The battlefields of the preceding summer had enabled many commands to exchange their smooth bores for Springfield muskets, but as nine-tenths of the arms in the Confederacy at the beginning of the war had been smooth bore muskets, it required time and patience to effect a complete re-arming. This was finally done in the Second corps at Chancellorsville, but in the winter of 1862–'63, there was often found in the same brigade the three kinds of arms above enumerated, and the same wagon often carried the three kinds of ammunition required. During this winter it was found difficult to obtain arms as fast as we needed them for the new men, and of course we were very glad to take what the department could furnish. Between the first of January and the first of May, General Jackson's corps grew from about twenty-three thousand muskets to thirty-three thousand. These ten thousand arms we obtained from Richmond in small quantities, and they were of different calibres, but the corps was fully armed when it went to Chancellorsville. After that battle the men all had muskets, calibre .58, and henceforth but one sort of ammunition was needed.

Our artillery armament was even more heterogeneous. Six-pounder guns, howitzers, some Napoleons, three-inch rifles, ten-pounder Parrotts, and a few twenty-pounder Parrotts were in our corps, besides, probably, some other odd pieces. I remember a Blakely gun or two and a Whitworth, the latter used both at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. Our batteries had been greatly improved by a number of guns captured from the enemy. We especially valued the three-inch rifles, which became the favorite field piece. During the winter of 1862–'63, the artillery was first thoroughly organized under General Pendleton as chief. Batteries were detached from brigades, and were organized into battalions, containing four batteries, usually of four guns each. A number of these battalions were assigned to each corps under the chief of artillery of that corps, while a number of others constituted the general reserve, of which General Pendleton took immediate oversight. All that our supplies admitted was done to thoroughly equip these batteries during

the winter, and they were ready for action when the campaign opened. A train of wagons was organized to carry the reserve ammunition for the artillery, and this was placed in charge of the artillery ordnance officer of the corps, and, besides this, there was a reserve train for the army under the direct orders of the chief ordnance officer of the army.

There had been with the Second corps no field repair shop, or other means of repairing slight damages to arms. Soon after taking charge, I obtained through Colonel Baldwin, from the field park of the army, four or five gunsmiths and a good harness maker, with a small equipment, including a large tent, and attached this to our corps reserve ordnance train. These men were worthy and excellent mechanics, and they did a great deal of useful work. Several thousand stand of arms in the course of the campaign were rendered serviceable, which, otherwise, would have had to go to Richmond, and a good deal of artillery harness was repaired. When Milroy ran away from Winchester, in 1863, he left over twenty pieces of artillery, all of them spiked. Our workmen rendered them all fit for service within a day. My principal workmen were Mr. Gwaltmey, of Norfolk, Mr. Custard, of Maryland, and Mr. McNulty, of Highland county, Virginia. This repair-shop, as well as the special ordnance reports, I placed under charge of Lieutenant I. T. Walke, of Norfolk, who subsequently fell, October 9, 1864, while gallantly fighting with General Fitz. Lee, whose ordnance officer he then was. My principal assistant, who took charge of all the other ordnance property and kept the accounts, was Lieutenant William M. Archer, of Richmond, one of the most faithful and efficient officers of the department, and indeed of the army.

I recall an instance of the difficulty of obtaining even small supplies. During the winter General Jackson requested me to have the knapsacks of the men marked in white paint. In the active campaign of the preceding summer his men had been compelled to store their knapsacks, I think at Harrisonburg, and it was some months before they saw them again. As they had not been marked in any way, great confusion and loss resulted in re-issuing them. He desired to provide against the recurrence of this. I found it so difficult to get stencil plates for numbers and letters that I went to Richmond myself and had them made, obtained the paint, and then found that only a few brushes could be gotten. With this very limited equip ment, men were put to work to mark the knapsacks. In Early's division, where Major G. W. Christy pushed the work without inter-

mission, I think it was completed before the campaign began. Not so, however, in the other divisions.

Gleaning the battlefields was one of the important duties of the field ordnance officers. They were directed to save everything which could be made of use. Of course they took care of the good arms and good ammunition, but they had to preserve no less carefully all damaged arms, gun barrels, wasted ammunition, of which the lead was the valuable consideration, bayonets, cartridge-boxes, &c. After Chancellorsville and the gathering which had been done during the battle, an ordnance officer of the Second corps was sent to the field with power to call upon a neighboring brigade for as large details as he wished, and he spent a week in gathering the débris of the battle and sending it to Guiney's Station or Hamilton's Crossing, whence it was shipped to Richmond. My recollection is that over twenty thousand stand of damaged arms were sent in this way to the arsenal, besides a considerable quantity of lead, &c. After the first day at Gettysburg the battlefield was gleaned, and such material as we had transportation for sent back.

The means of transportation were always limited in the Confederate army, and as the war went on horses and wagons and forage became scarcer, and the difficulty of obtaining transportation greater, but by doing the best with what we had, and by prompt requisitions upon Richmond, deficiencies of ammunition were avoided. Ordnance officers were constantly on the lookout to avail themselves of such supplies as were captured. At Winchester, June, 1863, besides the fine mass of field artillery, which enabled the Second corps to so complete its equipments that almost every gun in its batteries was a captured one, there fell into our hands some ammunition and a large number of wagons and teams. A considerable number of these latter were turned over to the ordnance department, and together with the ammunition wagons, which had been emptied up to this time, were sent back to Staunton to be filled. The supplies were forwarded to that point by railroad, and the large train was loaded and brought back to the army. Meantime, General Lee had crossed the Potomac and marched on towards Gettysburg. The train reached us some days before the battle. This train was in charge of Captain Charles Grattan. The supplies thus brought up were distributed by Colonel Baldwin throughout the army. After the battle of Gettysburg it was found that just about one-half of all the artillery ammunition in the army had been expended, but there was still plenty left for defensive operations, and General Lee offered battle without hesitation at

Hagerstown. As it turned out, our supplies were adequate to our needs, and though another battle as protracted as Gettysburg would have exhausted our entire supply of artillery ammunition, no such struggle was possible for the two armies.

One of the cases when promptness was needed in obtaining new supplies was after the battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864. The consumption of ammunition had been considerable before this fight, and the amount of ammunition used during the battle was very large. Next morning (20th) a courier was sent from Strasburg to Staunton to have supplies shipped from Richmond to the latter place and a train of wagons was sent for it. These wagons had to travel seventy miles to reach Staunton. They obtained a relay of horses at Harrisonburg, got to Staunton early on the 21st of September, were loaded and started back to the army on the same day, and changing teams at Harrisonburg, the train was approaching the battlefield on the afternoon of 22d when the disaster of Fisher's Hill was in progress. Meantime some uneasiness had existed on the morning of the 22d lest our infantry ammunition should run short. General Ramseur, whose division was in line of battle at Fisher's Hill, hourly expecting to be attacked, was anxious to know to what extent he might deplete his supply on hand. At midday I was informed of the approach of the train, and General Ramseur was informed that he might safely use up all he had. As it turned out, our position was turned that afternoon, and our army driven from its lines before the men were able to exhaust their cartridge-boxes. One of the last acts of General Early's chief of staff, the gallant Colonel Pendleton, who fell on that field, was to order back this train to prevent the danger of its capture.

So excellent was our cavalry service, that rare indeed was the capture of any of our ordnance by the enemy. We believe no considerable loss of this sort occurred until near the close of the war. Sometimes, however, the enemy's cavalry caused ordnance trains to travel at more than regulation speed. Such was the case one morning at the second battle of Manassas, when Pope dropped some shells among Jackson's train and caused it to change its base with masterly celerity. On our return from the Bristoe campign in the fall of 1863, the ordnance train of the Second corps found themselves in the fork of the Rappahannock and Hazel rivers. The latter stream was past fording and there was no bridge or ferry. Behind us only a small body of scouting cavalry intervened between us and the Federal cavalry, which was supposed to be advancing from Warrenton. The

proper thing to do was evidently to cross the Hazel river without delay. Looking about for some means of accomplishing this, we found an old half-rotten skiff, which two North Carolina teamsters declared they could make serviceable. Some rope was stretched across the river, and in two or three hours the little ferry-boat, which would only carry six or eight boxes of ammunition at a time, was repaired as well as we could do it, and put to work. By detailing relays of men for the purpose, the work was kept up continually all night, and early next morning all the ammunition had been safely transported to the south side of the river, except one boat-load which had been wet by the swamping of the boat. It was found possible to get the empty wagons over at the ford, which was done without accident, though the water was nearly as deep as the backs of the mules. By midday everything was dried off, the ammunition re loaded, and the train taken out of the reach of the Federal cavalry.

So difficult was it to obtain supplies, that ordnance officers in the field found it necessary to use all their opportunities for supplementing the meagre stores of the department. When the army moved into Pennsylvania, in 1863, loads of tin and other stores were obtained and sent back by wagons to Richmond. In the same way a considerable quantity of leather, to be used for harness and cartridge boxes, was sent back. In the winter of 1863–'64, I was informed that at the Richmond arsenal they were in great straits for wood out of which to make artillery carriages, and that without a supply promptly furnished it would be difficult to fill the requisitions from the army. In response to Colonel W. L. Broun's appeal for assistance in this matter, I undertook to have an adequate supply of oak and gum lumber forwarded from Orange Courthouse, where the army was then camped. A fine body of oak timber was selected, and a large detail of men to fell it was obtained. A portable steam saw-mill was gotten in the neighborhood and set up in the midst of the timber. Two relays of men kept the mill going with but little cessation. Half of the ordnance wagons in the corps were unloaded, and the running gear used for hauling the lumber to the railroad station, some three or four miles distant. It was there placed upon the trains, which had brought up commissary supplies from Richmond, and sent down to the arsenal. While the oak lumber was thus being gotten, a body of gum trees, lying near the foot of the neighboring hills, had been cut up and sawed into suitable blocks for hubs. These were sent with the oak. My recollection is, that the lumber was on the cars, and had been shipped in a week

from the beginning of the work, and that it was large enough in amount to supply the needs of the arsenal for months. I remember the gentleman, who owned the lumber, was very much opposed to having it cut, and forwarded a paper on the subject to the Secretary of War through army headquarters. Colonel Baldwin, Chief Ordnance Officer, Army of Northern Virginia, authorized me, meantime, to go on with the work. The lumber was in Richmond before the paper came back to us.

In the winter of 1864 it was impossible to obtain an adequate quantity of horseshoes and nails from the ordnance department. The cavalry, which had been with General Early during that fall, had seen severe service, and it was absolutely necessary, in reference to the future, to procure in some way a supply of horseshoes and nails during the winter. We had to depend upon ourselves. I determined to establish, if possible, twenty forges in Waynesboro', Augusta county, Virginia, and have blacksmiths detailed from the army to make shoes and nails. We sent through the country and got such blacksmith tools as we were able to find. I think I got some, too, from Richmond, from the ordnance department. There was no difficulty in getting good blacksmiths out of the army. A number of men were put to work, and horseshoes and nails began to accumulate. We soon ran out of iron, however, and found that the department at Richmond could not fully supply our wants. There was a fine lot of iron at Columbia furnace, near Mount Jackson, which was at this time in the debatable ground between the two armies. This iron was of fine quality, suitable for casting cannon as well as any other purpose. The commander of the arsenal informed me that if I could manage to get this to Richmond he would give me back in bars as much as I needed for horseshoes and nails. Trains of wagons were sent after it from Staunton, and these trains were protected by cavalry, which General Early sent for the purpose, and they returned in safety with the iron, which was promptly shipped to Richmond. From this time forward our forges were fully supplied, and I think when Sheridan overhauled and dispersed our forces at Waynesboro', at the beginning of March, 1865, we had manufactured some twenty thousand pounds of horseshoes and nails. They were loaded upon the cars, which were gotten through the tunnel, but were captured by some of Sheridan's people at or near Greenwood depot.

That same winter we carried on the manufacture of currycombs at our field park. There was a dearth of these, and my gunsmiths

planned and made a set of hand tools and machines by which they could be manufactured. Iron, in suitable strips, was obtained from Richmond. During January and February my men made between one thousand five hundred and two thousand of these curry combs. Like the horseshoes, they fell into Sheridan's hands.

Report of the Conduct of General George H. Steuart's Brigade from the 5th to the 12th of May, 1864, inclusive.

BY COLONEL S. D. THRUSTON, OF THE THIRD NORTH CAROLINA.

In the *Southern Historical Papers* for 1885, appears the "report" of General R. S. Ewell of the campaign from the Rapidan to Spotsylvania, in May, 1864, in which only a casual mention is made of the part taken therein by the brigade of General George H. Steuart. This is readily accounted for from the fact that the commander, together with almost the entire brigade, was captured on the morning of May 12th, and no one was left to make the report of the conflicts of those eight eventful days.

Seeing for the first time General Ewell's report, the writer is constrained, even at this late day, to raise his voice in behalf of the noble and gallant men of the five regiments who acted so conspicuous a part and aided so materially in repelling the advance of the Federal army during the period covered by that report.

In writing this, it is hoped no one will think or feel for a moment it is intended to cast any blame or censure upon the grand patriot and soldier who penned the report; whose very life was sacrificed upon the altar of the country he loved so well, and whose memory is embalmed in the heart of every surviving member of the "Second corps." Oh, no; none of this! The only object is simply to put upon record, for history, those men and comrades who, at the time, had no one to do that duty for them.

The brigade, composed of the First and Third North Carolina, and the Tenth, Twenty-third and Thirty-seventh Virginia regiments of infantry, was, a short time after the battle of Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, placed under the command of General George H. Steuart, of the Maryland Line, and followed him in the Gettysburg campaign, through all the campaigns of 1863, and down to the 12th of May, 1864, in all of which it bore itself with a conspicuous gallantry, and

many times received the laudation of its division and brigade commanders.

On the morning of May the 4th, 1864, the brigade, being on picket along the Rapidan, discovered the columns of the Federal army in the distance moving to the right and apparently to the river below. The order soon came to be ready to move, and at midday it took up the line of march in the direction of "Locust Grove," a point on the "Old Stone Pike," running from Orange Courthouse to Fredericksburg. This point was reached and passed in the evening of the same day, and the brigade went into bivouac about two and a half miles beyond. The night was passed in quiet; the next morning (5th) about 10½ o'clock, a few scattering shots being heard in front, the troops were called to arms and put in motion toward the firing.

In order to the better understanding of this report, it is necessary to give a short topographical history of the country in which the Army of Northern Virginia was about to grapple its enemy.

The "Old Stone Pike," running from Orange Courthouse to Fredericksburg, and having the general direction of southeast, passes what was formerly an old stage stand, known as "Locust Grove." After passing this point about two and one half miles east and south, it enters the battle-renowned "Wilderness." This Wilderness is a generally level barren, covered with a matted growth of scrub oak, stunted pine, sweetgum brush and dogwood. The surface of the earth is indented occasionally with low basins, through which the rainfall, washing from the higher margins, cuts long gullies and often deep and wide washouts.

About three miles south and east of "Locust Grove," a brave farmer, in days long gone, cleared a little field, of twenty or more acres, on and including one of these basins, through which the pike now runs. Time has driven the farmer to seek more productive soil, while the continued drain of water from the slope has washed a long and narrow gulley through the field; where it—the water—was obstructed by the pike, it has destroyed all vestige of a pike, and, at this day, a deep, wide and long washout stands in its stead.

Travellers in this Wilderness, like most country folk, adopted the cheaper plan of making a road around to repairing the pike, the consequence is, a road turns to the right about eight hundred yards north and west of the washout, and, obtaining a distance of two hundred yards from the pike at its greatest width, enters it again three hundred yards south and east.

Along the eastern edge of this field the Sixth corps was posted in line of battle, while the remainder of the "Army of the Potomac" was passing to the right along the road from Germania Ford, immediately in rear of this line, posted to cover the movement. By this, it will be seen that Ewell's corps and the Sixth Federal corps were both in the Wilderness, and only separated by a few hundred yards. Those who remember the grand old commander will not doubt for a moment what such proximity meant.

Steuart's brigade was in column on the pike a very few minutes after the firing began, at 10½ A. M., and marched promptly in the direction of the fire; a very short distance had been marched when the fire became severe, and some of Jones's men, known to be in the front, began passing to the rear.

Line of battle was immediately formed in the following order: The Third North Carolina to the right, the First North Carolina across, and the Virginia regiments to the left of the pike. Advancing in this order of battle, when about three hundred yards had been passed over, the right came in contact with Jones's and Battle's brigades, the former in great confusion, its gallant commander being killed, the men streaming to the rear, and carrying many men of Battle's left with them.

It was now 11½ A. M. Battle having succeeded in rallying his men on Steuart's right, the line resumed the advance, and struck a stout line of Federal infantry in a thicket of pines, skirting the margin of the small opening—once a field. This line being assaulted, fled precipitately, all escaping except the One-hundred and Forty-sixth New York—its commander, Colonel Jenkins, Elmira, New York, being killed—which surrendered in a body, and was sent to the rear, all except its color-guard and colors, which was too fleet to be overtaken.

The right of Steuart, debouching suddenly into this field—the left still in the brush—discovered two Howitzers, in the act of being taken off, which were quickly captured, together with the Lieutenant commanding the section. This section of a battery was on the near side of the deep and wide washout—as described—while, three hundred yards from the far side, was a strong line of the enemy that could not be moved. The attempt was twice made, but failed, and in the failure about fifty men of the two North Carolina regiments remained in the washout, and did good service later in the day as sharpshooters.

Several attempts were made to bring off the guns by hand—the

horses and limbers having gotten away—but the open ground and proximity of the enemy prevented, until night, when they were brought in by a detail from the Third North Carolina.

From the hour of the killing of General Jones and the discomfiture of his brigade, Steuart was cool and steady, advancing firmly and solidly through that tangled thicket, and, while serving as a rallying point for Battle's confused left, did not once falter, but looked to the front for the enemy. When entering the field the right of the brigade, the Third North Carolina was directly in front of three obstacles—the One-Hundred-and-Forty-Sixth New York, the two howitzers and the washout, which latter covered more than its front. The first and second were easily disposed of, not so the third. The New York regiment, being in line on its knees, rose at the first volley, and leaving its guns at "ground arms," passed through the brigade to the rear as prisoners of war. A few minutes after the two howitzers were captured, but the washout was never fairly cleared. While this was occurring, Battle's brigade closed to its right, connecting with the left of the line of battle on the opposite side of the traveled road, which manœuvre created a long brigade distance between the flanks of the heretofore well-closed line of the two brigades. Steuart kept the direction of the pike until arrested by the close fire of the Sixth corps, heretofore mentioned.

About one-half hour was expended in attempting to force the enemy's position, but, failing in that, the brigade was withdrawn two hundred yards to the rear in the brush, where line of battle was formed, with Stafford on its left and Battle on its right. Later in the day the "Stonewall" was put in Stafford's place, and that brigade moved farther to the left.

It was now after midday. No more fighting was done on this front, save a few picket shots, and a feeble attempt of the enemy, late in the afternoon, to recapture the two guns still standing on the edge of the washout. This was a signal failure, and the repulse was largely assisted by the men of the First and Third North Carolina, who were in the washout. After dark the two guns were brought in, and the men returned to their respective companies.

In the early morning of the 6th, Steuart's brigade was closed in to the left until its right rested on the pike, and Jones's brigade, now reorganized, was put in on its right and connected with Battle's left. The entire day was passed in quiet on this part of the line, only an occasional picket shot disturbing the repose of the men. Several

vigorous attempts were made to force the line to the left, and as vigorously repulsed.

The morning of the 7th revealed the enemy gone, and the day was spent by the men in congratulations, and by the writer in making a sketch of the field from the bivouac of the night of the 4th up to the line occupied by the Federals during the same period. Late in the evening of this day the brigade began closing or extending—cannot call it marching—to the right, which continued during the entire night, the men having no time for rest or sleep.

The morning of the 8th dawned bright and hot. The line of march was taken up and pushed with vigor, notwithstanding the heat, dust, parching thirst, and smoke and fire of burning woods. The nature of the march was sufficient to convince those heroes that their presence was required to meet the foe on some other field, and gallantly did they toil through the day. As the sun was hiding behind the western wood, the brigade was thrown in line to the support of Rodes, in front of Spotsylvania courthouse, but was not engaged. After dark it was marched and countermarched in search of a position, and at 10 P. M. was formed in line and ordered to throw up works in that salient which proved so disastrous on the 12th following.

By daylight of the 9th, in spite of the fatigue and loss of sleep on the night of the 7th, and the terrible march of the 8th, the entire brigade, with no tool, except the bayonet and tin-plate, was entrenched behind a good defensible rifle pit. This day was spent in strengthening the lines, scouting to the front, and that sleep so much needed.

The morning of the 10th found it closed to the right, connecting with the left of Hill's corps, and Jones's brigade occupying the works in the salient. The position now occupied was in rear of the left-centre of the army, and so near as to require protection for the backs of the men when that part of the army was assaulted. These assaults were made fast and furious during the day, and the men of this line were, of necessity, compelled to erect works in front and rear at the same time. Late in the afternoon Doles's brigade was pressed back upon Steuart's rear, followed closely by the exultant enemy.

Orders to fall in, take arms, face by the rear rank and forward, were repeated in quick succession; the brigade responded with alacrity, and soon was moving steadily—though moving in line of battle by the rear rank—through a small strip of woods into a field,

in which stood a dwelling, and there meeting the enemy immediately attacked.

The work here was sharp and quick, resulting in the repulse of the Federals across and out of Doles's works, and their occupation by Steuart. It was, however, soon discovered that Steuart did not cover Doles's entire front to the left, and fifty or more of the enemy were having a happy time enfilading the lines left and right. Lieutenant Robert Lyon with "H" company, Third North Carolina—the then left company—was formed across and perpendicularly to the line, and moving promptly down the left, drove them off. Before this could be accomplished the Third North Carolina, on the left, had suffered severely; many men were wounded, its sergeant-major killed, and colonel seriously wounded.

Thus matters stood at night-fall on the 10th, when the writer was carried to the hospital; he there learned the brigade was moved back during the night to its original position, remained inactive throughout the 11th, and was captured, together with its division and brigade commanders, in the early morning of the 12th.

General Edward Johnson, the division commander, in his report of this memorable morning, written on the 16th August following, virtually admits if the troops to the left of Steuart had held their ground with the same tenacity, the result would have been different, as the artillery could have gotten into position in the salient. He has this to say about Steuart: "The first assault was made on Steuart's front, which, after a fierce conflict, was repulsed; a second narrow but deep column then assaulted the salient; the artillery being absent, the troops were overpowered and gave away, when the enemy poured through our lines in immense numbers, taking possession to the right and left of the salient."

Lieutenant-Colonel W. M. Parsley, commanding Third North Carolina that morning, and who was captured in his works, says: "Steuart faced by the rear rank and continued to fight inside the lines until a second column attacked him in front, when, finding himself between two fires at short range, he was compelled to surrender."

Thus, on the 12th day of May, 1864, in front of Spotsylvania Courthouse, ceased to exist Steuart's brigade, composed of men who had followed various commanders from Manassas, in 1861, the Valley campaign with Jackson, down to Richmond and on through the several conflicts of '62, '63 and '64, not only without spot on their colors, and having the confidence of their leaders, but also complimented and honored for their endurance and heroism.

From this day to the closing scene at Appomattox the two North Carolina regiments served with Ramseur's—later Cox's—brigade, of Rodes's division, and the three Virginia regiments were consolidated with the remnants of Jones's brigade, of Gordon's division. In these separate commands a warm feeling always existed between the men who had stood firmly by each other on so many hardly contested fields.

They followed the fortunes of war under Early in the Washington city and Valley campaigns. The last seen of them by the writer was on the field of Winchester September 19, 1864, where he, after being baptized in the blood of the heroic and dauntless Rodes,* was himself so fearfully wounded as to be unfit for field duty ever after.

In the absence of the division and brigade reports, due to the capture of Generals Johnson and Steuart, a few errors have, of necessity, appeared in the report of General Ewell. The report, after describing the death of General Jones, and the discomfiture of his brigade, says: "Daniel's brigade of Rodes's, and Gordon's of Early's, were soon brought up and regained the lost ground, the latter capturing, by a dashing charge, several hundred prisoners." There was really little loss of ground. Battle was already up with Jones; and Steuart in time to assist in rallying Battle, when these two brigades advanced as heretofore described. Daniel and Gordon, both advancing on the traveled road, instead of the pike, found Doles's front, and there rendered that prompt assistance so much needed, which assistance was on Doles's, not Battle's, right. No troops were on either Steuart's right or left, except Battle and Stafford, and no prisoners were captured in that front, except the One-Hundred-and-Forty-Sixth New York, already mentioned.

The writer well remembers how sorely pressed was Doles when Jones was broken, but never knew who was sent to his assistance, as he was three hundred yards to the left of Doles; but it is safe to infer that as Daniel and Gordon were not with Steuart, and yet being in the front, they must have been with Doles. The history of this part of the line in action is, that Battle rallied on Steuart's right, and when "formed on the ground first occupied" they were the only troops that moved forward in that front, or, at least, that came up to that front. As to the two howitzers captured, they were claimed by

*General Rodes was bending from his saddle and giving instructions to Colonel Thruston when the fatal bullet pierced his brain. He fell, without a groan, in the arms of the colonel, saturating him with the warm life current.

General Rodes for Battle, and he, ever tenacious of the rights of his men, only compromised by calling it a joint capture of Battle and Steuart. As before stated, when Battle emerged from the thicket, he closed to the right, which threw him, when on a line with the two guns, at least one hundred yards to the right of them, while Steuart, keeping the direction of the pike, came up in front, and after holding them all day, had them secured at night. It is also a fact known to the entire brigade, that Colonel Brown, First North Carolina, with his own hands pulled the lieutenant in charge of the guns from his horse, and held possession of the horse until required to turn him in. It was at this point Captain Cantwell, F company, Lieutenant Lyon, H company, and Adjutant T. C. James, all of the Third North Carolina, succeeded in turning the two guns upon the enemy, but were unable to fire, as they were empty and there was no ammunition, and in this act of duty James lost his right arm. From these facts Steuart ever claimed the guns as his capture.

The only "counter attack" made by Steuart and Battle was that immediately following the death of the lamented Jones, with the results above indicated; this being ended, the troops lay quietly building breastworks all the afternoon on the line selected, and where they remained until moved by the right to Spotsylvania, May the 8th.

General Ewell, in his report, makes no mention whatever of Steuart's brigade on the evening of the 10th, in the recapture of Doles's works. The facts are as hereinbefore stated. Steuart, facing by the rear rank, left his works and advancing across to Doles's line took an active part in that engagement. The two North Carolina regiments had served in Doles's brigade from the "Seven Days' battles around Richmond" through the "Second Manassas" and Maryland campaign to Fredericksburg, 13th December, 1862. The men quickly recognized their old comrades and felt much interest in assisting that gallant brigade.

This report is written from memory, aided by a diary and a sketch of the battlefield of the 5th of May, made on the 7th, and both preserved to this day. The sketch, a copy of which is sent herewith, was made without instruments, consequently the distances are estimated; the relative positions as they apply to Jones, Battle, Steuart, and Stafford are correct, and show them in the proper places, at the several hours named, with the estimated distances passed over. The positions of the other troops have been filled in from General Ewell's report.

Few incidents of individual conduct have been mentioned aside from the general behavior of the troops in the several conflicts; being on the right nothing, but the generalities of the left could be seen, and many seen have been forgotten; for this reason mention is made of no personal incident in either of the three splendid Virginia regiments, they being continuously on the left.

Colonel Brown, First North Carolina, is living somewhere in Tennessee; Colonel Williams, Thirty-seventh Virginia, in or near Abingdon, Virginia; the colonels of the Tenth and Twenty-third Virginia have passed away. If either, or both, of those living, or any member of either of the regiments of Steuart's brigade happen to see this, it is earnestly solicited that any alterations, additions, or corrections, necessary to a truthful history, may be given publication, the writer's only object being to put the five regiments in their true light before their countrymen now living, and more particularly those to come after.

Believing some of my comrades will see this and recognize the motives which have dictated it, and hoping this feeble effort may meet with that appreciation its intent demands, this narrative is submitted, subject to the criticism of any and all the surviving true men actively engaged in battle on either or all of the days covered by it.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

S. D. Thruston,
Colonel Third North Carolina Infantry, Steuart's Brigade.

Death of Stonewall Jackson.

BY DR. HUNTER McGUIRE, MEDICAL DIRECTOR OF JACKSON'S CORPS.

Supported upon either side by his aids—Captain James P. Smith and Joseph Morrison—the General moved slowly and painfully towards the rear. Occasionally resting for a moment to shake off the exhaustion which pain and the loss of blood produced, he at last reached the line of battle, where most of the men were lying down to escape the shell and canister with which the Federals raked the road. General Pender rode up here to the little party and asked who was wounded, and Captain Smith, who had been instructed by General Jackson to tell no one of his injury, simply answered, "A

Confederate officer"; but Pender recognized the General, and, springing from his horse, hurriedly expressed his regret, and added that his lines were so much broken he feared it would be necessary to fall back. At this moment the scene was a fearful one. The air seemed to be alive with the shrieks of shells and the whistling of bullets; horses, riderless and mad with fright, dashed in every direction; hundreds left the ranks and fled to the rear, and the groans of the wounded and dying mingled with the wild shouts of others to be led again to the assault. Almost fainting as he was, from loss of blood, fearfully wounded, and as he thought dying, Jackson was undismayed by this terrible scene. The words of Pender seemed to rouse him to life. Pushing aside the men who supported him, he stretched himself to his full height and answered feebly, but distinctly enough to be heard above the din of the battle: "General Pender, you must hold on to the field; you must hold out to the last."

It was Jackson's last order upon the field of battle. Still more exhausted by this effort, he asked to be permitted to lie down for a few moments, but the danger from the fire, and capture by the Federal advance, was too imminent, and his aids hurried him on. A litter having been obtained, he was placed upon it, and the bearers passed on as rapidly as the thick woods and rough ground permitted. Unfortunately, another one of the bearers was struck down, and the litter having been supported at each of the four corners by a man, fell and threw the General to the ground. The fall was a serious one, and as he touched the earth he gave, for the first time, expression to his suffering, and groaned piteously.

Captain Smith sprang to his side, and as he raised his head a bright beam of moonlight made its way through the thick foliage and rested upon the pale face of the sufferer. The captain was startled by its great pallor and stillness, and cried out: "Oh! General, are you seriously hurt?" "No," he answered, "don't trouble yourself, my friend, about me;" and presently added something about winning the battle first and attending to the wounded afterwards. He was placed upon the litter again, and carried a few hundred yards, when I met him with an ambulance. I knelt down by him and said, "I hope you are not badly hurt, General." He replied very calmly but feebly, "I am badly injured, Doctor; I fear I am dying." After a pause he continued, "I am glad you have come. I think the wound in my shoulder is still bleeding." His clothes were saturated with blood, and hemorrhage was still going on from the wound. Compression of the artery with the finger arrested it

until, lights being procured from the ambulance, the handkerchief, which had slipped a little, was readjusted.

His calmness amid the dangers which surrounded him and at the supposed presence of death, and his uniform politeness, which did not forsake him, even under these, the most trying circumstances, were remarkable. His complete control, too, over his mind, enfeebled as it was by loss of blood, pain, &c., was wonderful. His suffering at this time was intense; his hands were cold, his skin clammy, his face pale, and his lips compressed and bloodless; not a groan escaped him—not a sign of suffering except the slight corrugation of his brow, the fixed, rigid face, and the thin lips so tightly compressed that the impression of the teeth could be seen through them. Except these, he controlled by his iron will all evidence of emotion, and more difficult than this even, he controlled that disposition to restlessness, which many of us have observed upon the field of battle, attending great loss of blood. Some whiskey and morphia were procured from Dr. Straith and administered to him, and placing him in the ambulance it was started for the corps field infirmary at the Wilderness tavern. Colonel Crutchfield, his chief of artillery, was also in the ambulance wagon. He had been wounded very seriously in the leg, and was suffering intensely.

The General expressed, very feelingly, his sympathy for Crutchfield, and once, when the latter groaned aloud, he directed the ambulance to stop, and requested me to see if something could not be done for his relief. Torches had been provided, and every means taken to carry them to the hospital as safely and easily as possible. I sat in the front part of the ambulance, with my finger resting upon the artery above the wound, to arrest bleeding if it should occur. When I was recognized by acquaintances and asked who was wounded, the General would tell me to say, "A Confederate officer." At one time he put his right hand upon my head, and pulling me down to him, asked if Crutchfield was dangerously injured. When answered "No, only painfully hurt," he replied, "I am glad it is no worse." In a few moments after Crutchfield did the same thing, and when he was told that the General was very seriously wounded, he groaned and cried out, "Oh, my God!" It was for this that the General directed the ambulance to be halted, and requested that something should be done for Crutchfield's relief.

After reaching the hospital he was placed in bed, covered with blankets, and another drink of whiskey and water given him. Two hours and a half elapsed before sufficient reaction took place to

warrant an examination. At 2 o'clock, Sunday morning, Surgeons Black, Walls and Coleman being present, I informed him that chloroform would be given him, and his wounds examined. I told him that amputation would probably be required, and asked if it was found necessary whether it should be done at once. He replied promptly: "Yes, certainly. Dr. McGuire, do for me whatever you think best." Chloroform was then administered, and as he began to feel its effects, and its relief to the pain he was suffering, he exclaimed: "What an infinite blessing," and continued to repeat the word "blessing," until he became insensible. The round ball (such as is used for the smooth-bore Springfield musket), which had lodged under the skin upon the back of his right hand, was extracted first. It had entered the palm about the middle of the hand, and had fractured two of the bones. The left arm was then amputated about two inches below the shoulder, very rapidly and with slight loss of blood, the ordinary circular operation having been made. There were two wounds in his arm. The first and most serious was about three inches below the shoulder-joint, the ball dividing the main artery and fracturing the bone. The second was several inches in length; a ball having entered the outside of the forearm, an inch below the elbow, came out upon the opposite side just above the wrist. Throughout the whole of the operation, and until all the dressings were applied, he continued insensible. Two or three slight wounds of the skin of his face, received from the branches of trees when his horse dashed through the woods, were dressed simply with isinglass plaster.

About half-past 3 o'clock, Colonel (then Major) Pendleton, the assistant adjutant-general, arrived at the hospital and asked to see the General. He stated that General Hill had been wounded, and that the troops were in great disorder. General Stuart was in command, and had sent him to see the General. At first I declined to permit an interview, but the colonel urged that the safety of the army and success of the cause depended upon his seeing him. When he entered the tent the General said: "Well, major, I am glad to see you. I thought you were killed." Pendleton briefly explained the condition of affairs, gave Stuart's message, and asked what should be done. General Jackson was at once interested, and asked in his quick, rapid way several questions. When they were answered, he remained silent for a moment, evidently trying to think; he contracted his brow, set his mouth, and for some moments was obviously endeavoring to concentrate his thoughts. For a moment it was

believed he had succeeded, for his nostril dilated, and his eye flashed its old fire, but it was only for a moment; his face relaxed again, and presently he answered very feebly and sadly, "I don't know, I can't tell; say to General Stuart he must do what he thinks best." Soon after this he slept for several hours, and seemed to be doing well. The next morning he was free from pain, and expressed himself sanguine of recovery. He sent his aide-de-camp, Morrison, to inform his wife of his injuries, and to bring her at once to see him. The following note from General Lee was read to him that morning by Captain Smith: "I have just received your note, informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory, which is due to your skill and energy." He replied: "General Lee should give the praise to God."

About 10 o'clock his right side began to pain him so much that he asked me to examine it. He said he had injured it in falling from the litter the night before, and believed that he had struck it against a stone or the stump of a sapling. No evidence of injury could be discovered by examination. The skin was not broken or bruised, and the lung performed, as far as I could tell, its proper functions. Some simple application was recommended, in the belief that the pain would soon disappear.

At this time the battle was raging fearfully, and the sound of the cannon and musketry could be distinctly heard at the hospital. The General's attention was attracted to it from the first, and when the noise was at its height, and indicated how fiercely the conflict was being carried on, he directed all of his attendants, except Captain Smith, to return to the battlefield and attend to their different duties. By 8 o'clock Sunday night the pain in his side had disappeared, and in all respects he seemed to be doing well. He inquired minutely about the battle and the different troops engaged, and his face would light up with enthusiasm and interest when told how this brigade acted, or that officer displayed conspicuous courage, and his head gave the peculiar shake from side to side, and he uttered his usual "Good, good," with unwonted energy when the gallant behavior of the "Stonewall brigade" was alluded to. He said "the men of that brigade will be some day proud to say to their children, 'I was one of the Stonewall brigade.'" He disclaimed any right of his own to the name Stonewall. "It belongs to the brigade, and not to me." This night he slept well, and was free from pain.

A message was received from General Lee the next morning directing me to remove the General to Guinea's station as soon as his condition would justify it, as there was some danger of capture by the Federals, who were threatening to cross at Ely's Ford. In the meantime, to protect the hospital, some troops were sent to this point. The General objected to being moved, if, in my opinion, it would do him any injury. He said he had no objection to staying in a tent, and would prefer it if his wife, when she came, could find lodging in a neighboring house; "and if the enemy does come," he added, "I am not afraid of them; I have always been kind to their wounded, and I am sure they will be kind to me." General Lee sent word again late that evening that he must be moved if possible, and preparations were made to leave the next morning. I was directed to accompany and remain with him, and my duties with the corps as medical director were turned over to the surgeon next in rank. General Jackson had previously declined to permit me to go with him to Guinea's, because complaints had been so frequently made of general officers, when wounded, carrying off with them the surgeons belonging to their commands. When informed of this order of the commanding-general he said, "General Lee has always been very kind to me, and I thank him." Very early Tuesday morning he was placed in an ambulance and started for Guinea's station, and about 8 o'clock that evening he arrived at the Chandler house, where he remained till he died. Captain Hotchkiss, with a party of engineers, was sent in front to clear the road of wood, stone, etc., and to order the wagons out of the track to let the ambulance pass.

The rough teamsters sometimes refused to move their loaded wagons out of the way for an ambulance until told that it contained Jackson, and then, with all possible speed, they gave the way and stood with hats off and weeping as he went by. At Spotsylvania Courthouse and along the whole route men and women rushed to the ambulance, bringing all the poor delicacies they had, and with tearful eyes they blessed him and prayed for his recovery. He bore the journey well, and was cheerful throughout the day. He talked freely about the late battle, and among other things said that he had intended to endeavor to cut the Federals off from United States ford, and taking a position between them and the river, oblige them to attack him; and he added, with a smile: "My men sometimes fail to drive the enemy from a position, but they always fail to drive us away." He spoke of Rodes, and alluded in high terms to his magnificent behavior on the field Saturday evening. He hoped he would

be promoted. He thought promotion for gallantry should be made at once, upon the field and not delayed. Made very early, or upon the field, they would be the greatest incentives to gallantry in others. He spoke of Colonel Willis (subsequently killed in battle), who commanded the skirmishers of Rodes's division, and praised him very highly, and referred to the deaths of Paxton and Boswell very feelingly. He alluded to them as officers of great merit and promise. The day was quite warm, and at one time he suffered from slight nausea. At his suggestion, I placed over his stomach a wet towel, and he expressed great relief from it. After he arrived at Chandler's house he ate some bread and tea with evident relish, and slept well throughout the entire night. Wednesday he was thought to be doing remarkably well. He ate heartily for one in his condition, and was uniformly cheerful.

I found his wounds to be very well to-day. Union by the first intention had taken place to some extent in the stump, and the rest of the surface of the wound exposed was covered with healthy granulations. The wound in his hand gave him little pain, and the discharge was healthy. Simple lint and water dressings were used, both for the stump and hand, and upon the palm of the latter a light, short splint was applied to assist in keeping at rest the fragments of the second and third metacarpal bones. He expressed great satisfaction when told that his wounds were healing, and asked if I could tell from their appearance how long he would probably be kept from the field. Conversing with Captain Smith a few moments afterwards, he alluded to his injuries, and said, "Many would regard them as a great misfortune; I regard them as one of the blessings of my life."

Captain Smith replied: "All things work together for good to those that love God."

"Yes," he answered, "that's it, that's it."

At my request Dr. Morrison came to-day and remained with him.

About 1 o'clock Thursday morning, while I was asleep upon a lounge in his room, he directed his servant (Jim) to apply a wet towel to his stomach to relieve an attack of nausea, with which he was again troubled. The servant asked permission to first consult me, but the General knowing that I had slept none for nearly three nights, refused to allow the servant to disturb me, and demanded the towel. About daylight I was aroused, and found him suffering great pain. An examination disclosed pleuro-pneumonia of the right side. I believed, and the consulting physicians concurred in the opinion, that it was attributable to the fall from the litter the night he was

wounded. The General himself referred it to this accident. I think the disease came on too soon after the application of the wet cloths to admit of the supposition, once believed, that it was induced by them. The nausea, for which the cloths were applied that night, may have been the result of inflammation already begun. Contusion of the lung, with extravasation of blood in his chest, was probably produced by the fall referred to, and shock and loss of blood prevented any ill effects until reaction had been well established, and then inflammation ensued. Cups were applied, and mercury, with antimony and opium, administered.

Towards the evening he became better, and hopes were again entertained of his recovery. Mrs. Jackson arrived to-day and nursed him faithfully to the end. She was a devoted wife and earnest Christian, and endeared us all to her by her great kindness and gentleness. The General's joy at the presence of his wife and child was very great, and for him unusually demonstrative. Noticing the sadness of his wife, he said to her tenderly: "I know you would gladly give your life for me, but I am perfectly resigned. Do not be sad. I hope I may yet recover. Pray for me, but always remember in your prayers to use the petition, 'Thy will be done.'"

Friday his wounds were again dressed, and although the quantity of the discharge from them had diminished, the process of healing was still going on. The pain in his side had disappeared, but he breathed with difficulty, and complained of a feeling of great exhaustion. When Dr. Breckenridge (who, with Dr. Smith, had been sent for in consultation) said he hoped that a blister which had been applied would afford him great relief, he expressed his own confidence in it, and in his final recovery.

Dr. Tucker, from Richmond, arrived on Saturday, and all that human skill could devise was done to stay the hand of death. He suffered no pain to-day, and his breathing was less difficult, but he was evidently hourly growing weaker.

When his child was brought to him to-day he played with it for some time, frequently caressing it and calling it his "little comforter." At one time he raised his wounded hand above his head and closing his eyes, was for some moments silently engaged in prayer. He said to me: "I see from the number of physicians that you think my condition dangerous, but I thank God, if it is His will, that I am ready to go."

About daylight on Sunday morning Mrs. Jackson informed him that his recovery was very doubtful, and that it was better that he

should be prepared for the worst. He was silent for a moment, and then said: "It will be infinite gain to be translated to Heaven." He advised his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house, and added: "You have a kind and good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father." He still expressed a hope of his recovery, but requested her, if he should die, to have him buried in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia. His exhaustion increased so rapidly that at 11 o'clock Mrs. Jackson knelt by his bed and told him that before the sun went down he would be with his Saviour. He replied: "Oh, no; you are frightened, my child; death is not so near; I may yet get well." She fell over upon the bed, weeping bitterly, and told him again that the physicians said there was no hope. After a moment's pause he asked her to call me. "Doctor, Anna informs me that you have told her that I am to die to-day; is it so?" When he was answered, he turned his eyes toward the ceiling and gazed for a moment or two as if in intense thought, then replied: "Very good, very good, it is all right." He then tried to comfort his almost heart-broken wife, and told her that he had a great deal to say to her, but he was too weak.

Colonel Pendleton came into the room about 1 o'clock, and he asked him, "Who was preaching at headquarters to-day?" When told that the whole army was praying for him, he replied: "Thank God, they are very kind." He said: "It is the Lord's Day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday."

His mind now began to fail and wander, and he frequently talked as if in command upon the field, giving orders in his old way; then the scene shifted and he was at the mess-table, in conversation with members of his staff; now with his wife and child; now at prayers with his military family. Occasional intervals of return of his mind would appear, and during one of them I offered him some brandy and water, but he declined it, saying, "It will only delay my departure, and do no good; I want to preserve my mind, if possible, to the last." About half-past one he was told that he had but two hours to live, and he answered again, feebly, but firmly, "Very good, it is all right."

A few moments before he died he cried out in his delirium, "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action! Pass the infantry to the front rapidly! Tell Major Hawks ——," then stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished. Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face, and he cried quietly and with an expression as if of

relief, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees"; and then, without pain or the least struggle, his spirit passed from earth to the God who gave it.

Address of J. C. C. Black, at the Unveiling of the Hill Statue, Atlanta, Georgia, May 1, 1886.

[Hon. B. H. Hill bore no unworthy part in the great Confederate struggle, and we are glad to be able to preserve in our records the following eloquent tribute to his memory by our gallant friend who rode with John H. Morgan during the war, and who has so well illustrated what "the men who wore the gray" can do in peace.]

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

History has furnished but one perfect character, humanity has but one example in all things worthy of imitation. And yet all ages and countries have recognized that those who, devoting themselves to the public service have led the people through great perils, and by distinguished careers added to the just renown of their country, were entitled to their highest respect, honor and veneration.

The children of Israel wept for their great leader and deliverer on the plains of Moab. The men of Athens gathered at the graves of those who fell at Marathon and pronounced panegyrics upon them. This sentiment is an honor to the living as well as the dead. It is just, for no merely human pursuit is higher than that public service which honestly and intelligently devotes itself to the common weal. There is no study more worthy of the highest faculties of the mind than that which seeks after the nature of civil government, applies it to its legitimate uses and ends, and properly limits its powers. No object is more worthy of the noblest philanthropy of the heart than society and the State. It is not only honorable and just, but like all high sentiment, it is useful—for honors to the dead are incentives to the living. Monuments to our great and good should be multiplied. May I take the liberty on this occasion of suggesting to the bar and people of the State to provide a fitting memorial to the distinguished Chief Justice who so long presided over our Supreme Court, whose decisions are such splendid specimens of judicial research and learning, and whose career recalls Wharton's picture of Nottingham "seated upon his throne with a ray of glory about his head, his er-

mine without spot or blemish, his balance in his right hand, mercy on his left, splendor and brightness at his feet, and his tongue dispensing truth, goodness, virtue and justice to mankind." And by its side and worthy of such association, another to commemorate the sturdy virtue, unswerving fidelity under great trials, and worthy public career of that other Chief Justice who so recently passed from among us. The public disposition to honor the dead too often finds its only expression in the resolutions of public assemblies, and the exhibition in public places of emblems of mourning soon to be removed.

"And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab thirty days; so the days of weeping and mourning for Moses were ended." Too often the great and good lie in unknown sepulchres, or, if known, they are unmarked by any lasting monument. When the feeling does chrystalize in enduring marble or granite in most cases it is after painful effort and long delay. Eighteen years elapsed after the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill monument, erected by the patriotism of New England, before its completion was celebrated. The statue of Chief Justice Marshall, appointed during the second administration, was unveiled within a very recent period. Immediately after his death, in 1799, Congress voted a marble monument to Washington. Half a century elapsed before the foundation was laid. After this, for seven and thirty years, it remained unfinished. Although intended to commemorate the life and character of him who was "first in the hearts of his countrymen," and had just claims upon the treasury of the government, it stood as if insulting him whom it should have honored, symbol of nothing but the ingratitude of the country, prophecy of nothing but a broken Constitution, a divided people and a disrupted Union. Its completion was not celebrated until the 21st day of February, 1885—more than three-quarters of a century after the resolution of Congress voting it.

The history of these similar organizations marks with peculiar emphasis that of the Association whose completed work we come to celebrate with becoming ceremony. Amidst profound and universal expressions of grief at the public calamity to the country inflicted by his death—on the 18th day of August, 1882, his body was buried to await the dawn of that resurrection day of which he so beautifully wrote after he could no longer speak. Within a few days after his burial, a public meeting was called to assemble in the State capitol on the 29th day of August thereafter. That meeting resolved itself into an organization that undertook the patriotic duty of commemo-

rating his public life by some fit and enduring memorial. The success, brilliant as his own resplendent career, which calls us together within less than half a decade after its inauguration to crown the completion of its work, is highly honorable to those who have achieved it, but most honorable to him who inspired it. It has few, if any, parallels. It is in itself a more fitting and eloquent oration than human language can pronounce, for that may speak in exaggerated phrase of the worth of the dead and the sorrow of the living; this is love's own tribute; this is grief's truthful expression.

As we come to dedicate this statue to his name and memory, all the surroundings are most auspicious. No place could have preferred a claim above this. It was his own home; it is the Capital of the State, and his fame is a common heritage. The progressive spirit that has already made this populous and growing city the pride of every citizen, the wonder of every stranger, shall furnish opportunity to speak, as it shall speak, to the largest number of beholders. It is the time, too, when all over this Southern land, in the observance of a custom that should be perpetuated, fair women and brave men pay tribute to our dead. May we not think of the spirits of our honored dead who preceded him in our history, as well as those of his worthy cotemporaries, coming from that world where no uncharity misjudges, no prejudice blinds, no jealousy suspicions, to hover over us and rejoice in the tributes of this day. And surely, if the honor this occasion pays the dead could be enhanced, or the joy it imparts to the living could be heightened by human presence, we have that augmented honor, and that elevated joy in the presence of one worthily ranked among the most renowned of the living, whose strength of devotion to our lamented dead has overcome the infirmities of age, and the weariness of travel, and who comes to mingle his praises with ours. Illustrious son of the South, thy silent presence is loftier tribute than spoken oration or marble statue or assembled thousands. Alas! Alas! we this day mourn the silence of the only tongue that could fittingly and adequately voice the honor we would confer upon thee. Beside the grave of him who never swerved in his devotion to thee and the cause of which thou wert and art the worthy representative, we this day acknowledge thy just claim upon the confidence, esteem, love and veneration of ourselves and our posterity. May these auspicious surroundings help us to commemorate the life and character of him in whose honor we are assembled, and move us with the higher purposes of devotion to our State and country that life and character inspire.

As a son of Georgia he eminently merits this enduring memorial and all the honors conferred by this vast concourse of his grateful and admiring countrymen. Born upon her soil, reared among her people, educated at her schools, permeated by the influences of her society and civilization, he plead with an eloquence unsurpassed by any of her sons for whatever would promote her weal, and warned against every danger his sagacious eye detected threatening her prosperity. Called into public service at an early age, he at once gave assurance of the high distinction he afterwards attained. For years his public career was a struggle against prevailing principles and policies he believed to be dangerous, and he stood conspicuous against as powerful a combination of ability and craft as ever ruled in the politics of any State. Upon every field where her proudest gladiators met, he stood the peer of the knightliest. He did not always achieve popular success, but that has been true of the greatest and best. His apparent failures to achieve victory only called for a renewal of the struggle with unbroken spirit and purpose. Failure he did not suffer, for his very defeats were victories. To say, as may be justly said, that he was conspicuous among those who have made our history for thirty years is high encomium. During that period the most memorable events of our past have transpired. It recalls besides his own the names and careers of Stephens, Toombs, the Cobbs, Johnson and Jenkins. In what sky has brighter galaxy ever shone? The statesmanship, the oratory, the public and private virtue it exhibits should swell every breast with patriotic pride. In some of the highest qualifications of leadership none of his day surpassed him. He did not seek success by the schemes of hidden caucus or crafty manipulation. He won his triumphs on the arena of open, fair debate before the people. An earnest student of public questions, he boldly proclaimed his conclusions. The power of opposing majorities did not deter him. As a leader of minorities he was unequalled. As an orator at the forum, before a popular assembly or Convention, in the House of Representatives, or the Senate Chamber in Congress, he was the acknowledged equal of the greatest men who have illustrated our State and national history for a quarter of a century. He was thoroughly equipped with a masterly logic, a captivating eloquence, a burning invective, a power of denunciation—with every weapon in the armory of spoken and written language, and used all with a force and skill that entitled him as a debater to the highest distinction. While the most unfriendly criticism cannot deny him the highest gifts of oratory, some have withheld from him

the praise due to that calm judgment that looks at results, that political foresight that belongs to a wise statesmanship. Judged by this just standard, who among the distinguished sons of Georgia, in that period when her people most needed that judgment and sagacity, is entitled to a higher honor? Who more clearly foresaw in the clouds that flecked our political sky the storm that was coming? What watchman, stationed to signal the first approach of danger, had more far-reaching vision? What pilot, charged with the guidance of the ship of State, struggled more earnestly to guide it into clearer skies and calmer seas? With that devotion to the Union that always characterized him, and believing that the wrongs of which we justly complained could be better redressed in than out of the Union, or had better be borne than the greater evils that would follow dissolution, he opposed the secession of the State. We may not now undertake to trace the operation of the causes that brought about that event. We can justly appreciate how it could not appear to others as it did to us. As to us, it was not prompted by hatred of the Union resting in the consent of the people, and governed by the Constitution of our fathers. It was not intended to subvert the vital principles of the government they founded, but to perpetuate them. The government of the new did not differ in its form or any of its essential principles from the old Confederacy. The Constitutions were the same, except such changes as the wisdom of experience suggested. The Southern Confederacy contemplated no invasion or conquest. Its chief corner-stone was not African slavery. Its foundations were laid in the doctrines of the Fathers of the Republic, and the chief corner-stone was the essential fundamental principle of free government; that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. Its purpose was not to perpetuate the slavery of the black race, but to preserve the liberty of the white race of the South. It was another declaration of American Independence. In the purity of their motives, in the loftiness of their patriotism, in their love of liberty, they who declared and maintained the first were not wortheir than they who declared, and failed, in the last. Animated by such purposes, aspiring to such destiny, feeling justified then (and without shame now), we entered upon that movement. It was opposed by war on the South and her people. What was the South, and who were her people? There are those who seem to think she nurtured a Upas whose very shadow blighted wherever it fell, and made her civilization inferior. What was that civilization? Let its products as seen in the people it pro-

duced, and the character and history of that people answer. Where do you look for the civilization of a people? In their history, in their achievements, in their institutions, in their character, in their men and women, in their love of liberty and country, in their fear of God, in their contributions to the progress of society and the race. Measured by this high standard, where was there a grander and nobler civilization than hers? Where has there been greater love of learning than that which established her colleges and universities? Where better preparatory schools, sustained by private patronage and not the exactions of the tax-gatherer—now unhappily dwarfed and well-nigh blighted by our modern system. Whose people had higher sense of personal honor? Whose business and commerce were controlled by higher integrity? Whose public men had cleaner hands and purer records? Whose soldiers were braver or knightlier? Whose orators more eloquent and persuasive? Whose statesmen more wise and conservative? Whose young men more chivalric? Whose young women more chaste? Whose fathers and mothers worthier examples? Whose homes more abounded in hospitality as genial and free to every friendly comer as the sun that covered them with its splendor? Where was there more respect for woman, for the church, for the Sabbath, for God, and for the law, which, next to God, is entitled to the highest respect and veneration of man, for it is the fittest representative of His awful majesty, and power and goodness? Where was there more love of home, of country and of liberty? Deriving their theories of government from the Constitution, her public officers never abandoned those principles upon which alone the government could stand; esteeming their public virtue as highly as their private honor, they watched and exposed every form of extravagance, and every approach of corruption. Her religious teachers, deriving their theology from the Bible, guarded the Church from being spoiled "through philosophy and vain deceit after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." Her women adorned the highest social circles of Europe and America with their modesty, beauty and culture. Her men, in every society, won a higher title than "the grand old name of 'gentleman'"—that of "Southern gentlemen." This in herself what contributions did she make to the material growth of the country! Look at the map of that country and see the five States formed out of the territory north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi generously and patriotically surrendered by Virginia. Look at that vast extent of country acquired under the administration of one of her

Presidents, which to-day constitutes the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota west of the Mississippi, Colorado north of the Arkansas, besides the Indian Territory and the Territories of Dakota, Wyoming and Montana.

Is it asked what she had added to the glories of the Republic? Who wrote the Declaration of Independence? Jefferson. Who led the armies of the Republic in maintaining and establishing that independence? "Who gave mankind new ideas of greatness?" Who has furnished the sublimest illustration of self-government? Who has taught us that human virtue can set proper limits to human ambition? Who has taught the ruled of the world that man may be entrusted with power? Who has taught the rulers of the world when and how to surrender power? Of whom did Bancroft write, "but for him the country would not have achieved its independence, but for him it could not have formed its Union, and now, but for him it could not set the Federal Government in successful motion"? Of whom did Erskine say, "you are the only being for whom I have an awful reverence"? Of whom did Charles James Fox say in the House of Commons, "illustrious man, before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance"? Washington.

What State first made the call for the convention that framed the Constitution? Virginia. Who was the father of the Constitution? Madison. Who made our system of jurisprudence, unsurpassed by the civil law of Rome and the common law of England? Marshall. Who was Marshall's worthy successor? Taney. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, Taney—these were her sons. Their illustrious examples, their eminent services, the glory they shed upon the American name and character were her contributions to the common renown. Is it asked where her history was written? It was written upon the brightest page of American annals. It was written upon the records of the convention that made the Constitution. It was written in the debates of Congresses that met, not to wrangle over questions of mere party supremacy, but, like statesmen and philosophers, to discuss and solve great problems of human government. It was written in the decisions of the country's most illustrious judges, in the treaties of her most skillful diplomats, in the blood of the Revolution, and the battles of every subsequent war, led by her generals from Chippewa to the proud halls of the Montezumas.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who to himself hath never said,
'This is my own, my native land'?"

Forced to defend our homes and liberties after every honorable effort for peaceful separation, we went to war. Our leaders were worthy of their high commission. I say our leaders, for I believe that he who led our armies was not more loyal, and made no better use of the resources at his command than he to whom was entrusted our civil administration. Our people sealed their sincerity with the richest treasure ever offered, and the noblest holocaust ever consumed upon the altar of country. To many of you who enjoy the honor of having participated in it the history is known. You ought to prove yourselves worthy of that honor by teaching that history to those who come after you. Though in no wise responsible for it, though he had warned and struggled to avert it, Georgia's fortune was his fortune, Georgia's destiny was his destiny, though it led to war. Others who had been influential in bringing about dissolution and the first to take up arms, engendered disaffection, by petty cavils, discouraged when they should have cheered, weakened when they should have strengthened, but the spirit of his devotion never faltered, and through all the stormy life of the young republic, what Stonewall Jackson was to Lee, he was to Davis. If the soldier who leads his country through the perils of war is entitled to his country's praise and honor, no less the statesman who furnishes and sustains the resources of war. Our flag went down at Appomattox. Weakened by stabs behind, inflicted by hands that should have upheld; her front covered with the wounds of the mightiest war of modern times; dripping with as pure blood as ever hallowed freedom's cause, our Confederacy fell, and Liberty stood weeping at the grave of her youngest and fairest daughter. Our peerless military chieftain went to the noble pursuit of supervising the education of the young, proclaiming that human virtue should be equal to human calamity. Our great civil chieftain went to prison and chains, and there as well as afterward in the dignified retirement of his private life for twenty years has shown how human virtue can be equal to human calamity. The one has gone, leaving us the priceless legacy of his most illustrious character; the other still lingers, bearing majestically the sufferings of his people, and calmly awaiting the summons that shall call him to the rewards and glories of those who have suffered for the right.

Our Southern soldiers returned to their desolated homes like true cavaliers, willing to acknowledge their defeat, abide in good faith the terms of the surrender, accept all the legitimate results of the issue, respect the prowess of those who had conquered, and resume their

relations to the government with all the duties those relations imposed. The victorious generals and leaders of the North awaited the highest honors a grateful people could confer. Their armies having operated over an area of 800,000 square miles in extent, bearing on their rolls on the day of disbandment 1,000,516 men, were peacefully dissolved. Then followed the most remarkable period in American history—in any history. After spending billions of treasure, and offering thousands of lives to establish that the States could not withdraw from the Union, it was not only declared that they were out of the Union, but the door of admission was closed against them. While it cannot be denied that gravest problems confronted those who were charged with the administration of the government, a just and impartial judgment must declare that the most ingenious statecraft could not have inspired a spirit which, if it permanently ruled, would more certainly have destroyed all the States. Its success would have been worse for the North than the success of the Southern Confederacy, for if final separation had been established, each new government would have retained the essentials of the old, while the dominance of this spirit would have destroyed every vital principle of our institutions. The success of the Confederacy would have divided the old into two Republics. If this spirit had ruled, it would have left no Republic. It was, therefore, a monumental folly, as well as crime. It was not born of the brave men who fought to preserve the Union; it was the offspring of that fanaticism that had in our early history, while the walls of the capital were blackened with the fires kindled by the invading army of England, threatened disunion, and from that day forward turned the ministers of religion into political Jacobins, degraded the church of God into a political junto, in the name of liberty denounced the Constitution and laws of the country, and by ceaseless agitation from press and rostrum and pulpit, lashed the people into the fury of war.

In this presence, at the bar of the enlightened public opinion of America and the world, I arraign that fell spirit of fanaticism, and charge it with all the treasure expended and blood shed on both sides of that war, all the sufferings and sacrifices it cost, and all the fearful ruin it wrought. And in the name of the living and the dead I warn you, my countrymen, against the admission of that spirit, under any guise or pretext, into your social or political systems.

There are trials severer than war, and calamities worse than the defeat of arms. The South was to pass through such trials and be threatened with such calamities by the events of that period. Now

and then it seems that all the latent and pent up forces of the natural world are turned loose for terrible destruction. The foundations of the earth, laid in the depths of the ages, are shaken by mighty upheavals, the heavens, whose blackness is unrelieved by a single star, roll their portentous thunderings, "and nature, writhing in pain through all her works, gives signs of woe." The fruits of years of industry are swept away in an hour; the landmarks of ages are obliterated without a vestige; the sturdiest oak that has struck deep its roots in the bosom of the earth is the plaything of the maddened winds; the rocks that mark the formation of whole geological periods are rent, and deep gorges in the mountain side, like ugly scars in the face of the earth, tell of the force and fury of the storm. Such was that period to our social, domestic, and political institutions. Law no longer held its benign sway, but gave place to the mandate of petty dictators enforced by the bayonet. What little of property remained was held by no tenure but the capricious will of the plunderer; liberty and life were at the mercy of the conqueror; the sanctity of home was invaded; vice triumphed over virtue; ignorance ruled in lordly and haughty dominion over intelligence; the weak were oppressed; the unoffending insulted; the fallen warred on; truth was silenced; falsehood, unblushing and brazen, stalked abroad unchallenged; anxiety filled every heart; apprehension clouded every prospect; despair shadowed every hearthstone; society was disorganized; Legislatures dispersed; judges torn from their seats by the strong arm of military power; States subverted; arrests made, trials had and sentences pronounced without evidence; madness, lust, hate, and crime of every hue, defiant, wicked, and diabolical, ruled the hour, until the very air was rent with the cry, and heaven's deep concave echoed the wail:

"Alas! Our country sinks beneath the yoke. It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash is added to her wounds."

All this Georgia and her sister States of the South suffered at the hands of her enemies, but more cruel than wrongs done by hostile hands were the wounds inflicted by some of their own children. They basely bartered themselves for the spoils of office. They aligned themselves with the enemies of the people and their liberties until the battle was fought, and then, with satanic effrontery, insulted the presence of the virtuous and the brave by coming among them, and forever fixed upon their own ignoble brows the stigma of a double treachery by proclaiming that they had joined our enemies to betray them. They were enemies to the mother who had nur-

tured them. "They bowed the knee and spit upon her; they cried, 'Hail!' and smote her on the cheek; they put a scepter into her hand, but it was a fragile reed; they crowned her, but it was with thorns; they covered with purple the wounds which their own hands had inflicted on her, and inscribed magnificent titles over the cross on which they had fixed her to perish in ignominy and pain." They had quarreled with and weakened the Confederacy, out of pretended love for the *habeas corpus*, and now they sustained a government that trampled upon every form of law and every principle of liberty. They had been foremost in leading the people into war, and now they turned upon them to punish them for treason. Even some who were still loyal at heart, appalled by the danger that surrounded, overwhelmed by the powers that threatened us, were timid in spirit and stood silent witnesses of their country's ruin. Others there were, many others, as loyal, brave, noble, heroic spirits as ever enlisted in freedom's cause. They could suffer defeat in honorable war, but would not, without resistance, though fallen, submit to insult and oppression. Their fortunes were destroyed, their fields desolated, their homes laid in ashes, their hopes blighted, but they would not degrade their manhood. To their invincible spirit and heroic resistance we are indebted for the peace, prosperity, and good government we enjoy to-day. Long live their names and deeds. Let our poets sing them in undying song; let our historians register them in imperishable records; let our teachers teach them in our schools; let our mothers recount them in our homes; let the painter transfer their very forms and features to the canvas to adorn our public halls; let the deft hand of the sculptor chisel them out of the granite and marble to beautify our thoroughfares; let every true heart and memory, born and to be born, embalm them forever.

Among all the true sons of Georgia and of the South in that day, one form stands conspicuous. No fear blanched his cheek, no danger daunted his courageous soul. His very presence imparted courage, his very eye flashed enthusiasm. Unawed by power, unbribed by honor, he stood in the midst of the perils that environed him, brave as Paul before the Sanhedrim, ready for bonds or death, true as the men at Runnymede, and as eloquent as Henry kindling the fires of the Revolution. As we look back upon that struggle one figure above all others fixes our admiring gaze. His crested helmet waves high where the battle is fiercest, the pure rays of the sun reflected from his glittering shield are not purer than the fires that burn in the breast it covers. His clarion voice rang out louder

than the din of battle, like the bugle blast of a Highland Chief resounding over hill and mountain and glen, summoning his clans to the defence of home and liberty, and thrilled every heart and nerved every arm.

It was the form and voice of Hill.

Not only is he entitled to the honor we confer upon him by the events of this day, and higher honor, if higher there could be, as a Georgian, but as a son of the South. The great West boasts that it gave Lincoln to the country and the world. New England exults with peculiar pride in the name and history of Webster, and one of her most distinguished sons, upon the recent occasion of the completion of the Washington monument, in an oration worthy of his subject, did not hesitate to say: "I am myself a New Englander by birth. A son of Massachusetts, bound by the strongest ties of affection and of blood to honor and venerate the earlier and the later worthies of the old Puritan Commonwealth, jealous of their fair fame, and ever ready to assert and vindicate their just renown." Why should not we cherish the same honorable sentiment, and point with pride to the names with which we have adorned our country's history? What is there in our past of which we need be ashamed? What is there in which we ought not to glory?

They tell us to let the dead Past be buried. Well, be it so. We are willing to forget; we this day proclaim and bind it by the highest sanction—the sacred obligation of Southern honor—that we have forgotten all of the past that should not be cherished. We stand in the way of no true progress. We freely pledge our hearts and hands to every thing that will promote the prosperity and glory of our country. But there is a past that is not dead—that cannot die. It moves upon us, it speaks to us. Every instinct of noble manhood, every impulse of gratitude, every obligation of honor demand that we cherish it. We are bound to it by ties stronger than the cable that binds the continents, and laid as deep in human nature. We cannot cease to honor it until we lose the sentiment that has moved all ages and countries. We find the expression of that sentiment in every memorial we erect to commemorate those we love. In the unpretentious slab of the country churchyard, in the painted windows of the cathedral, in the unpolished head-stone and the costliest mausolem of our cities of the dead. It dedicated the Roman Pantheon. It has filled Trafalgar Square and Westminster Abbey with memorials of those who for centuries have made the poetry, the literature, the science, the statesmanship, the oratory, the military and

naval glory—the civilization of England. It has adorned the squares of our own Washington City and filled every rotunda, corridor and niche of the Capitol with statues and monuments and busts, until we have assembled a congress of the dead to instruct, inspire and guide the Congress of the living, while, higher than all surrounding objects, towering above the lofty dome of the Capitol, stands the obelisk to Washington.

Long may it stand, fit but inadequate symbol of that colossal character. Of all the works of man, it lifts its head nearest to the bright luminary of nature, so that every rising sun joins all human voices, and with the first kiss of the morning proclaims him favorite of all the family of men. May it and the character it commemorates, and the lessons that character teaches, abide with us until the light of that sun is extinguished by the final darkness that shall mark the end of the days.

Taught by these high examples, moved by this lofty sentiment of mankind, we this day renew the allegiance of ourselves, and pledge that of our posterity to the memory of our Southern dead.

No son of the South had higher claims upon our gratitude than he whom we this day honor. Against his convictions he followed the South into secession and war. True to her in the days of the war she waged for separate nationality ; true to her in the darker days that followed that war, when she was denied admission into the Union, after her restoration he stood in the House of Representatives and the Senate Chamber the bravest and most eloquent of her defenders, resisting every invasion of her rights, and defiantly and triumphantly hurling back every assault upon her honor. Not only as a son of Georgia and the South does he merit the tribute of our highest praise, but as a citizen of the Republic. He was a profound student of our system of government, and his knowledge of that system was not only displayed in his public utterances, but is written in the lives and characters of the young men of Georgia who learned from him at the State University, and who, in all the departments of the public service, are entering into careers of the highest usefulness and distinction. "*Melius est petere fontes quam sectari rivulos.*" Madison and Webster were his teachers. Never did student have better teachers; never teachers better student. Webster was not more intense in his love for the Union as originally established by the founders of the Republic. With the underlying principles of that Union he was familiar. To him the American Union was not the territory over which the flag floated and the laws were ad-

ministered. It was a system of government embracing a general government for general purposes, and local governments for local purposes, each like the spheres in the heavens, to be confined to its own orbit, and neither could invade the domain of the other without chaos and ruin. In the solution of all problems, in the discussion of all questions, in the shaping of all policies, he looked to the Constitution. As the fierceness of the storm only intensifies the gaze of the mariner on the star that shall lead him out of darkness and danger, so the greater the peril the more earnestly he contended for the principles of the Constitution. He regarded the American system of government as the wisest ever devised by the wisdom of men, guided by a beneficent Providence which seemed to have chosen them for the highest achievements of the race. He esteemed it not only for his own, but for all people the greatest production of man, the richest gift of heaven except the Bible and Christianity. But to him the States were as much a part of that system as the general government. His indissoluble union was composed of indestructible States. He opposed sectionalism under any guise, and from any quarter. As long as it spoke the truth, he honored and loved the flag of his country. For so long, wherever it floated, from the dome of the National Capitol at home, or under foreign skies; leading the armies of the Republic to deeds of highest valor in war, or signalizing the peaceful pursuits of commerce; at all times and everywhere, at home or abroad, on the land and on the sea, in peace or war, its stripes uttered one voice—of good will to its friends and proud defiance to its enemies—while the stars that glittered upon its ample folds told of free and equal States. Thus looking at it he could exclaim with patriotic fervor: Flag of the Union! Wave on, wave ever; wave over the great and prosperous North; wave over the thrifty and historic East; wave over the young and expanding West; wave over our own South, until the Union shall be so firmly planted in the hearts of all the people that no internecine war shall break our peace, no sectionalism shall disturb our harmony! Flag of the free! Wave on, until the nations looking upon thee shall catch the contagion of freedom; wave on until the light of knowledge illumines every mind, the fires of liberty burn in every breast, the fetters fall from every limb, the bonds are loosed from every conscience, and every son of earth and angel of heaven rejoices in the universal emancipation. There never was a time in his distinguished career when he would not have arrested and stricken down any arm lifted against that flag speaking the truth. But he would have it wave

over "States, not provinces; over freemen, not slaves;" and there never was a time when flaunting a lie, by whomsoever borne, he would not have despised and trampled upon it. This was true American patriotism.

Though loyal to Georgia and the South during the period of separation, he rejoiced at their restoration to the Union. No mariner tossed through long nights on unchosen and tempestuous seas ever hailed the day of return to tranquil port more gladly than he hailed the day of the restoration of the States. No son driven by fortunes he could not control from the paternal roof, ever left that roof with sadder parting than he left the Union, or returned from the storms without to the shelter of home with wilder transport of joy than he felt when the South was again admitted to "our Father's house."

Permanent peace and unity in republic or monarchy cannot be secured by the power of the sword or the authority of legislation. England, with all her power and statesmanship, has tried that for centuries and failed, and will continue to fail until her people and her rulers learn what her foremost statesman has recognized, that the unity of all governments of every form must rest in the respect and confidence of the people. If this principle had been observed after the war between the States, that dark chapter in our history, that must remain to dim the glory of American statesmanship, would have been unwritten. Wisely appreciating this principle after the admission of the true representatives of the people in Congress, with voice and pen, he devoted all the powers of his great mind, and all the impulses of his patriotic heart, to the re-establishment of that cordial respect and good feeling between the sections upon which alone our American system, more than all others, depends for permanent union and peace.

The great and good do not die. Fourteen centuries ago the head of the great apostle fell before the sword of the bloody executioner, but through long ages of oppression his example animated the persecuted Church, and to-day stimulates its missionary spirit to press on through the rigors of every climate and the darkness of every heathen system, to the universal and final triumphs of that cross for which he died. Four centuries agone the body of John Wickliffe was exhumed and burnt to ashes, and these cast into the water, but "the Avon to the Severn runs, the Severn to the sea," and the doctrines for which he died cover and bless the world. Half a century ago the living voice of O'Connell was hushed, but that voice to-day stirs the high-born passions of every true Irish heart throughout the

world. The echoes of Prentiss's eloquent voice still linger in the valley of the Mississippi. Breckenridge's body lies under the sod of Kentucky, but he lives among her sons an inspiration and a glory.

And to-day there comes to us, and shall come to those after us, the voice of our dead, solemn with the emphasis of another world, more eloquent than that with which he was wont to charm us. It says to us : Children of Georgia, love thy mother. Cherish all that is good and just in her past. Study her highest interests. Discover, project and foster all that will promote her future. Respect and obey her laws. Guard well her sacred honor. Give your richest treasures and best efforts to her material, social, intellectual and moral advancement until she shines the brightest jewel in the diadem of the Republic.

Men of the South, sons of the proud cavalier, bound together by common traditions, memories and sentiments, sharers of a common glory and common sufferings, never lower your standard of private or public honor. Keep the Church pure and the State uncorrupted. Be true to yourselves, your country and your God, and fulfill the high destiny that lies before you. Citizens of the Republic, love your system of government, study and venerate the Constitution, cherish the Union, oppose all sectionalism, promote the weal and maintain the honor of the Republic. "Who saves his country saves himself, saves all things, and all things saved do bless him ; who lets his country die lets all things die, dies himself ignobly, and all things dying curse him."

Illustrious citizen of the State, of the South, of the Republic, thou hast taught us to be brave in danger, to be true without the hope of success, to be patriotic in all things. We honor thee for thy matchless eloquence, for thy dauntless courage, for thy lofty patriotism. For the useful lessons thou hast taught us, for the honorable example thou hast left us, for the faithful service thou hast done us, we dedicate this statue to thy name and memory. Telling of thee, it shall animate the young with the highest and worthiest aspirations for distinction ; cheer the aged with hopes for the future, and strengthen all in the perils that may await us. May it stand enduring as the foundations of yonder capitol, no more firmly laid in the earth than thy just fame in the memories and hearts of this people. But whether it stand pointing to the glories of the past, inspiring us with hopes for the future, or fall before some unfriendly storm, thou shalt live, for we this day crown thee with higher honor than Forum or Senate can confer. "In this spacious temple of the firmament,"

lit up by the splendor of this unclouded Southern sun on this august occasion, dignified by the highest officers of municipality and State, and still more by the presence of the most illustrious living, as well as the spirits of the most illustrious dead, we come in grand procession—childhood and age, young men and maidens, old men and matrons, from country and village and city, from hovel and cottage and mansion, from shop and mart and office, from every pursuit and rank and station, and with united hearts and voices, crown thee with the undying admiration, gratitude, and love of thy countrymen.

Virginia's Preparation for the War.

REPORT OF THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE STATE.

[The following report, made on the very day on which Virginia passed her ordinance of secession, will show how poorly the old Commonwealth was prepared for the mighty issue forced upon her, and which she met so heroically:]

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
April 17, 1861.

Hon. JOHN LETCHER, *Governor of Virginia:*

Dear Sir,—The following is a statement of the *present* volunteer force of the State as nearly as it can be arrived at from this office:

CAVALRY.

Seven troops armed with sabres and cavalry percussion pistols	350
Two troops armed with sabres and cavalry musketoons	100
Thirty-six troops armed with sabres and revolvers	1,800
Twenty-two troops armed with sabres only	1,100
Armed	3,350
Twenty-nine troops unarmed	1,450
Total cavalry	4,800

ARTILLERY.

Twelve companies armed with 6-pound field guns, with carriages and implements complete, and eleven of them with artillery swords	600
One with 6-pound field guns, swords, and sappers' and miners' musketoons	50

One with same and artillery musketoons	50
One with six 12-pound howitzers and light artillery sabres	80
Armed	780
Thirteen unarmed	650
Total artillery	1,430

LIGHT INFANTRY.

Seven companies armed with rifled muskets	440
Eighty-one companies armed with percussion muskets	4,050
Twenty-six companies armed with flint-lock muskets	1,300
Armed	5,790
Five companies unarmed	250
Total infantry	6,040

RIFLEMEN.

Four companies armed with long-range rifles	330
Twenty-eight companies armed with percussion rifles	1,400
Ten companies armed with flint-lock rifles	500
Armed	2,230
Seventy-six companies unarmed	3,800
Total riflemen	6,030

This varies in some degree from my report of 27th February last, by some additional troops and companies in each arm having received arms, and some new companies having been commissioned since then. Except in a few cases where the actual strength of particular troops and companies is known at this office, I have estimated all other troops and companies at the minimum number required by law, discarding the return, which would increase the force. The cavalry force is unnecessarily large; the artillery much too small. The additional companies are organizing. It is far too weak in the tide-water region.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. H. RICHARDSON, *Adjutant-General.*

RECAPITULATION.

Cavalry,	armed	3,350	
do.	unarmed	1,450	
			4,800

Artillery,	armed	780	
do.	unarmed	650	
			1,430
Infantry,	armed	5,790	
do.	unarmed	250	
			6,040
Riflemen,	armed	2,230	
do.	unarmed	3,800	
			6,030
	Total volunteer force, rank and file		18,300

Address before the Virginia Division of Army of Northern Virginia, at their Reunion on the Evening of October 21, 1886.

The hall of the House of Delegates in the State Capitol was packed to its utmost capacity with beautiful women and brave men to honor the annual gathering of "the men who wore the gray." General W. B. Taliaferro, president of the Association, called the meeting to order, and the chaplain, Rev. Dr. J. William Jones, opened the exercises with prayer.

On motion of Judge George L. Christian, the president appointed a committee (Judge George L. Christian, Colonel Archer Anderson and Captain Carlton McCarthy) to wait on Governor and Mrs. Lee, and Miss Winnie Davis, and invite them to seats in the hall.

The committee soon appeared with the distinguished guests—Governor and Mrs. Lee and Miss Winnie Davis, escorted by General Early—who were received with deafening applause as they came up the aisle and took the seats reserved for them.

General Taliaferro made a very appropriate address of welcome, in which, after an allusion to the presence in the city that day of the commander-in-chief of the United States armies, he said that our devotion to the order of things now existing did not in the least prevent us from being true to our convictions of 1861–'65, and that we have by no means ceased to honor our Confederate leaders or our noble Confederate women. He was especially glad to greet here the distinguished soldier who is now Governor of Virginia, and "the child of the Confederacy"—the daughter of our ever-honored chief, President Jefferson Davis.

These sentiments were greeted with enthusiastic applause.

General Early then arose, and amid loud applause moved that Miss Winnie Davis, "the daughter of the Confederacy," be made an honorary member of the Association, and that the president

present her with the badge of the Association. He said he knew that she was proud that she was a daughter of Virginia, and certainly Virginia has no daughter of whom *she* has greater reason to be proud.

After the applause with which General Early was greeted had subsided, the chair put the motion, which received a unanimous and enthusiastic "Aye."

General Taliaferro, in a few fit words, presented the badge to Miss Davis, who came forward to receive it, and bowed her acknowledgments, with that grace which characterizes her, amid the enthusiastic and prolonged applause of the crowd.

The badge is in the form of the regular badges of the Association (a Confederate battle-flag), but instead of being made of baser metal is of pure gold and enamel, and is a beautiful specimen of the jeweler's art, as well as a very highly-prized souvenir of a notable occasion. On the reverse of the badge is the full name of the recipient, "Varina Anne Davis," engraved in enamel letters of red, white and blue. The badge was attached to a broad ribbon of the Confederate colors, and enclosed in a beautiful morocco case. It is an open secret that it was the gift of a distinguished and gallant Confederate General, who ordered "the handsomest badge that could be made regardless of cost."

At the close of the public exercises, the veterans and visitors crowded around "the daughter of the Confederacy," and gave her a grand ovation as they craved the privilege of shaking her hand, and speaking warm words of welcome to the daughter of our loved and honored chief, President Davis.

Miss "Winnie" [the pet name given her by her father has supplanted the name with which she was christened at St. Paul's church, Richmond, soon after her birth in 1864] has been two months in Richmond (the guest of Dr. J. William Jones, Governor Lee, and General J. R. Anderson), and has received every attention from our people, while her varied accomplishments, sweet disposition, and charming manners have won the hearts of all who have met her.

On motion of General Joseph R. Anderson, the old officers—with the exception of Captain Walter K. Martin, deceased, whose place was filled by Mr. Lewis Ginter—were re-elected as follows: President, General William B. Taliaferro; Vice-Presidents, General William Smith, Colonel Charles Marshall, Colonel James H. Skinner, General T. T. Munford, and Captain P. W. McKinney; Chaplain, Dr. J. William Jones; Executive Committee, Colonel William H. Palmer, Colonel Archer Anderson, Sergeant George L. Christian,

Major T. A. Brander, Sergeant John S. Ellett, and Major Lewis Ginter; Treasurer, Sergeant Robert S. Bosher; Secretary, Private Carlton McCarthy.

Colonel Archer Anderson presented a fit and touching tribute to Captain Walter K. Martin.

General Taliaferro, in a few eloquent words, appropriately introduced as orator of the evening his distinguished comrade, Colonel Edward McCrady, Jr., who had been a gallant soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia, and who now came from his stricken city of Charleston and his gallant State of South Carolina at the call of his comrades. General Taliaferro paid a warm tribute to South Carolina, which was loudly applauded.

When Colonel McCrady arose he was greeted with loud applause, which was frequently repeated as he proceeded to deliver his address.

ADDRESS OF COLONEL EDWARD MCCRADY, JR.

Comrades of the Army of Northern Virginia,
and Ladies and Gentlemen:

In the article on the subject of "Army" in the *Encyclopædia Brittanica*, the author, the distinguished and accomplished British officer, General G. Pomeroy Colley, C. B, who soon after fell in that wretched little Boerer war in the Transvaal, after giving a brief sketch of the armies of the world, ancient and modern, of the rise and organization of each, and of all the great *levées* of history, closing with an account of the American army, and its strange military history, says:

"The total number of men called under arms by the Government of the United States between April, 1861, and April, 1865, amounted to 2,759,049, of whom 2,656,053 were actually embodied in the armies. If to these we add the 1,100,000 men embodied by the Southern States during the same time,* the total armed forces reach the enormous amount of nearly four millions drawn from a population of only thirty-two millions—figures before which the celebrated uprising of the French Nation in 1793, or the recent efforts of France and Germany in the war of 1870–'1 sink into insignificance."

I have thought, my comrades, that instead of taking for the subject

*This is, I am satisfied, an overestimate of the strength of the Confederate armies, and I had intended in this address to discuss the question, and have sought and obtained some considerable material for doing so, but failing to obtain some returns to perfect a table I have had in preparation, I have deferred to some other occasion its consideration.

of our recollections on this occasion of our annual reunion, any of the great achievements in battle of the famous army in which it was our fortune to have served, and our well justified pride to have belonged, I would rather, quoting General Colley's estimate of the forces of the Southern army for my text, talk to you this evening of the Confederate army itself, than of its deeds; especially of that part of it, the memory of which this Association preserves. To recall how it was that from a few detached volunteer militia companies, the Army of Northern Virginia grew in the course of a year, as it has been said, into the greatest body of infantry the world has ever seen. To revive and catch again to-night if we can, somewhat of the fire and enthusiasm of that time which carried us so hurriedly into its ranks, and somewhat of the devoted patriotism which kept us there so patiently amidst all the sufferings and privations of those four long eventful years.

In his essay on Burns, Carlyle thus speaks of the love for his mother-land—Scotland. He says:

"We hope there is a patriotism founded on something better than prejudice; that our country may be dear to us without injury to our philosophy—that in loving and justly prizing all other lands we may prize justly and yet love before all others our own stern mother-land, and the venerable structure of social and moral life which mind has through all ages been building up for us there. Surely there is nourishment for the better part of man's heart in all this; surely the roots that have fixed themselves in the very core of man's being may be so cultivated as to grow up not into briers but into roses in the field of life."

May we, too, not hope that that patriotism, which a quarter of a century ago so fired our hearts, was founded on something better than prejudice and passion? That our country—our Southern country—was dear to us without injury to our philosophy, and dear to us now—dearer to us now—without injury to our loyalty to the government which, despite all our valor and struggle, God saw fit firmly to establish over us? That in justly prizing our American citizenship, we may prize justly and yet love before all others our beautiful and sunny South? There is surely nourishment for the better part of our hearts in prizing the structure of the social and moral life which, through generations, have been forming our Southern character.

Do not let us believe that we can do honor or benefit to the nation at large by ceasing to be ourselves, and attempting to mould ourselves upon others. If we would really serve this country—this whole country—this American nation, so far from suppressing our

love for our own section, let us cultivate it above all others, and so love it that we shall keep it worthy of the confederation of which it is a part. Let us not be afraid then, to night, to rekindle the flames of 1861. Let us light them again if we can, and take into our common country the undying love for the land for which we fought.

In this spirit, let us talk to-night then, my comrades, of our grand old army, which, as a distinguished military writer has said, was the world's wonder for three years—let us talk of its formation, its organization, its equipment, its discipline, its *personnel*, and its characteristics.

The two great armies of the Confederacy may be said to have had the commencement of their organizations in a few militia companies. The Army of Northern Virginia in Charleston harbor around Fort Sumter, and the army of the West at Pensacola before Fort Pickens. When South Carolina seceded, and Major Anderson made the first move of the war, on the 27th December, 1860, abandoning and burning Fort Moultrie, and taking possession of Fort Sumter, the State of South Carolina had but the volunteer companies of the city of Charleston available for seizing and occupying the other strategic points around Charleston harbor. So, too, the volunteer companies from Mobile, New Orleans and Savannah hastened to Fort Pickens and Pensacola, and there formed the nucleus of the army so long commanded by General Bragg, who may be said to have organized them there.

The volunteer companies of the Fourth brigade, South Carolina militia, that is the Charleston volunteer companies, on the 27th December, 1860, seized Castle Pinckney, Fort Moultrie, Morris Island, Fort Johnson and the arsenal in the city. They thus took the field without an hour's notice, and held these points until relieved by other troops raised by the State; and indeed were on duty with but little intermission until the fall of Fort Sumter on the 13th April, 1861.

The first organization of troops for actual service and for a definite period, was made under a resolution of the Convention of South Carolina, which passed the ordinance of secession. The General Assembly of the State, which was in session at the same time, had, on the 17th December, 1860, passed an act providing for an armed military force to be organized into a division of two or more brigades; but as it was deemed necessary to raise a smaller body of troops at once, on the 31st December, four days after the Charleston volunteer companies had taken possession of the forts in the harbor, the Convention passed a resolution authorizing the governor to cause

to be enlisted in the service of the State, for the term of twelve months, one regiment of six hundred and forty privates, to be divided into eight companies.

Under this resolution, Governor Pickens commissioned and empowered Colonel Maxcy Gregg, who afterwards fell as Brigadier-General at Fredericksburg, to organize a regiment, which, however, was enlisted but for six months and not twelve. This regiment was formed by volunteer companies from other parts of the State, which had been impatiently waiting the permission and opportunity, if not of relieving the volunteer companies of Charleston, of at least sharing with them the duties, and perchance the dangers and honors of the service. This regiment—which afterwards, upon its reorganization, it fell to my fortune to command in some of the greatest battles of the war, and whose colors, carried from Fort Sumter and planted in the town of Gettysburg, are now leaning on my desk as I write this—was, I believe, the first regimental organization of the Army of Northern Virginia.

As I have mentioned, the Legislature had provided for the raising of a division of two brigades, the regiments of which were numbered from one on. The Convention regiment had very naturally assumed to itself, in accordance with the fact, the designation of the First South Carolina volunteers, a name to which it clung, and which, by an order of the Secretary of War, it was authorized to retain, with the colors, upon its reorganization after the expiration of its six months' term, notwithstanding the fact that another regiment of the State—the first of those organized under the act of the Legislature of the 17th December, 1860—bore the same designation. This was unfortunate, but I think I can truthfully say that neither regiment found cause to be ashamed of the name borne by the other. We fell upon a *modus vivendi*, by calling our's Gregg's First, and were proud of the addition, and the other Hagood's First—a title doubly dear to the latter, as it was commanded by two distinguished officers of that name, General, afterwards Governor Hagood, and his brilliant young brother, who commanded the regiment before he was twenty-one. Both of these regiments, together with the Second, under Colonel, afterwards Major-General, J. B. Kershaw, were present at the bombardment and fall of Fort Sumter; but the infantry were not engaged in that first battle of the war.

On April 15th, two days after the battle of Fort Sumter, President Lincoln issued his proclamation for seventy-five thousand militia for three months, which Governor Letcher answered on the 17th by a

proclamation ordering all armed volunteer regiments and companies within the State of Virginia to hold themselves in readiness for immediate service. This order had been somewhat anticipated, for the volunteer companies of Virginia had already been preparing for the inevitable war, and the Richmond Howitzers had been in barracks under the Spotswood Hotel a month before.*

On the 18th April, Lieutenant Roger Jones, of the United States army, commanding Harper's Ferry, reported to the Adjutant-General in Washington that up to that time no assault or attempt to seize the government property had been made, but that there was decided evidence that the subject was in contemplation, and that at sundown that evening several companies of troops had assembled at Halltown, about three or four miles off, on the road to Charlestown, with the intention of seizing the property, and that the last report was that he would be attacked that night; that he had telegraphed to General Scott and the Adjutant-General, and that his determination was to destroy what he could not defend. The next day he reports from Chambersburg that shortly after 10 o'clock the night before he destroyed the arsenal containing fifteen thousand stand of arms, had burned up the buildings proper, and under cover of night had withdrawn his command almost in the presence of twenty five hundred or three thousand troops.†

Prompt as Governor Letcher was to reply to Lincoln's demand for Virginia troops to be marched against her sister Southern States, the people and the militia of the State had been in advance of him. It happened in Virginia just as it had happened in South Carolina, that the people were in advance of their leaders. Before the Convention had passed the ordinance of secession Virginia troops were marching on Harper's Ferry and assembling at Norfolk. In response to Governor Letcher's proclamation to hold themselves in readiness for orders, a large part of the militia reported that they were already at Harper's Ferry.‡

About 3 o'clock, Friday morning, 19th April, the Staunton Artillery, West Augusta Guards, Albemarle Rifles, Monticello Guards, Southern Guards, the Sons of Liberty from the University, Scott's and Parran's companies from Gordonsville and Barboursville, a company from Louisa, the Orange Montpelier Guards, two Culpeper rifle

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* "History Richmond Howitzer Battalion," pamphlet No. 3, p. 1.

† Records War of Rebellion, Vol. 11, pp. 3-4.

‡ Richmond *Enquirer*, April 24, 1861.

companies, the Winchester Continentals, the Winchester Rifles, a Charlestown company and portions of the Fauquier cavalry reached Harper's Ferry and found the arsenal and buildings in flames. But Lieutenant Jones had not succeeded in destroying everything which he could not defend, and the flames were soon extinguished. By the 23d April the newspapers reported that five thousand Virginia troops had assembled at Harper's Ferry,* but Major-General Kenton Harper, of Augusta, who was in command, reports the number at but two thousand.†

On the 18th April, Major-General William B. Taliaferro was ordered to take command of the State troops which were assembling at Norfolk.‡ The volunteer companies from Richmond, Petersburg and other cities of Virginia were hastening thither as one of the most exposed points; among these companies was the Richmond Grays, Company A, of the First regiment, from which it then became detached, and afterwards formed part of the Twelfth.§ On the other side, General Scott had charged Colonel H. G. Wright, United States Engineer Corps, with securing if possible the navy yard and property at Portsmouth, with the ships of war then in the harbor, and for that purpose authorized him to call on the commanding officer at Fort Monroe for such forces as he could spare without jeopardizing the safety of the fort. With Colonel Wardrop's regiment, about three hundred and seventy strong, Colonel Wright proceeded to Norfolk, where they arrived some time after dark on the evening of the 20th. But on reaching the navy yard, Colonel Wright found that Commodore McCauley, to prevent their seizure by the Virginia forces, had scuttled all the ships except the Cumberland, and Commodore Paulding, who had come on the Pawnee from Washington, determined to finish the destruction of the scuttled ships and to destroy also, as far as possible, the property in the yard.‖ This was attempted, but with partial success, General Taliaferro, with the assistance of Colonel Andrew Talcot, saving many of the guns and much of the material.**

On the 22d April, by the authority of the Governor of the State of Virginia, Brigadier-General Ruggles assumed command of the volunteers and militia along the line of the Potomac, extending from

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* Richmond *Enquirer*, April 23, 1861.

† Records War of Rebellion, Vol. 11, p. 772. ‡ *Ibid*, p. 771.

§ War History of the First Virginia, p. 7.

‖ Records of Rebellion, Vol. 11, p. 21–23. ** *Ibid*, p. 781.

Mount Vernon south to the mouth of the Rappahannock, with headquarters at Fredericksburg.* Brigadier-General Philip St. George Cocke had his headquarters temporarily at Alexandria, where he remained until the 27th, when he retired to Culpeper until ordered to Manassas Junction.†

As we shall see as we go on, on the points thus taken by the Virginia troops were afterwards formed the divisions and corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, and it will be interesting to trace the history of each body to its nucleus on one or the other of these positions.

On the 23d April, General Robert E. Lee, having been appointed by the Convention of the State of Virginia Major-General, assumed command of the military and naval forces of the State.‡

It was a grand and solemn occasion when General Lee entered the Convention under the escort of the committee appointed to conduct him to the Hall. As he was presented to the Convention, the President, addressing him, said:§

"Major-General Lee—In the name of the people of your native State here represented, I bid you a cordial and heartfelt welcome to this Hall, in which we may almost yet hear the echo of the voices of the statesmen, the soldiers and sages of bygone days, who have borne your name and whose blood now flows in your veins."

And after a most eloquent and touching address, in which he told General Lee of the unanimity with which the Convention had committed the defence of Virginia to his care, he concluded with these words:

"When the father of his country made his last will and testament, he gave his swords to his favorite nephew with an injunction that they should never be drawn from their scabbards except in self-defence or in the defence of the rights and liberties of their country, and that if drawn for the latter purpose, they should fall with them in their hands rather than relinquish them.

Yesterday your mother, Virginia, placed her sword in your hand upon the implied condition that we know you will keep to the letter and in spirit that you will draw it only in her defence, and that you will fall with it in your hand, rather than the objects for which it was placed there should fail."

And, doubtless, could General Lee have directed and controlled the fate of war, he would have fallen with it. But duty—to him "the sublimest word in the language"—duty bid him live—to live in de-

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* Records War of Rebellion, Vol. 11, p. 775. † *Ibid*, p. 823.

‡ *Ibid*, p. 775. § Scrap Book, Charleston Library.

feat for his State and his people, as he had lived for them in the hour of victory. "I had rather die a thousand deaths" was the bitter cry that broke from him when the end came. "How soon could I end this and be at rest. 'Tis but to ride down the lines, and give the word, and all would be over." Then presently recovering his natural voice, we are told, he answered one who urged that the surrender might be misunderstood, "That is not the question. The question is whether it is right. And if it is right, I take the responsibility." Then, after a brief silence, he added with a sigh, "It is your duty to live. What will become of the wives and children of the South, if we are not here to protect them?" So saying, he sent in to Grant his flag of truce without further hesitation.*

Truly had he fulfilled the modest pledge with which he accepted the charge of his State from the Convention,

"Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever draw my sword."

You will soon lay the cornerstone to a monument to commemorate in some degree how gloriously our beloved leader fulfilled the expectations with which the people of Virginia placed her forces under his command, and with what genius and valor he led with hers the troops of her sister Southern States to victory after victory; and if in the end to defeat—a defeat, in which if all was lost but honor—honor was preserved, and with it—aye! glory! The eulogium for that occasion is the task of another, on which I will not intrude. I will only ask you to let me quote a tribute from the distinguished military writer, Colonel Charles Cornwallis Chesney.

In closing his exquisite memoir of General Lee, written soon after his death, Colonel Chesney says:†

"So passed away the greatest victim of the civil war. Even in the farthest North, where he had once been execrated as the worst enemy of the Union, the tidings caused a thrill of regret. But though America has learnt to pardon, she has yet to attain the full reconciliation for which the dead hero would have sacrificed a hundred lives. Time only can bring this to a land which, in her agony, bled at every pore. Time, the healer of all wounds, will bring it yet. The day will come when the evil passions of the great civil strife will sleep in oblivion, and North and South do justice to each other's motives, and forget each other's wrongs. Then history will speak with clear voice of the deeds done on either side, and the citizens of

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*Military Biography—Chesney, page 127. † *Ibid*, page 135.

the whole Union do justice to the memories of the dead, and place above all others the name of the great chief of whom we have written. In strategy mighty, in battle terrible, in adversity, as in prosperity, a hero indeed, with the simple devotion to duty, and the rare purity of the ideal Christian knight he joined all the kingly qualities of a leader of men.

"It is a wondrous future indeed that lies before America; but in her annals of years to come, as in those of the past, there will be found few names that can rival in unsullied lustre that of the heroic defender of his native Virginia."

In the language of another.*

"And when they tell us, as they do, those wiser, better brethren of ours—and tell to the world to make it history—that this our civilization is half barbarism, we may be pardoned if we answer: Behold its product and its representative! 'Of thorns men do not gather figs, nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes.' Here is Robert Lee. Show us his fellow."

Our great leader was not only a great soldier, but more—a "selfless man and stainless gentleman."

On the 21st April, 1861, the Richmond Howitzers were mustered into the service of the State, in obedience to an ordinance of the Convention adopted 17th April. The commissioned officers were: Captain, George W. Randolph; First Lieutenant, John C. Shields; Second Lieutenant, John Thompson Brown; Third Lieutenant, Thomas P. Mayo.† The command increased so rapidly in numbers that it was soon sufficient to form three batteries, which served throughout the war. Like their distinguished commander—so soon Brigadier-General, and then Secretary of War—each company had a brilliant record, which ended only at Appomattox.

In the Richmond *Enquirer*, of the 25th, we read:

"Brigadier-General M. L. Bonham, at the head of five hundred troops from South Carolina, arrived here last evening by the southern train. A large crowd of citizens and an escort of Virginia troops awaited them at the depot. Cheer after cheer greeted the representatives of the gallant Palmetto State. As we looked along the ranks, we were struck with their bold and manly appearance. Every man of them looked a hero, dark and sunburnt from exposure, their fine countenances lighted up with martial ardor, their fine physique, their perfect equipment, all denoted an invincible and heroic race of men. The Virginians cheered South Carolina, and South Carolina cheered the Old Dominion."

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* S. Teakle Wallis.

† "History Richmond Howitzer Battalion," Pamphlet No. 4, page 33; extracts from an old "Order Book," First company.

This was the account of the arrival of the First South Carolina Volunteers under Colonel Gregg, accompanied by General Bonham and his staff. Three days after, the Second South Carolina Volunteers, under Colonel J. B. Kershaw, arrived, and South Carolina had furnished the first organized brigade in Virginia. A brigade which, with some changes, became the First Brigade of the Army of the Potomac, and continued under Bonham, Kershaw, Conner, and Kennedy, a brigade throughout the war.

A correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury*, who accompanied the first South Carolina Volunteers, writing on the 26th April, thus describes the appearance of Richmond on the arrival of this regiment :

"We reached Richmond on an auspicious day. The ordinance by which Virginia became a member of the Southern Confederacy had been adopted by the Convention in secret session and just made public. The people were wild with delight at the wished for consummation. The city was literally covered with flags—either the triple-barred symbol of the Confederate States or the State ensign. As I passed through the streets it seemed as if the whole male population were under arms. The roll of the drum was heard from every corner. Drill squads were marching and counter-marching in every direction. The sidewalks were filled with the fair daughters of Richmond, who, from the beginning, have been foremost in this great movement, and who had come out to cheer with their approving smiles, husbands, brothers, and lovers in the ranks. * * * All business appears to be suspended, except the sale of arms, military clothes, and equipments. The hotels are crowded to their utmost capacity, and the corridors glitter with arms, epaulettes, and gold lace. The formation of military bodies progresses with vigor altogether unprecedented. Most of the old companies have doubled and trebled their numbers, and are being formed into battalions."

Volunteer companies from all parts of the State were quartered in Richmond, and a camp of instruction was formed at the Fair Grounds, under the command of Colonel Gilham, who had with him the Lexington cadets, under Major Colston, to assist in drilling the raw troops The South Carolina brigade, under General Bonham, was encamped near the reservoir. There were volunteers from Georgia also, arriving as early as the 26th April, but I have not been able to ascertain, though I have made considerable enquiry, more particularly in regard to them except that two of the companies were from Macon, the Macon Volunteers and Floyd Rifles.

On the 26th, Major-General Joseph E. Johnston, of the Virginia volunteers, was assigned to the command of all the State forces in

and about Richmond, and charged with the organization of the volunteers assembling at the call of the Governor.*

On the 27th, the First Virginia regiment, with the exception of Company A (Richmond Grays), which had been sent to Norfolk, Companies E (Richmond Light Infantry Blues) and F, which had been sent to Fredericksburg, were marched to the camp of instruction at the Fair Grounds.†

On the 21st April, Major Thomas J. Jackson, then a professor in the Military Institute at Lexington, came down, at the summons of the Governor, in command of the cadets, and was stationed with them at Camp Lee, as the encampment at the Fair Grounds was called. On the 27th he was commissioned colonel of the Virginia forces, and was ordered to proceed without delay to Harper's Ferry and assume command of that post; to muster into the service of the State such companies as might be accepted under his instructions, and to organize them into regiments or battalions, uniting as far as possible companies from the same sections of the State.‡ Colonel Jackson arrived at Harper's Ferry on Monday, the 29th, and relieved General Harper of command the next day, the 30th.

On his arrival, he found assembled at Harper's Ferry two thousand one hundred Virginia troops, with four hundred Kentuckians, consisting of Imboden's, Rogers's, Alburtes's, and Graves's batteries of field artillery, with fifteen guns of the highest calibre; eight companies of cavalry, without drill or battalion organization, and nearly without arms, and a number of companies of infantry, of which three regiments, the Second, Fifth and Tenth, were partially organized, while the rest had no organization. There was no general staff, no hospital nor ordnance department, and scarcely six rounds of ammunition to the man. § It was out of this disorganized mass that Jackson was to make the Stonewall brigade—the basis of the Army of the Shenandoah—of the Second corps—Jackson's corps of the Army of Northern Virginia.

On the 29th April, Colonel J. B. Magruder reports to Colonel Garnett, General Lee's Adjutant-General, that there are three light artillery batteries now together at the artillery barracks—Baptist

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* Records War of Rebellion, Volume 11, page 783.

† War History Old First Virginia, page 7.

‡ Records War of Rebellion, Volume 11, page 787.

§ Dabney's Life of Jackson, pages 188, 189.

Seminary, Richmond—viz: Randolph's (of six pieces, called the Howitzer Battery); Cahill's (four pieces of light artillery) and Latham's four pieces of light artillery. Two pieces, he says, were added to Randolph's battery, he having two hundred and twenty-five drilled men in his company. * This was the organization of the famous Richmond Howitzers, which had been, as we have already mentioned, in barracks since the middle of March; who were to fire the first gun at the enemy in Virginia, that at the steamer "Yankee" from Gloucester Point on the 7th May, and whose fortune it was soon to be, with the First North Carolina regiment, engaged in the first battle of the war, excepting Fort Sumter—the battle of Big Bethel, June 10th. †

By the 4th May, troops at the rate of from five hundred to one thousand a day were arriving from North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, and even Kentucky; some at Richmond, some at Harper's Ferry, and some at Petersburg. ‡

On May the 7th, Governor Letcher directed General Lee to assume the command of all the volunteer or other forces from Virginia, and other States which were in Virginia, until further orders were received from the President of the Confederate States. § The forces assembling in Virginia at that time were without a recognized head, and questions arose as to the orders issued by the Governor and General Lee, which, however, were settled by an order of the Secretary of War on the 10th of May, directing General Lee to assume command of all the forces of the Confederate States, and to assign them to such duties as he might indicate until further orders. ||

General Joseph E. Johnston was called to Montgomery about this time, the President of the Confederate States having appointed him a Brigadier-General, then the highest office in the Confederate army, and Colonel John B. Magruder was assigned to the command of the forces in and about Richmond. **

On the 9th May, General Lee informs Colonel Philip St. George Cocke, commanding Potomac Division, that Colonel Preston and Colonel Garland, with eleven companies under their command, have

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* Records War of Rebellion, Volume 11, page 789.

† History of Howitzer Battalion, pamphlet No. 1, page 14.

‡ Richmond *Enquirer*.

§ Records War of Rebellion, Volume 11, page 813. || *Ibid*, page 827.

** Records War of Rebellion, Volume 11, page 817.

been ordered to report to him at Culpeper;* and on the 10th, he writes to Colonel Cocke that the regiments under Colonels Garland and Preston were designed for Manassas Junction.† On the 14th, Colonel Cocke reports:‡

"The force that I have been able to assemble thus far at Manassas Junction, consists of a detachment of artillery under Captain D. Kemper, with two six-pounders; Captain W. H. Payne's company, numbering 76 men; Captain J. S. Green's company, numbering 57 men; Captain Hamilton's company, numbering about 60, and two Irish companies, numbering respectively, 54 and 58, and Colonel Garland's force arrived Sunday, consisting of 490 men. Altogether about 830 men. Also Captain Morris's company, 88, Warrenton Riflemen. Total 918. The Powhatan troop under Captain Lay has been ordered back here and will arrive to-day."

These Virginia troops with the South Carolina brigade, which joined them a week after, constituted the nucleus of the Army of Northern Virginia.

There was considerable confusion at this time as to the rank of officers. The Convention of Virginia, just before the termination of its session, reduced the number of the higher grades in the service of Virginia, by which action General Gwyn, General Johnston, General Ruggles and General Cocke, were reduced one degree. This necessitated a change in some of the commands, and on the 21st May, General Bonham, who had been appointed a Brigadier-General in the Confederate army, was assigned to the command of the troops on the Alexandria line, and was directed to post his brigade of South Carolina volunteers at the Manassas Junction, and to establish his headquarters at that point, or in advance as he might find necessary. Colonel G. H. Terrett, who had been in command at Alexandria, retained it, and so did Colonel Philip St. George Cocke of those of Culpeper, where, from a report made by him on the 8th May, he had twelve hundred men. Both commands were embraced in General Bonham's district.§

Thus it was that South Carolina troops were among the very first stationed at Manassas, a field soon to be rendered famous in the annals of the Army of Northern Virginia, and which they were to hallow, in both the great battles fought upon it, with the blood of so many of the noblest sons of their State. A field on which South Carolina furnished the sacrifice of the first general officer killed in

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*Records War of Rebellion, Vol. 11, p. 821.

†*Ibid*, p. 824. ‡*Ibid*, p. 841. §*Ibid*, page 879.

the war, and on which, the year after, she alone was to lose in killed and wounded 1,749 men, more than one-fourth of all her sons engaged, including seven colonels killed.

On the 25th May, the First Virginia struck their tents at the Fair Ground, and joined the other Virginia troops and the First and Second South Carolina, under General Bonham, at Manassas.*

General Joseph E. Johnston, having been appointed Brigadier General on the 15th May, was assigned to the command of the troops near Harper's Ferry, and was directed by the Secretary of War, on proceeding to that point, to take Lynchburg in his route and to make arrangements for sending forward to Harper's Ferry such forces as he might deem necessary to strengthen his command.† General Johnston arrived at Harper's Ferry on the 24th May, and issued an order assuming command of the troops there, which order he inclosed in a communication to Colonel Jackson, requesting him to have it copied and distributed to the different regiments. This Jackson at first declined to do until he received instructions from Governor Letcher or General Lee, but upon being furnished with an indorsement on an application "Referred to General J. E. Johnston, commanding officer at Harper's Ferry. By order of Major-General Lee," he immediately complied with General Johnston's request and published his order assuming command.‡

On the 21st, Colonel Deas, Inspector-General Confederate States Army, reports that the forces assembled at Harper's Ferry consists of the First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Virginia regiments, the Fourth Alabama, two regiments from Mississippi, five companies of Virginia artillery, eight companies of Virginia cavalry, four companies of Kentucky infantry and some small detachments, amounting to seven thousand seven hundred men, of whom seven thousand were available for active service in the field, and well armed.§

I do not know what regiment is mentioned here as the "First" Virginia. It certainly was not "the old First," for that regiment was not at Harper's Ferry at this time, and there was no "First" in the Stonewall brigade, to which the other Virginia regiments here mentioned belonged.

On the 21st May, Colonel John B. Magruder was placed in com-

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*War History Old First Virginia, page 8.

†Records War of Rebellion, Volume 11, page 844.

‡Records War of Rebellion, Volume 11, pages 871–'77. § *Ibid*, page 861.

mand of the line to Hampton, with headquarters at Yorktown,* and on the 23d, General Benjamin Huger was assigned to the command of the troops at Norfolk.†

It appears in a communication from the Adjutant-General headquarters of the Virginia forces, Colonel R. S. Garnett, to Colonel F. H. Smith, of the Virginia Council, that on the 30th May, as nearly as could be ascertained, there was a total of thirty six thousand two hundred troops assembled in Virginia.‡ General Beauregard was called from Charleston at this time, and on the 31st May he was assigned to the command of the troops on the Alexandria line.§ On the 5th June, General T. H. Holmes was sent to Fredericksburg, and directed to assume command of the troops in that vicinity,|| and on the 8th, General R. S. Garnett was ordered to Staunton to command the troops operating in Northwestern Virginia.**

The first battle in Virginia, and, indeed, the first battle of the war in which there were killed and wounded—for in the bombardment of Fort Sumter miraculously there were no casualties††—the first battle in which infantry were engaged—took place on the 10th June at Bethel Church, between Yorktown and Hampton, on the Peninsula. It was, it is true, a small affair in comparison with the great battles which took place afterwards, but it did great credit to the First North Carolina regiment and the Richmond Howitzers, which fought it, and deservedly made much reputation for Colonel D H. Hill and Major G. W. Randolph, who commanded there under Colonel Magruder.‡‡ A few days after, another small affair occurred at Vienna, on the Alexandria line, in which the First South Carolina, Colonel Maxey Gregg, and Captain Del Kemper's battery, attacked a railroad train containing General Schenck with a part of the First Ohio, under Colonel McCook, who afterwards became a distinguished Federal general.§§

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* Records War of Rebellion, Volume 11, page 865. † *Ibid*, page 867.

‡ *Ibid*, page 895. § *Ibid*, page 896. || *Ibid*, page 907. ** *Ibid*, page 915.

†† Excepting Assistant-Surgeon S. W. Crawford, United States Army, afterwards Major-General, who had volunteered to serve the guns in Fort Sumter, and who was slightly wounded by a piece of masonry struck off by a shell.

‡‡ Records War of Rebellion, Volume 11, page 91, 92; War History Old First Virginia; History Richmond Howitzers.

§§ Records War of Rebellion, Volume 11, page 128.

These were but the mutterings of the storm so soon to break in fury upon us.

As might have been expected from the hasty collection of such bodies of citizen soldiery, with so little organization and under entirely inexperienced officers, there was not due diligence exercised by our pickets. This called forth an order from General Lee on the subject on the 20th June.* But the wonder is not that such raw troops should have been at the first unwary, but rather that they were so seldom taken by surprise. The truth, however, is that up to this time there had been but little general organization. The army was, for the most part, a mere collection of volunteer companies, in which the captains were the authorities, under but little regimental control and without even brigade organization.

The first brigade organization was made on the 20th June, and as it may be said to be the commencement of the organization of the Army of Northern Virginia, I give it in full:†

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
MANASSAS JUNCTION, VA., *June 20, 1861.*

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 20.

The following is announced as the organization of the First Corps of the Army of the Potomac, which, for convenience, will be the designation of the troops of this command:

I. The First Brigade will consist of Gregg's, Bacon's, Kershaw's and Cash's regiments South Carolina volunteers, Brigadier-General M. L. Bonham commanding.

II. The Second Brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General R. S. Ewell, Provisional Army of the Confederate States, will be formed of Seibel's and Rodes's regiments of Alabama volunteers, and Seymour's regiment of Louisiana volunteers.

III. The Third Brigade will consist of Jenkins's regiment of South Carolina volunteers and Featherston's and Burt's regiments of Mississippi volunteers, Brigadier-General D. R. Jones, Provisional Army Confederate States, commanding.

IV. The Fourth Brigade, Colonel G. H. Terrett, Provisional Army of Virginia, commanding, will be formed of Moore's, Garland's and Corse's regiments of Virginia volunteers.

V. The Fifth Brigade will consist of Cocke's, Preston's and Withers's regiments of Virginia volunteers, Colonel P. St. George Cocke, Virginia volunteers, commanding.

VI. The Sixth Brigade, Colonel J. A. Early, commanding, will be formed of Early's and Kemper's Virginia volunteers and Sloan's regiment of South Carolina volunteers.

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* Records War of Rebellion, Vol. II, p. 943. †*Ibid*, pp. 943, 944.

VII. The several commanders of brigades thus announced will organize their general and personal staff as far as practicable without delay, and will make the necessary returns and reports direct to these headquarters.

VIII. In the absence of the special brigade commanders, the senior colonel will assume command of the brigade.

By order of Brigadier-General Beauregard.

THOMAS JORDAN,
Acting Assistant-Adjutant-General.

On this, the first brigade organization, which was made on the 20th June, it appears that the First corps of the Army of the Potomac consisted of eight regiments of Virginians, six of South Carolinians, two of Alabamians, two of Mississippians, and one of Louisianians. If General Jackson could observe with pride, when giving up the command of the Stonewall brigade, that it had been the first brigade in the army of the Shenandoah, surely South Carolina may be proud of the fact that the first brigade of the First corps of the Army of Northern Virginia was a brigade of South Carolinians.

There does not appear at the time to have been any regular division organization of the army.

The style of the Army of Northern Virginia was not adopted until the armies, as they were called, of the Potomac, of the Valley, of the Rappahannock, of the Peninsula, of Norfolk, converging upon Richmond, in June, 1862, united there first under General Joseph E. Johnston, and then under General Lee. But on the 22d October, 1861, an order (No. 15) was issued from the Adjutant-General's office establishing the department of Northern Virginia. This was to be composed of the Valley district, the Potomac district and the Acquia district. General Joseph E. Johnston was assigned to the command of the department of Northern Virginia; General Beauregard to the command of the Potomac district; Major-General T. H. Holmes to the command of the Acquia district, and Major-General T. J. Jackson to the command of the Valley district. Under this order, the troops were for the first time formed into divisions. Its last clause indicated an important policy of the government in the organization of the Confederate armies—that is, the brigading of the regiments by States. This policy no doubt added greatly to *esprit de corps* of the brigades. It was distinctive of the organization of the Confederate army, and was not adopted in the Federal. In a subsequent order (No. 18), 15th November, 1861, that of the 22d October was modified, so as to extend this principle to divisions as well as brigades, but the extension of the principle

was not carried out, except in the case of Pickett's division, which afterwards consisted of four Virginia brigades.*

When, after the able defence of the Peninsula by General Johnston, and the brilliant and extraordinary campaign of Jackson in the Valley, the armies composing the department of Northern Virginia had converged, in its defence, upon Richmond, they united there and assumed for the first time the name of the Army of Northern Virginia. As I think it has somewhere been observed in doing so we declared that the defence of Richmond was not on the Chickahominy, but in the region between the James and Potomac, which has been rendered so famous by the deeds of the Army of Northern Virginia. The Flanders of the war, as it has been styled, in which a quarter of a million of men perished in the fierce struggle for its possession, and in which the armies of the North and South were engaged for nearly four years, circling around in their struggle the point at which they first met in battle—the fields of Manassas. What wonder then that the neighbors tell that often of a summer's night the shouts of victory and cries of defeat, and the moaning of the wounded can be heard, as the spirits of the dead rise and meet each other again over the old embankment and railroad cut.

As these armies approached the capital, they dropped the title of armies, and took the names of the corps and divisions which they were afterwards to bear, with few modifications, to the end of the war.

The Army of the Potomac became the First corps, Longstreet's, including the army of the Peninsula, which became Magruder's division, and afterwards McLaws's, and then Kershaw's. The Army of Norfolk becoming Huger's division, afterwards Mahone's and then Wright's. The Army of the Valley and the Army of the Rappahannock—the latter having become, on its march to Richmond, A. P. Hill's Light Division—becoming the Second corps, Jackson's.

After General Jackson's death the two corps were reorganized into three—Longstreet's, Ewell's, and A. P. Hill's—with but few changes in the division organization.

The Army of Northern Virginia was composed principally of troops from the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. There were from Virginia 57 regiments of infantry, and 19 of cavalry—76. From North Carolina, 53 regiments of

*Records War of Rebellion, Vol. 5, p. 960.

infantry and 4 of cavalry—57. From Georgia, 34 regiments of infantry and 7 of cavalry—41. From South Carolina, 28 regiments of infantry and 6 of cavalry—34. From Alabama, 16 regiments of infantry. From Mississippi, 13 regiments of infantry. From Louisiana, 10 regiments of infantry. From Florida, 6 regiments of infantry. From Texas, 3 regiments of infantry. From Tennessee, 3 regiments of infantry, and from Arkansas, one regiment of infantry. I have not been able to ascertain the number of batteries from the different States.

In the assembling and gathering together of this great army we have seen that they came in companies—not regiments—except in the case of the "South Carolina brigade of veterans from Fort Sumter," as they were called, and Colonel Blanchard's regiment from Louisiana. The volunteers at first came to Virginia in companies, and were organized here into regiments. This was not altogether accidental. It was the result of the manner in which our troops were raised, and had lasting effects for good and evil upon the organization of our army.

Troops are generally raised by appointing the officers of regiments and companies, and leaving to them to enlist the rank and file, who, as it has been said, are usually "the *enfants perdu* of the world, men who have lost all taste for civil life, who are no loss to civil society."

Such, doubtless, were the men who have composed most armies of the world, and such men formed a large part of the Federal army in our war. There were, it is true, in the first regiments raised at the North, especially in New England, such men as Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., describes in an exquisite address delivered at Keen, New Hampshire, memorial day, 1884; men representing all that was highest in the Puritans alike of Old and New England. Such men, doubtless, composed Grover's New England brigade, which made the famous charge on us at Manassas, and no doubt many of the Western regiments were composed of the true yeomanry of the soil. But I rather think the composition of the Fifth New York infantry (Duryee Zouaves), as given in the history of that regiment, was more of the average of the Union troops. Mr. Davenport, who wrote the history of the regiment, says:

"There were men among us who could respond to any duty; representatives from all trades with a sprinkling of the lawyers, book-keepers, sailors, and members of the volunteer fire department, many of the latter belonging to Company G. There were also veterans who had served in the British

army in the Crimea and elsewhere; Italians who had fought under Garibaldi; Frenchmen who had served in the armies of *la belle France*; Teutons from the Prussian army, and some of the fighting sons of Ireland, ever ready for the fray; others who had fought in the Mexican war, and ex-regulars of the United States."

After the first warlike impulse of the North was exhausted, the Federal armies were recruited from abroad, when not by draft at home. England, Ireland and Germany were drummed to swell the ranks of the Union army. Recruits thus enlisted generally made admirable bummers, if not very efficient soldiers.

But such were not the men who marched with Jackson, who fought at Chickamauga, who stormed the heights of Gettysburg, who charged with Hampton and Stuart, or who stood amidst Sumter's crumbling walls. The assembling of our armies was really the gathering of clans.

The first two acts of the Confederate Congress for raising troops authorized the President to receive volunteers by companies, battalions or regiments, and in their haste to get to Virginia few of our volunteers waited for regimental organizations. They rushed forward in companies, and were organized into regiments after reaching Virginia, and often in the face of the enemy. It was the assembling by clans. The young men of a neighborhood formed themselves together into a company at the call of some one who had been a leader in the community; the company was in fact but a representative part of the community from which it came. A letter from home to any individual member was of interest to all. The neighborhood news was of equal concern to the captain as to the humblest private, and the box from home was sure to be shared in common. The casualties of battle affected the whole community. Though the member or members of one family escaped in any engagement, there was no room for joy, for death was sure to have been among some of their neighbors.

This clanship in the company undoubtedly had a most excellent effect in maintaining the conduct alike of officers and men in battle. No one could afford to shirk, for news of his conduct was sure to go home with the news of the battle. Every private, as well as every officer, fought every engagement in the presence, as it were, of his home people, and he could not afford to disgrace them. This was the great incentive, no doubt, to the extraordinary perseverance and patience of our soldiers amidst the greatest privation, as well as of the individual valor of men who could hope for no particular notice in orders or reports.

But while this clanship organization doubtless had its great advantages it was not without its evils, and chief among these was the disproportionate consequence of the captains during the first part of the war. Ours was an army of general-in chief and captains. The captain was the great man. He was the head of a family of a community, of a part of the same community he had left behind. To him had been committed, by their fathers and mothers, the tender boys who had gone out with him—boys who had never been away from home before—and who he was charged to look after as his own children. How he did this, what he did and said, and how he behaved, whether he was kind and gentle, or cross, and how he took care of his men, was sure to be known at home, and talked over at the firesides, as the family sat through the long winter evenings thinking of how the boys were suffering in Virginia. The colonel and other field officers were scarcely of as much consequence, even though they did ride, while the captain walked. This at first was the source of some trouble in camp, and led naturally to some insubordination, and when it did not go to that extent, at least for some time impaired the regimental discipline.

As an illustration of the false view of the character of the company organization in the formation of an army, let me remind you of the multitude of company colors with which we went to war. A stand of colors was presented to every company almost, before it left home, and brave and glorious were the pledges given that it should wave on the bloody fields in advance of all others. But they were soon all sent ignominiously to the rear. The Southern cross—the Confederate battle flag—we found quite enough to follow and to guard.

So, too, each company came into service with a name which the members did not doubt they would make immortal. A collection of these names would form an interesting chapter in the history of our army. There were of course the Washington Artillery, from New Orleans, and the Washington Light Infantry, from Charleston, and Jefferson Guards innumerable, and so on. But the Revolutionary titles soon ran out, and when a second and third company was raised from a county the name of the county would no longer answer as a prefix to the Rifles, Guards, Infantry and Light Infantry, &c. Then came the Invincibles, the Tigers, and the Hornets, &c. Various and curious indeed were the devices in company nomenclature. In our own regiment (Gregg's First South Carolina volunteers) we had one company from Horry district, which boldly assumed the title of "Rebels"—the "Horry Rebels"—and the Huguenot name of Sum-

ter's lieutenant of Revolutionary story, was soon disrespectfully, if not abbreviated, at least changed, into "Horrid Rebels," which the company bore with great complacency until it became company F. For, with a complete disregard of all the heroic pledges which had been made for the immortalization of these company names, they were in due course ignored by the War Department, and the companies after all had each to fight merely as company A, B or C of such a regiment.

Foreign officers who visited our army, and military critics who have written of its achievements, unite in condemning its discipline, but I have always thought this fault was greatly exaggerated.

Colonel Chesney, in his memoirs from which I have already quoted, panegyrizing our great commander, asks: "What wonder, then, if he thenceforward commanded an army from which his parting wrung tears more bitter than any the fall of their cause could extort; an army which followed him, after three years of glorious vicissitudes, into private life without one thought of further resistance against the fate to which their adored chief yielded without a murmur?" But he asks again: "Is it therefore asserted that Lee, as a commander, was faultless? Far from it. We say with all humility," he adds, "but without any doubt, that from first to last he committed most grave errors; errors which only his other high qualities prevented from being fatal to his reputation. Chief of these," he says, "was his permitting the continuance of the laxity of discipline which throughout the war clogged the movements of the Confederates and robbed their most brilliant victories of their reward. The fatal habit of straggling from the ranks on the least pretext; the hardly less fatal habit of allowing each man to load himself with any superfluous arms or clothes he chose to carry; the general want of subordination to trifling orders, which was the inheritance of their volunteer origin; these evils Lee found in full existence when he took command before Richmond, and he never strove to check them."

Colonel Chesney says: "As the war went on the rifts caused by indiscipline and carelessness in the Confederate armies widened more and more, and in the end these faults were hardly less fatal to the fortunes of the South than the greater material resources of her adversary. Her fall," he continues, "was a new proof to the world that neither personal courage nor heroic leadership can any more supply the place of discipline to a national force than can untrained patriotism or vaunts of past glories."

After reading this distinguished officer's memoirs of Lee and Grant,

I am so grateful to him for his appreciation of our beloved leader and the picture he has drawn of him for history; I am so satisfied, so more than satisfied, with the tribute he pays to the Army of Northern Virginia that I am little inclined to question any criticism he makes upon Lee or his army. I am content to let the picture stand just as he has drawn it. And if his picture was to be that of history, if others were not to be put beside it, some doing us less justice and others none at all, I for one would rather leave it as it is without attempting to point out where I think Colonel Chesney was mistaken. But this charge of want of discipline has been made by others who have had no such kindly feeling to us, nor desire to do us justice. Somewhat of this sting, too, is increased by the fact that our critics can quote General Lee himself as authority for the charge. "My army is ruined by straggling," General Lee said to a distinguished officer at Sharpsburg. And in the last address before this Association General D. H. Hill makes the same admission.

That the Army of Northern Virginia was depleted by straggling in the Maryland campaign no one can deny. But I, as a line officer, do deny that the cause of this straggling was, in the main, the want of discipline. The difficulty, I believe, was simply that of the limit of human endurance. The day after we captured the stores at the Second Manassas, I was ordered to send all the barefooted men in the First South Carolina volunteers to the junction to get the shoes we found there, and well recollect that out of the three hundred in the regiment I sent one hundred men whose feet were on the ground. The enemy pressed, and the stores were burnt and the barefooted men sent back without shoes, and then moved out to protect the burning stores. I admit that there was fault here. I have always thought a great fault, but it was not the fault of the want of discipline of the line. It was only an instance of what I believe was a great evil in our organization, which may or may not have been inevitable from the circumstances under which our army was organized—the evil of the want of a properly organized staff. If we had had at first a Meigs at the head of our quartermaster's department, as the Federal troops had at their's, I cannot but think that some of these evils would have been checked. But however that may be, I cannot allow that this straggling was from the lack of discipline. I insist that it was but the result of human exhaustion. Consider what this army had done from Kernstown, on the 22d March, to Sharpsburg, 17th September.

It had fought the battles of Kernstown, McDowell, Front Royal,

Winchester, Strasburg, Cross Keys and Port Republic (constituting the Valley campaign), Williamsburg, Barhamsville, Hanover Courthouse, Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill (constituting the Richmond campaign), Cedar Run, Manassas Junction, Manassas Plains, August 29th, Manassas Plains, August 30th (constituting the campaign of Northern Virginia), Harper's Ferry, Boonesboro' and Sharpsburg (constituting in part the campaign in Maryland). History does not record a series of battles like these, fought by one army in so short a space of time. To fight these battles the army had marched and counter-marched hundreds and hundreds of miles in these six months. In the item of shoes alone it would have required the most ample supplies and the most efficient quartermaster's department to have kept us sufficiently shod to stand this work. While, on the contrary, those of us who took part in the campaign in Northern Virginia well know that the plains of Manassas were strewed with dead men whose bare feet were cut up with the rocks on the road over which they had struggled there to die. How was it possible, then, for those who survived and escaped wounds, but whose feet were in like condition, to keep up with the forced marches in Maryland? The hospital steward of the First South Carolina volunteers, afterwards an assistant surgeon, killed at Fredericksburg, marched barefooted from Manassas to Sharpsburg.

I would call attention, too, to the fact that this charge of straggling from want of discipline is always traced back to the straggling which took place in the Maryland campaign, which, including the march to Manassas, was the first great march the army had made, when the army was, as I have described, barefooted and physically exhausted.

There certainly was no straggling on the next great march—Jackson's march from Winchester to Fredericksburg—in which he transferred his corps one hundred and eighty miles in ten days, two of which were rest. It happened that on that march I was detailed to the command of the rear guard of our division, which was also the rear guard of the corps the day we crossed the Blue Ridge at Milan Gap. My orders were to allow no one to remain behind, but to gather up all stragglers and to force them on, whether sick or well, lame or sound. It was a bitter cold day, and the ground was covered with snow. I did not move from our bivouac with the guard until the morning had well advanced and until the rear of the column was some distance up the mountain. I shall never forget the scene. I could see from the valley below, the whole corps, like a huge snake,

crawling and winding its way up the snow-covered sides of the mountain. It was one of my most painful experiences of the war, for by noon I had gathered up a party of stragglers, a few of whom were stragglers from pure viciousness, but the rest from sheer suffering. The poor fellows were actually barefooted, and their feet were cracked and bleeding on the ice, and these I had to force on, painfully climbing the frozen mountain road. We did not cross the mountain until some time after night-fall, when I reported with the prisoners and sufferers who I had brought up, and was directed to send them to their respective commands.

No more admirable march, I am sure, was ever made by any body of troops. Notwithstanding the want of shoes and clothing, Jackson's corps had marched from Winchester to Fredericksburg, in the depth of winter, with the utmost regularity and precision, and took up their position behind the Massaponax hills ready for the battle.

It has never been charged that there was any straggling on the march to Gettysburg; and Lee could not have made his famous defensive campaign against Grant from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor with a straggling army.* That campaign was one of tactical manœuvring, which required for the success it attained not only disciplined but skilled troops.

There was, it is true, very little drill in our army. The Union army was formed upon and around the United States regulars and the famous Seventh regiment of New York, and other "crack" complete regimental organizations from the Northern cities. They had, therefore, excellent models of drilled troops on which to form the

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* In singular corroboration of what I have been maintaining as the cause of the straggling in the Maryland campaign, and that it was exceptional, since writing this I have read in The Century for July (1886), in a paper entitled "In the Wake of Battle," this account of the stragglers in Shepherdstown at this time (September 13th, 1862):

"They were stragglers at all events—professional, some of them, but some worn out by the incessant strain of that summer. When I say that they were hungry, I convey no impression of the gaunt starvation that looked from their cavernous eyes. All day they crowded to the doors of our houses with always the same drawling complaint: 'I've been a-marchin' an' a-fightin' for six weeks stiddy, and I ain't had n-a-rthin' to eat 'cept green apples an' green caun, an' I wish you'd please to gimme a bite to eat.'

"Their looks bore out their statements, and when they told us they had 'clean gin out,' we believed them, and went to get what we had. * * * * I know nothing of numbers, nor what force was or was not engaged in any battle, but I saw the troops march past us every summer for four years, and I know something of the appearance of a marching army, both Union and Southern. *They are always stragglers of course, but never before or after did I see anything comparable to the demoralized state of the Confederates at this time. Never were want and exhaustion more visibly put before my eyes, and that they could march or fight at all seemed incredible.*"

regiments as they were organized. We had nothing of the kind. Few even of our officers had ever seen a well drilled regiment. The wonder is how well and quickly they learned what they did. But they did learn with great facility the elementary and essential movements from line into column, and from column into line.

Few regiments could go through a respectable dress-parade, and with all their picketing they knew very little about the niceties of guard-mounting. But few in the army ever went through the ceremonies of the "Grand Rounds." Soldiers treated officers with respect—if they deserved it—but they never thought of giving a military salute, nor would they have known how to make one if they had. They took off their hats to Lee, and shouted for Jackson; but few officers ever knew the ceremonies of turning out the guard for the commanding officer. There was no time to learn these things. It was this absence of all ceremonial that struck foreign officers and our own officers who had been in the regular army. After the close of the Franco-Prussian war I saw this shrewd observation in a letter from Berlin. The writer said that there were many martinets in the Prussian service to whom war was an annoying interruption to the serious business of army life. One may become just a little *too* professional a soldier, too much imbued with the technology of the camp and parade ground, rather than with the bivouac and battlefield. To such a one the Confederate army was but a sorry sight. *

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*Since the delivery of this address, it has been suggested that these observations in regard to the lack of attention to the *minutiæ* of drill are too general—"that to apply the statement universally would do great injustice to the numerous *elèves* of the Virginia Military Institute—the so-called West Point of the South—some of whom were to be found among the officers of every Virginia regiment, and not a few from other States, who estimated these matters as highly as any Prussian martinet, and who spent the late fall and winter of 1861 in industriously and successfully drilling officers and men in every nicety of the art-military."—[Letter in Charleston *Sunday News*, October 31, signed K.]

No doubt it would have been unjust and untrue to have said that there were no regiments in the Confederate service trained and drilled in these things; but I think still that the observation is generally true, as I have made it—that is, that there were few regiments which were so drilled.

Besides the graduates of the Virginia Military Institute there were also the graduates of the South Carolina Military Academy, who did for some South Carolina regiments what those of the Virginia Military Institute did for the Virginia troops; and in the regiment to which I had the honor to

But I maintain that of discipline, real discipline, prompt obedience to orders, there was no lack, and certainly in Jackson's corps at least obedience was enforced. I can relate two instances in my own experience which will illustrate this.

The afternoon the head of Jackson's corps reached the Rappahannock on the Manassas campaign, 21st August, 1862, there came up a very severe rain-storm, which lasted into the night. It happened that Gregg's brigade bivouacked in the farm-yard to the house in which General Jackson had taken up his headquarters, and the five regiments filing in were placed for the night, so that the First South Carolina volunteers, which I commanded, was next a very nice paling fence. We had not taken our positions before an order was issued by General Jackson—in the midst of all his anxiety about Early's brigade, which you recollect had crossed the river and been cut off by the sudden rise in its waters—that a certain worm-fence at a little distance might be used for fire-wood, but that the officers of the brigade should see that none of the palings were touched. The night was a very severe one, and just recovering from a serious illness I had thought myself fortunate in securing shelter in an out-house. During the night I heard some one knocking away at the palings, and sent at once to stop it. The report to me was, that the men who had been taking the palings belonged to one of the other regiments of the brigade, and I did nothing more than stop any further damage. The next morning by daylight I saw General Jackson ride through the yard, and a few moments afterwards was ordered to report to General Gregg, with whom I found the other four commanding officers of regiments of the brigade, and was told that General Jackson had ordered us all under arrest. We were released upon an arrangement with the owner of the farm to pay for the damage done. Five regimental commanders—and I

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belong great attention was paid to the minuter detail. General Gregg, who organized and drilled it, was himself a great drill-master, having been in the regular service in Mexico, and having under him several officers who were trained in the South Carolina Military Academy. He brought his regiment to the standard of Regulars. Young men with historic, colonial and Revolutionary names—with pocket edition of classic authors in their coats—walked post, and presented arms after the most approved standards of military etiquette; and twice at least on the battlefield I saw disaster averted by the splendid drill of the regiment. But, in the army generally, regiments so drilled and trained were few indeed. In regard to our army generally, I think I am correct in saying "there was no time to learn these things."

always believed, but never actually knew, our brigadier himself—all arrested for a few palings of an ornamental fence taken under such circumstances! And then to be told that there was no discipline in our army!

The other instance to which I allude, is one that I recall of the winter of 1863–'64. I had been detailed as judge-advocate of a general court-martial, and was quartered at a farm-house, around which our division was encamped, and I remember while there being struck with the fact that the poultry were safely walking about the farm-yard, which was enclosed by a worm-fence only, not a rail from which was taken, while our men had to bring their wood from a considerable distance.

What greater proof of the discipline of any army could be given than was by ours in the Pennsylvania campaign, where property was protected even, though we had such great provocation for retaliation? Even the fanatical Doubleday, the historian of Gettysburg in the Scribner series, admits that we paid for whatever we took; but complains that we paid for it in Confederate currency—as if we had any other. He tells as a good joke that General Jenkins, while at Chambersburg, having had some horses stolen, called upon the city authorities to pay him their full value. "They did so," he says, "without a murmur, *in Confederate currency*."*

If the conduct of troops in an invading army is any test of discipline, let us compare two incidents.

A Northern correspondent thus describes the conduct of the Federal troops on taking possession of Athens, Alabama:

"The citizens had their houses and stores broken open and robbed of everything valuable, and what was too unwieldy to be transported easily, broken or otherwise ruined; safes were forced open and rifled of thousands of dollars; wives and mothers insulted, and husbands and fathers arrested if they dared to murmur; horses and negroes taken in large numbers; ladies robbed of all their wearing apparel except what they had on—in a word, every outrage was committed and every excess indulged in that ever was heard of, by a most savage and brutal soldiery, towards a defenceless and alarmed population. This is an everlasting disgrace, that can never be wiped from the page of history."†

*"Chancellorsville and Gettysburg."—Doubleday, page 96.

† *Marginalia* by *Personne*, army correspondent of the Charleston *Courier*, page 45 It should be mentioned that the officer in command, Colonel John B. Turchin, was arrested, tried, and cashiered by a court-martial, of which General Garfield was president. He was, however, immediately appointed Brigadier-General by President Lincoln.—Records War of Rebellion, Vol. XVI, page 273–'8.

Now let us turn to the other: When the army was passing through Pennsylvania, the ladies frequently came out of their houses to show their feelings of hostility to us and to display some evidence of it. At one place a beautiful girl ran down the steps of an elegant mansion, and standing on the terrace in front, waved a miniature United States flag in the face of our troops. Behind her, applauding her act, was grouped a party of ladies, all richly and fashionably attired, evidently belonging to a family of some note. The troops passed by quietly, offering no insult to the flushed beauty, as she flaunted her flag in their faces. At that moment General Lee rode up. His noble face and quiet reproving look met her eye, and the waving flag was lowered. For a moment she looked at him, and then throwing down the miniature banner, exclaimed audibly, as she clasped her white hands together, "Oh! I *wish* he was ours!"*

It is true, however, that the volunteer company organization, or rather the clan system of our organization, together with the want of drill, had some evil effects which remained with the army until the end. I recall a conversation with an English officer, who had joined us just after the Maryland campaign and had been assigned to General A. P. Hill's headquarters, and who had taken part with us in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, which struck me very forcibly. He was extolling, in what even to me seemed extravagant terms, the glorious conduct of our little battalions, as they would hurl themselves upon divisions of the enemy, when suddenly he paused and said: "But they will never do it again!" I resented this, and asked him why he thought we would turn cowards all at once. He begged me not to take offence, but to think for a moment and count up with him the number of officers who had fallen in Jackson's corps, and especially in the Light Division since he had joined us, and then to think who these men were whom we had lost. He went on to recount the list, including Jackson himself, Gregg, Paxton, and Pender, and many regimental officers with whom he had become well acquainted, and then he said, don't you see your system feeds upon itself? You cannot, he said, fill the places of these men. Your men do wonders, but every time at a cost you cannot afford.

The Army of Northern Virginia did even greater wonders after this conversation, for it fought through Grant's campaign of 1864 in which it placed *hors de combat* a number of the enemy equal to

**Marginalia*, page 21.

its entire numerical strength at the commencement of the campaign.* So that if we suppose the two armies starting out on the campaign with equal numbers, Grant would have had no army left after the battle of Cold Harbor on the 3d June. Within one month Lee would have entirely destroyed it. But there was, nevertheless, much truth in Colonel Gordon's remark. Our system of battle required too much exposure of our officers. Our officers had to lead rather than to direct. It was example and not order so much by which our troops were guided. And undoubtedly it was fearfully expensive in officers. Again and again regiments, and sometimes even brigades, came out of battle under subalterns Had our men been better drilled many valuable officers might have been spared to have devised, guided and directed subsequent battles.

A distinguished Federal officer, who has frequently discussed this matter with me, has constantly maintained that in fact the troops of our army were better disciplined than their's. It is certain that our army on no occasion suffered from panic, or was routed as the Federal army in both the battles on Manassas Plains in 1861 and '62, and at Chancellorsville.

Our system of recruiting was certainly wiser than that of the Fed-

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* Swinton says: "Grant's loss in the series of actions from the Wilderness to the Chickahominy reached the enormous aggregate of sixty thousand men put *hors de combat*—a number greater than the entire strength of Lee's army at the opening of the campaign. He had inflicted on Lee a loss of twenty thousand—the ratio being three to one. The Confederates, elated at the skillful manner in which they had constantly been thrust between Richmond and the Union army, and conscious of the terrible price in blood they had exacted from the latter, were in high spirit, and the *morale* of Lee's army was never better than after the battle of Cold Harbor." See *Army of the Potomac*, Swinton, pages 491, 492. *Four Years with General Lee*, Taylor, page 135. *Southern Historical Papers, General C. M. Wilcox*, page 75.

But General Humphreys, in his *Virginia Campaign of '64 and '65*, putting our forces at 61,953 at the commencement of the campaign (page 17), gives the Federal losses as follows: Wilderness (page 53), 15,387; Spotsylvania (page 116), 17,723; North Anna (page 133), 2,100; Cold Harbor (page 191), 12,970; total, 48,180.

True, Lee had received reinforcements at Hanover, which General Humphreys estimates at 8,700 muskets and 600 officers (page 125). But he admits that before Lee had received these reinforcements, with an army of 61,953 men, he had inflicted a loss upon the enemy of 33,100. Is that not enough for the vindication of Lee's strategy and of his army's skill and discipline?

erals. At each call for more troops the Governors of the Northern States insisted upon furnishing them in new organizations—regiments, batteries, &c. They would not forego the patronage of the appointment of the new officers. The result was that there was little or no veteran element in their new regiments. With us, on the contrary, no new regiments were allowed after the reorganization in the spring of 1862. Volunteers and conscripts, as they came in, were assigned to the existing regiments, and soon assimilated with the veterans around them. The *esprit de corps* was thus preserved. There were no regiments without histories and reputations to be preserved. They carried on their colors the battles in which they had been engaged. The system, too, of brigading our troops by States added greatly to their *esprit de corps*, and the permanency of our division and corps organization had a most salutary effect in this direction. This corps sentiment was particularly strong in the Light Division.

But after all, I cannot better conclude this consideration of the discipline of our army than by quoting two accounts of it, one from the correspondent of the London *Times*, and the other by a Federal officer.

Mr. Lawley, the correspondent of the London *Times*, writes:

"In the shelter of the dense woods about Culpeper, in wonderful spirits, with *physique* ineffably improved since the bloody day at Sharpsburg, are clustered the tatterdemalion regiments of the South. It is a strange thing to look at these men, so ragged, slovenly, sleeveless, without a superfluous ounce of flesh upon their bones, with wild, matted hair, in mendicant's rags, and to think when the battle-flag goes to the front how they can and do fight. 'There is only one attitude in which I should never be ashamed of your seeing my men, and that is when they are fighting.' These were General Lee's words to me the first time I ever saw him; they have been confirmed by every other distinguished officer in the Confederacy. There are triumphs of daring which these poor ragged men have attempted, and attempted successfully, in this war which have never been attempted by their Sybarite opponents. Again and again they have stormed batteries, formidably defended, at the point of the bayonet; nothing of this kind has ever been attempted by the Federals. Again and again has General Stuart's cavalry surprised Federal camps at night; no Confederate camp has been surprised since the commencement of the war. One or two regiments of these tattered men will stand firm, though attacked by overwhelming numbers of the enemy, and will constantly, under such circumstances, successfully hold their ground."*

A Federal officer, writing after the battle of Chancellorsville, adds the following praise from an enemy:

* *Marginalia*, page 48.

"Their artillery horses are poor, starved frames of beasts, tied to their carriages and caissons with odds and ends of rope and strips of raw hide; their supply and ammunition trains look like a congregation of all the crippled California emigrant trains that ever escaped off the desert out of the clutches of the rampaging Comanche Indians; the men are ill-dressed, ill-equipped and ill-provided—a set of ragamuffins that a man is ashamed to be seen among, even when he is a prisoner and can't help it; and yet they have beaten us fairly, beaten us all to pieces, beaten us so easily that we are objects of contempt even to their commonest private soldiers with no shirts to hang out the holes of their pantaloons, and cartridge-boxes tied round their waists with strands of rope."*

Troops which could march through an enemy's country without pillaging, and without insulting the people—troops which were never surprised and never yielded to panic, which could be handled as Lee manœuvred the Army of Northern Virginia from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor, must have had some discipline, or something which did marvellously well in the place of it.

We were an army of Rebels it is said, and, as I have had to recall, our men did not object to the name. They recollected that Washington had fought under the same title. Indeed, they had been brought up to believe it true that "rebellion to tyrants was obedience to God," whether the sentiment was an inspiration of Franklin's or not, and to think that it was as applicable to the tyranny of an unconstitutional Democracy as to that of a personal tyrant. Rebels we were called, and the records of the war are now labelled the 'Official Records of the War of the Rebellion." But one would scarcely expect to find a strong religious feeling pervading and impressing the ranks of Rebels, yet such was the fact in our case.

"Let it be remarked," observed the London *Index*, "that while all other nations have written their own histories, the brief history of this army, so full of imperishable glory, has been written for them by their enemies, or at least by lukewarm neutrals. Above of all has the Confederate nation distinguished itself from its adversaries by modesty and truth, those noblest ornaments of human nature. A heartfelt, unostentatious piety has been the source whence this army and people have drawn their inspirations of duty, of honor, and of consolation."†

So, too, a correspondent of the same journal, writing from Baltimore, says:

"But before I close I must tell you of the beautiful humility and heroic piety which seemed to pervade the hearts of all the Confederates I saw. I

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* *Marginalia*, page 48.

† *Ibid*, page 1.

have never seen a strong religious sentiment so generally prevalent as I find among them."*

The religious character of Lee and Jackson are well known. The incidents of Jackson, as an elder in the Presbyterian church, himself administering the most solemn rites of his church, and of Lee forbidding his staff to disturb an impromptu prayer-meeting that stopped their way when hurrying to the fierce battle in the Wilderness are familiar, and have gone into history. Our dashing, brilliant cavalry leader, General Stuart, when he came to die could quietly say: "I am resigned if it be God's will, but I should like to see my wife. But God's will be done," and General Lee in announcing his death in orders, could say of him to his fellow-soldiers: "To military capacity of a high order he added the brightest graces of a pure life, sustained by the Christian's faith and hope." †

Ours was an army of Headly Vicars, Outrams and Havelocks.

Lord Brougham, in one of his historical sketches, touchingly describes the relations between Lord St. Vincent and his great lieutenant, the hero of the Nile—Lord Nelson. He tells how the illustrious hero always acknowledged, with the most affectionate gratitude, how much his victory of the Nile was owing to the grand operation of his chief in fitting up the expedition, and for whom he felt and ever testified the most profound veneration. Nor was anything more distasteful to his truly noble and generous nature than the attempts of flatterers who would pay their court to himself by overrating his services at St. Vincent, and ascribing to him the glory of that memorable day. On the other hand, Lord St. Vincent knew all the while how attempts had been made by Lord Nelson's flatterers to set him up as the true hero of the fourteenth of February, but never for an instant did the feelings towards Nelson cross his mind by which inferior natures would have been swayed. In spite of all these invidious arts he magnanimously sent Nelson to Aboukir, and by unparalleled exertion, which he, Vincent, alone could make, armed him with the means of eclipsing his own fame. The mind of the historian, says Lord Brougham, weary with recounting the deeds of human baseness, and mortified with contemplating the frailty of illustrious men, gathers a soothing refreshment from such scenes as these, where kindred genius, exciting only mutual admiration and honest rivalry, gives birth to no feeling of jealousy or envy.

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* *Marginalia*, page 3.

† Memoirs of the Confederate War—Von Borcke, pages 313, 315.

Just such were the relations between Lee and Jackson. How common it was to hear that Jackson only executed Lee's orders and was entitled to the credit of no genius, and, on the other hand, that Lee could achieve nothing without Jackson. But all this did not affect either of them. How promptly Lee wrote when he heard of Jackson's wound in the hour of his victory: "I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to have been disabled instead of you. I congratulate you upon the victory, which is due to your skill and energy." And when this note was read to Jackson, how beautiful his reply: "General Lee is very kind, but he should give the glory to God." *

Mr. Cox, in his Historical Memoirs of Three Decades, observes that it does not detract from the chivalric courage of the Confederate soldier, however humble his station or high his rank, that he succumbed before the vast mechanical power of the North. The South, he says, was not distinguished for invention or mechanical genius. It was only in a few localities that she had the facilities to construct what was indispensable to war. Her mechanical instrumentalities were few and far between, for the South was a country of planters. He does not exactly express it so, but his idea is that the war was one of machinery against chivalry, in which the knight-errant was bound to be run over by the locomotive, if not overthrown by the windmill. He says if the South has lost her cause, it was because she had never gained that skill in invention which has no parallel in the world, and which had its home in the North, and principally in the New England States.† But while this is no doubt in a great measure true, he does not realize and give credit to the South for the inventive genius she discovered, the ingenuity she exhibited, and the patient toil with which even in the midst of the pressure of war she developed her mechanical and material resources.

There is no doubt that the South suffered vastly more from the want of material than of men, though she fought against more than double her numbers in the field. Had we been able to arm the volunteers who offered their services in 1861 the result of the war might have been very different. Mr. Davis has been blamed for not having raised at once an army of 500,000, which he could just as easily have mustered as 10,000. But an army without arms is little better than

* Life of General T. J. Jackson—Dabney, pages 702, 710.

† Three Decades, Federal Legislation—S. S. Cox, page 215.

a mob, and we did not have the arms to put in the hands of the men who were willing to go forward.

The act of the Confederate Congress of March, 1861, authorizing the President to ask for and accept any number of volunteers not exceeding 100,000, expressly provided that the volunteers should furnish their own clothes, and, if mounted, their own horses and equipments, and when mustered into the service should be armed by the States from which they came. It was not until August, 1861, that Congress authorized the Secretary of War to provide and furnish clothing for the forces of the Confederacy, nor was such clothing furnished until the second year of the war.

It is almost amusing now to recall the struggle it was to obtain the admission of a company, battalion or regiment into the Confederate army in the commencement of the war. The recruiting of the men was but a small part of the business. The most difficult was to furnish them with clothing and equipments. Fairs, and theatricals, and subscriptions, and all such devices were resorted to, and then, after having the rolls filled and the clothing provided, such as it was, the chances were that the government would refuse to receive them, because arms could not be procured. At least this was my own experience. I had raised a battalion, and had them actually encamped and was providing their clothing, when, coming on to Richmond, I was informed the government would muster in only those for whom I could obtain arms, and as I could only obtain one hundred muskets—and those I almost stole—I had to disband the rest. The men I had in camp, and who were refused as volunteers, were afterwards conscripted.

Still, many more men got to Virginia than could be armed. General Whiting telegraphs from Dumfries, November 16, 1861, to General Cooper: "What are they sending me unarmed and new regiments for? Don't want them. They will only be in the way. Can't feed them nor use them. I want reinforcements, not recruits."*

But it was one of the most remarkable features of the war that without foundries, and without men skilled in such work, and cut off as we were from the rest of the world by the blockade, without facilities of any kind, the South developed her resources and armed her troops. True, General Banks was our chief quartermaster in the early part of 1862, and Pope and Hooker our ordnance officers.

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* Records War of Rebellion, Volume V, page 961.

But with no other except this adventitious aid, Mr. Davis was able to report to Congress in his message in January, 1863:

"Our armies are larger, better disciplined, and more thoroughly armed and equipped than at any previous period of the war. The energies of a whole nation devoted to the single object of success in this war have accomplished marvels, and many of our trials have, by a beneficent Providence, been converted into blessings. The magnitude of the perils which we have encountered have developed the true qualities and illustrated the heroic character of our people, thus gaining for the Confederacy from its birth a just appreciation from the other nations of the earth. The injuries resulting from the interruption of foreign commerce have received some compensation by the development of our internal resources. Cannon crown our fortresses that were cast from the products of mines opened and furnaces built during the war. Our mountain caves yield much of the nitre for the manufacture of powder, and promise increase of product. From our own foundries and laboratories, from our own armories and workshops, we derive in a great measure the warlike materials, the ordnance and ordnance stores which are expended so profusely in the numerous desperate engagements that rapidly succeed each other. Cotton and woolen fabrics, shoes and harness, wagons and gun-carriages are produced in daily increasing quantities by the factories springing into existence. Our fields, no longer whitened by cotton that cannot be exported, are devoted to the production of cereals and the growth of stock formerly purchased with the proceeds of cotton. In the homes of our noble and devoted women, without whose sublime sacrifices our success would have been impossible, the noise of the loom and of the spinning wheel may be heard throughout the land. With hearts swelling with gratitude, let us join them in returning thanks to God and beseeching Him the continuance of His protecting care over our cause, and the restoration of peace with its manifold blessings to our beloved country."*

This message was written just after the battle of Fredericksburg, when the tide of Confederate success was still in the flood, and our hopes of final victory were high and strong. But the tide reached its full at Gettysburg and turned, and our resources, notwithstanding our skill and valor in the field, gradually failed us, and the end came at Appomattox. Would we now have it otherwise?

I for one, reading again the history of the great questions which divided the sections of the country, recollecting our education and recalling the spirit of the times, think I can say that I regret neither the war nor its results. The questions on which it arose were implanted in the very Constitution of the United States. What all the

* *Marginalia*, page 189.

wisdom and patriotism of our forefathers, the founders of the government, could not solve, they left to be decided by the sword in the hands of their descendants. It fell to our lot, my comrades, under God's providence to take part in a war that was inevitable from the adoption of the Constitution. How we bore ourselves in the struggle for what we were taught—for what we believed, and still believe—to have been the right of that controversy, is now history.

Nor need we fear the history that is being written. Its causes will be the subject of dispute probably as long as our government itself shall last. But our opponents themselves are now doing justice to the conduct of our people during the struggle, however much they deprecate the war itself. The time has passed for unfair and sensational accounts of battles. The *Century Magazine* is giving carefully prepared accounts by the actors on both sides, the chief historical danger of which is personal, and not sectional injustice; and *Scribner's* recent series are in the main fair and impartial histories of the campaigns of the war. That of "*The Army Under Pope*" is eminently so; while that of "*The Virginia Campaign of 1864 and 1865*," by the late General A. A. Humphreys, is written with as much candor as ability. General Humphreys does, or at least attempts to do, justice to both sides, and closes his work with the soldierly remark:

"*It has not seemed to me necessary to attempt a eulogy upon the Army of the Potomac or the Army of Northern Virginia.*"

It was not necessary for that distinguished officer to eulogize the Army of the Potomac, nor is it necessary, if it were becoming in us, to boast of the conduct of the Army of Northern Virginia. If the fairness of a true historical temper had not already manifested itself in the military writers of the country, the publication by Congress of the official records of the war, both of the Union and of the Confederate armies, simultaneously and chronologically, puts an end to any historical misrepresentation, and gives to the world the cotemporaneous account of each battle and engagement, Federal and Confederate, side by side. In view of these publications, we need no longer fear the misrepresentations of Pope's vain-glorious dispatches, nor of Doubleday's sensational and egotistical account of Gettysburg, nor yet the absurd mis-statements of Badeau; nor need we fear on our side that Jackson's reputation will suffer from the criticisms of Longstreet.

In conclusion, my comrades, let me allude to an incident which has happened since this address has been written, which has touched

the hearts of the stricken city from which I come, and which I am sure will appeal to yours.

A few days after the great earthquake, which so appalled and injured the city of Charleston, I received a note from a distinguished officer of the Federal army, Major-General S. W. Crawford, telling me that he was coming to us to see for himself, in the hope that his representations to the Northern people might take the shape of immediate and permanent relief. General Crawford, let me remind you, was an assistant surgeon in the United States army, who happened to be stationed at Fort Moultrie when the war broke out, and when the bombardment of Fort Sumter took place he volunteered for duty at the guns, and was the only man wounded on either side in that engagement. General Crawford came at once to Charleston, while the city was still quaking in the agonies of the disaster, and lame himself, from a wound received at our hands at Reams's station, clambered over the *debris* of the city to find his old friends, and to counsel and sympathise with them. Among these was one who, like General Crawford, had distinguished himself in Fort Sumter, but that while serving on our side. The Rev. John Johnson, now rector of St. Philip's church, Charleston, was the Confederate engineer who, day and night, served in that fortress for more than a year, converting, by his skill and energy, the *debris* of the walls—as they were knocked down and crumbled to pieces under Gilmore's guns—into a still more formidable work, and who there was himself twice wounded. He it was—who, standing by his church and his people with the same devoted and heroic conduct in the throes of the earthquake as he had stood in Sumter's crumbling walls—that General Crawford sought out, and there in a stable, in which Mr. Johnson and his family were living, their residence having been injured, stood the two heroes of Fort Sumter—Federal and Confederate—conferring what could be done for our people. Think upon the scene, my comrades, your own thoughts and feelings will do it more justice than any words of mine.

But General Crawford was not the only Federal officer who hurried to Charleston in our distress; nor was he the most representative of those who came. He, indeed, though he had fought us for the Union, had amongst us warm friends—friendships formed before, and continued after the war, which had not broken them. So in his case there was strong personal feeling and sympathy, as well as philanthropy and patriotism. But there came others to us

who were personally strangers to our people—who came only in the name of our former enemies—in the name of the Grand Army of the Republic. Governor Fairchild, of Wisconsin, the commander-in-chief, and Colonel E. B. Gray, the adjutant-general of that great body, came to inquire and report to their comrades if there existed a necessity for additional aid to us in our troubles.

Soon after the fall of Charleston and the surrender at Appomattox a party came down from Washington to raise the Stars and Stripes from Fort Sumter—to declare and announce the restoration of the Union. The proclamation of the commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic from Charleston, on the 14th September, 1886, just twenty-one years after, calling on each post in every department at once to appoint a committee to collect such sums as their comrades and fellow citizens in cities, villages and on their farms might desire to contribute to help rebuild our city, "the cradle of secession" though it was, is, I trust, an announcement that the restoration of the Union is at last and indeed complete.

Let us trust, my comrades, that this noble and patriotic action has a deeper significance than even sympathy for a people in distress. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me," said our divine Lord of those who took the stranger in and clothed the naked and went in and ministered unto the sick and needy. And so you, my comrades, will, I am sure, recognize this noble and generous action of our former opponents as rendered unto each and every one of you, and to our whole beloved South as well as to the people of Charleston. Let us indeed hope that we are attaining to that full reconciliation for which, as Colonel Chesney says, our great leader would have sacrificed a hundred lives. Let us trust that the day is approaching when, in his language, "the evil passions of the great strife will sleep in oblivion, and North and South do justice to each other's motives and forget each other's wrongs."

Colonel McCrady was loudly applauded at the close of his address, and cordially congratulated by his old comrades, and a vote of thanks adopted and a copy of the address solicited for publication.

On motion of Dr. J. William Jones, the following was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we have learned with deepest regret of the damage done to the Confederate Home at Charleston by the earthquake, and

we recommend to our comrades and friends liberal contributions towards the restoration of the same.

THE BANQUET.

After the exercises in the Hall were through, the Association and their guests repaired to Sænger Hall, where a splendid banquet was spread.

The veterans did full justice to the viands, after which there was "a feast of reason and flow of soul," which was greatly enjoyed.

There were no regular toasts, but volunteer toasts, and a general mingling of war memories and reminiscences.

In response to calls, brief speeches were made by General Early, Colonel F. R. Farrar, Colonel Edward McCrady, Jr., Colonel Archer Anderson, Dr. J. William Jones, Major J. N. Stubbs, Judge Theo. S. Garnett, Captain Carlton McCarthy, and others.

There was a general and strong expression of a desire that these reunions shall be more largely attended by our comrades—that the Association shall be more vigorously maintained—and that the memories which it is designed to perpetuate, shall be kept ever fresh and fragrant in the hearts of our people.

The Broken Mug.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

[The following poem, written by John Esten Cooke in the summer of 1865, on breaking the mug he had carried through the war, will be read with peculiar interest just now in view of the recent lamented death of the distinguished author, who was widely known in the literary world for the many productions of his facile pen, but who will live in the hearts of old Confederates as one who was "true to his colors" to the last—who, unlike the infamous G. W. Cable, "did not desert during the war, and has not deserted since":]

My mug is broken, my heart is sad;
What woes can fate still hold in store?
The friend I cherished a thousand days
Is smashed to pieces on the floor;
Is shattered, and to Limbo gone;
I'll see my mug no more!

Relic, it was, of joyous hours,
Whose golden memories still allure—
When coffee made of rye we drank,
And gray was all the dress we wore;
When we were paid some cents a month,
But never asked for more!

In marches long, by day and night,
In raids, hot charges, shocks of war,
Strapped on the saddle at my back
This faithful comrade still I bore—
This old companion, true and tried
I'll never carry more!

Bright days, when young in heart and hope
The pulse leaped at the words "La Gloire!"
When the gray people cried, "hot fight!
Why we have one to four!"
When but to see the foeman's face
Was all they asked—no more.

From the Rapidan to Gettysburg—
"Hard bread" behind, "sour krout" before—
This friend went with the cavalry
And heard the jarring cannon roar
In front of Cemetery Hill—
Good heavens! how they did roar!

Then back again, the foe behind,
Back to the "Old Virginia shore"—
Some dead and wounded left—some holes
In flags the sullen graybacks bore;
This mug had made the great campaign,
And we'd have gone once more!

Alas! we never went again!
The red cross banner, slow but sure,
"Fell back"—we bade to sour krout
(Like the lover of Lenore)
A long, sad, lingering farewell—
To taste its joys no more.

But still we fought, and ate hard bread,
Or starved—good friend our woes deplore!
And still this faithful friend remained
Riding behind me as before—
The friend on march, in bivouac,
When others were no more.

How oft we drove the horsemen blue
In Summer bright or winter frore!
How oft before the Southern charge
Thro' field and wood the bluebirds tore!
I'm "harmonized" to-day, but think
I'd like to charge once more.

Oh, yes! we're all "fraternal" now,
Purged of our sins we're clean and pure,
Congress will "reconstruct" us soon—
But no gray people on *that* floor!
I'm harmonized—"so called"—but long
To see those times once more!

Gay days! the sun was brighter then,
And we were happy, though so poor!
That past comes back as I behold
My shattered friend upon the floor,
My splintered, useless, ruined mug,
From which I'll drink no more.

How many lips I'll love for aye,
While heart and memory endure,
Have touched this broken cup and laughed—
How they did laugh!—in days of yore!
Those days we'd call "a beauteous dream
If they had been no more!"

Dear comrades, dead this many a day,
I saw you weltering in your gore
After those days, amid the pines
On the Rappahannock shore!
When the joy of life was much to me,
But your warm hearts were more!

Yours was the grand heroic nerve
That laughs amid the storm of war—
Souls that "loved much" your native land,
Who fought and died therefor!
You gave your youth, your brains, your arms,
Your blood—you had no more!

You lived and died true to your flag!
And now your wounds are healed, but sore
Are many hearts that think of you
Where you have "gone before."
Peace, comrade! God bound up those forms—
They are "whole" forevermore!

Those lips this broken vessel touched,
His, too!—the man's we all adore—
That cavalier of cavaliers,
Whose voice will ring no more—
Whose plume will float amid the storm
Of battle nevermore!

Not on this idle page I write
That name of names, shrined in the core
Of every heart! Peace! foolish pen!
Hush! words so cold and poor!
His sword is rust; the blue eyes dust,
His bugle sounds no more!

Yet even here write this: He charged!
As Rupert in the years before,
And when his stern, hard work was done,
His griefs, joys, battles o'er—
His mighty spirit rode the storm,
And led his men once more!

He lies beneath his native sod,
Where violets spring, or frost is hoar,
He recks not—charging squadrons watch
His raven plume no more!
That smile we'll see, that voice we'll hear,
That hand we'll touch no more!

My foolish mirth is quenched in tears;
Poor fragments strewed upon the floor,
You are a type of nobler things
That find their use no more—
Things glorious once, now trodden down—
That make us smile no more!

Of courage, pride, high hopes, stout hearts—
Hard, stubborn nerve, devotion pure.
Beating his wings against the bars,
The prisoned eagle tried to soar!
Outmatched, overwhelmed, we struggled still—
Bread failed—we fought no more!

Lies in the dust the shattered staff
That bore aloft on sea and shore
That blazing flag, amid the storm!
And none are now so poor!
So poor to do it reverence
Now when it flames no more!

But it is glorious in the dust,
Sacred till time shall be no more.
Spare it, fierce editors, your scorn!
The dread "Rebellion's" o'er!
Furl the great flag, hide cross and star.
Thrust into darkness star and bar,
But, look! across the ages far
It flames forevermore!

Calhoun—Nullification Explained.

BY COLONEL BENJAMIN E. GREEN, OF DALTON, GA.

During Mr. Buchanan's administration, before the slave-holding States proposed to withdraw peaceably, rather than wait to be "expelled" from the confederation, a State Disunion Convention met at Worcester, Massachusetts. It was composed of men who subsequently became the controlling element of the party which elected Mr. Lincoln President and abolished slavery by force of arms. They adopted the following platform:

Resolved, That the meeting of a State Disunion Convention, attended by men of various parties and affinities, gives occasion for a new statement of principles and a new platform of action.

Resolved, That the cardinal American principle is now, as always, liberty, while the prominent fact is now, as always, slavery.

Resolved, That the conflict between this principle of liberty and this fact of slavery has been the whole history of the nation for fifty years, while the only result of this conflict has thus far been to strengthen both parties, and prepare the way for a yet more desperate struggle

Resolved, That the fundamental difference between mere political agitation and the action we propose, is this, that the one requires the acquiescence of the slave power, and the other only its opposition.

Resolved, That the necessity for disunion is written in the whole existing character and condition of the two sections of the country, in their social organization, education, habits and laws; in the dangers of our white citizens in Kansas, and of our colored ones in Boston, in the wounds of Charles Sumner and the laurels of his assailants, and no government on earth was ever strong enough to hold together such opposing forces.

Resolved, That this movement does not seek merely disunion, but the more perfect union of the free States by the "expulsion" of the slave States from the confederation, in which they have ever been an element of discord, danger and disgrace.

Resolved, That it is not probable that the ultimate severance of the Union will be an act of deliberation or discussion, but that a long period of deliberation and discussion must precede it, and this we meet to begin.

Resolved, That henceforward, instead of regarding it as an objection to any system of policy that it will lead to the separation of the States, we will proclaim that to be the highest of all recommendations and the grateful proof of statesmanship; and will support, politically and otherwise, such men and measures as appear to tend most to this result.

Resolved, That by the repeated confessions of Northern and Southern statesmen, "the existence of the Union is the chief guarantee of slavery," and that the despots of the old world have everything to fear, and the slaves of the whole world everything to hope, from its destruction and the rise of a free Northern Republic.

Resolved, That the sooner the separation takes place the more peaceful it will be; but that peace or war is a secondary consideration, in view of our present perils. Slavery must be conquered, peacefully, if we can, forcibly, if we must.

Since that Convention met a quarter of a century has elapsed; since Calhoun's death a third of a century. A book has just been published in Boston entitled "John C. Calhoun," by Dr. H. von Holst. Every well-informed Southerner will rise from its perusal impressed with the ideas:

1. That its author has not been long enough in America to overcome his European predilection for autocratic rule and centralized despotism.

2. That coming here to better his condition, and finding the Union haters of 1856–'60 a controlling element of the party in power, he thought the shortest cut to better fortunes would be to secure their patronage by this *post mortem* attack on their great opponent, Calhoun.

3. That next after demolishing Calhoun's great reputation for statesmanship, the chief object of this book is to justify and glorify the men of the Worcester Convention and the Higher Law, which they proclaimed. By that Higher Law the Union became a thing to be hated and destroyed—the Constitution (to use Dr. von

Holst's language)—"nothing but a dead piece of parchment, not even able to resist the attacks of moth and mice" (see page 295), "whenever it comes in conflict with their 'wills' or 'convictions.'"

On page 127 Dr. von Holst says:

"The facts and the Constitution, which had been framed according to the facts, were at fault. The founders of the Constitution had been under the necessity of admitting slavery into the Constitution, and the inevitable consequence was that conclusions, which were diametrically opposed to each other, could be logically deduced from it, by starting first from the fact that slavery was an acknowledged and protected institution, which, so far as the States were concerned, was out of the pale of the Federal jurisdiction, and then from the no less incontestable fact. that the determining principle of the Constitution was liberty, and that the spirit and whole life of the American people fully accorded with the Constitution in this respect.

"The flaw in all the reasoning of Calhoun on the slavery question was, that he took no account whatever of the latter fact. The logical consequence of this was, that his constitutional theories were of a nature which rendered the acquiescence of the North in them an utter impossibility. * * A compromise between antagonistic principles is, *ab initio*, an impossibility."

Page 344, he says: "For the first time Calhoun directly asserted that if the North would but follow his advice 'discontent would cease, harmony and kind feelings between the sections be restored, and every apprehension of danger to the Union be removed;' and he followed up this assertion by demanding what was, in the strictest sense of the word, impossible. * * The North *could* not cease agitating the slavery question, because it *could* not will it" (the italics are von Holst's)—"that is to say, she could not will to change or annihilate her economical, moral and political convictions relative to slavery. She could not will it, simply because they were convictions"

Here, and all through the book, we have the argument, temper, spirit, and very nearly the exact language of the Worcester Resolutions. Where the latter speak of the "Cardinal American Principle," von Holst uses the expression, "the determining principle of the Constitution." This is about the sum of the difference between them. In the first extract above quoted, there is an effort to show that the clearly expressed and universally admitted provisions of the Constitution are "nullified" by its "determining principle." In the second we are boldly told that being opposed to, they should be "nullified" by the sweet "wills" or "con-

victions" of the Worcester Union haters. To those who really love the Union, as did Calhoun, it may be some comfort to know that—their "wills" or "convictions" having prevailed over the Constitution on the subject of slavery—this book indicates a willingness now to let the Union stand, at least until some new conviction may arise (ex. gr. on the Prohibition issue) to call for the expulsion from the confederation of those States that may oppose their "wills."

Calhoun was an ardent Union lover, and, among others, for the same reason that made the Worcester men such bitter Union haters; that is to say, because the Union, as ordained by the Constitution, was "the surest guarantee" of the right of the Southern States to work out the solution of the slavery problem for themselves, in their own time and way, without interference of the general Government, or the intermeddling of the Northern States or their citizens. He clung to the Constitution for the same reason, among others, that made them denounce it as "a covenant with death and league with hell;" that is to say, because it clearly guaranteed this right to the Southern States. He was the ablest, most watchful and inflexible opponent of the Higher Law, which subordinated the Constitution and the Union to their "wills" or "convictions." For twenty years, from 1831 to 1850, he was first among those who guarded the temple of his idol—the Union as ordained by the Constitution—against the incendiarism of those Erostrati. For ten years after his death, his spirit hovered around that temple and protected it from the torch, with which they sought to achieve a fame as lasting as his who "fired the Ephesian dome." An antagonism so prolonged very naturally aroused much bitterness of feeling on the part of the Union haters towards the Union lover. Love and hate are the master passions of the human heart. Alas! that the latter is the more active, as Shakespeare has so admirably illustrated by Shylock, in whom hate was stronger than avarice, and avarice stronger than love for his daughter. But if Dr. von Holst's idea was to achieve fame and fortune by pandering to that bitterness of feeling in 1882, he will surely be disappointed, if the manliness and magnanimity of the New England character has not been greatly overestimated.

On page 1, Dr. von Holst rolls up the curtain with a good deal of stage thunder, to display Calhoun's "impure idol" and "unholy cause" with tragic effect. On page 2 he says that "Calhoun has no claims on the gratitude of his country." On page 7 he seeks to dwarf Calhoun into "only an able politician, having many peers and even a considerable number of superiors." Page 10 he says: "He

began the practice of law;" and sneeringly adds: "but it does not appear that the public were especially eager to avail themselves of his services as an attorney and counsellor, nor that he distinguished himself in any case of importance. * * He would undoubtedly never have become a great lawyer, because he was not objective enough to examine his premises with sufficient care," etc.

Page 16, speaking of Calhoun's advocacy of the war of 1812, he says: "So the first act of Calhoun on the national stage was to sound the war trumpet. Henceforth incessant war, war to the bitter end, was to be his destiny to the last day of his life; though it was in later years to be waged, not against a foreign aggressor, but against internal adversaries, against the peace of the Union, against the true welfare of his own section of the country"

Page 26, this calumny is repeated by a negative pregnant, when he says: "At this time (war of 1812), Calhoun did not seek the satisfaction of his personal ambition at the expense of the Union;" thereby seeking to make the impression that at another time he did.

Page 33, he speaks of Calhoun (interrogatively, it is true,) as "a young zealot, who did not know how to bridle his tongue, but on the gravest questions of the day babbled out the first thoughts that happened to flit through his giddy brain."

Page 57, speaking of Calhoun's admirers, he uses the qualifving adjective "blind," and adds, "if there still be any left." Page 142, he calls Calhoun "the fanatical champion of the ideas of the Middle Ages." His pet epithet, however, is "doctrinaire," which reminds us of Dr. Johnson's encounter with the fishwoman of Billingsgate. If von Holst's unmeasured zeal in the service of the Worcester Convention Union haters had stopped here, it had been quite as harmless, if not so funny, as the mathematical epithets with which Johnson silenced the fishwoman.

But on page 233, speaking of Calhoun's dispatch to Pakenham of 18th April, 1844, he drops his favorite epithet "doctrinaire," for "Liar!"

Calhoun died 31st March, 1850. He had been in his grave over thirty years. His fame is part of the inheritance of the whole American people. It is much to be regretted that such language concerning him should now appear in 1882 under so respectable an imprint as that of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. In justice to them, we assume that in their extensive business, it is impossible for them personally to supervise all that comes from their press. They are compelled to entrust much to others.

Let us see on what this charge of "lying" rests. The following is the extract from Calhoun's dispatch to Pakenham, quoted by von Holst.

"The United States have heretofore declined to meet her (Texas') wishes; but the time has now arrived when they can no longer refuse, consistently with their own security and peace, and the sacred obligation imposed by their Constitutional compact for mutual defense and protection. * * They are without responsibility for the state of things already adverted to, as the immediate cause of imposing on them, in self-defense, the obligation of adopting the measures they have. They remained passive so long as the policy on the part of Great Britain, which has led to its adoption, had no immediate bearing on their peace and safety."

Dr. von Holst's comment on this is as follows:

"It may not be correct to apply, without modification, the code of private ethics to politics; but, however flexible political morality be, a lie is a lie, and Calhoun knew that there was not a particle of truth in these assertions. Almost eight years before, on May 23, 1836, as we have seen, he himself declared annexation to be necessary, and the first and foremost reason that he alleged for it was the interest which the Southern States had in it, on account of their peculiar institution. Two years later, his colleague, Mr. Preston, had moved in the Senate, and Mr. Thompson, of South Carolina, had also moved in the House of Representatives, to declare annexation expedient. Several State Legislatures, as those of Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee, had agitated the question with hot zeal, unreservedly avowing that they did so 'upon grounds somewhat local in their complexion, but of an import infinitely grave and interesting to the people who inhabit the southern portion of the Confederacy.' In December, 1841, it was a public secret in the political circles of Washington that Tyler had again taken up the annexation project. It had in fact never been abandoned, but only temporarily put off the order of the day, because, for various reasons, the time had not been deemed opportune. But on October 16, 1843, more than two months before Lord Aberdeen's dispatch was written, and more than four months before it was delivered, Upshur had made the formal proposition of annexation. Whether Calhoun had any knowledge of the existence of this dispatch before he had consented to become the successor of Upshur, we do not know; but that he would have accepted Tyler's invitation and entered upon the office with exactly the same programme, if Lord Aberdeen's dispatch had never been written, nobody

has ever ventured to question. It is, therefore, an incontestable fact that there was not a particle of truth in those allegations of the Secretary, and that he was fully conscious of it. To pervert the truth in such a manner required indeed a bold front."

Can the utmost charity suppose that Dr. von Holst, who has undertaken to write a constitutional history of the United States, does not know the difference between the United States, on the one hand, and Calhoun, Preston, Thompson, Tyler, Upshur, the Legislatures of Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee, and the whole South on the other? They were not "the United States," neither individually nor collectively. Calhoun was not speaking of or for them, nor of what they had done or proposed. Every schoolboy knows that "the United States" for years declined to meet Texas' wish for annexation, though backed by all these potent influences, and the very facts stated by von Holst, to prove that Calhoun "lied," proved that he stated the case with the utmost exactness of truth.

Calhoun rested his defence of his government for proposing then to annex Texas, after having so long declined, on "the state of things." The very paragraph selected for quotation by von Holst shows that. What was that "state of things"?

The proximity of Texas to the mouths of the Mississippi river rendered its possession by so weak a power as Mexico a constant menace to the trade of the whole Mississippi valley. Mexico was too weak to prevent a strong power like Great Britain seizing Texas as a *point d' appui*, from which to attack New Orleans and annihilate the commerce of that great emporium of the Southern and Western States, in case of another war. For this reason the acquisition of Texas had long been deemed desirable by many American statesmen, including at one time even J. Q. Adams himself. In 1843 another war with Great Britain had become not improbable, in view of the Oregon and other complications. Therefore, to our citizens in distant Oregon, as well as to those in the Mississippi valley, the annexation of Texas had become desirable, because of its relation to New Orleans and the commerce of the Mississippi, important elements of national power for the solution of the Oregon and other questions. It may well be doubted whether the Oregon dispute could have been so easily settled if Captain Elliott, "the man in the white hat," had been successful in the objects of his mission to Texas; that is to say, in securing Texas as a commercial dependency of Great Britain, in abolishing slavery in Texas, and in building up on our Southwestern border another Canada. (See speech of Senator Houston, *Congres-*

sional Globe, second session Twenty-ninth Congress, p. 459; also, remarks of Lords Brougham and Aberdeen in House of Lords, in London *Morning Chronicle*, August 19, 1843.) But the Union haters of 1840–'60, whose glasses Dr. von Holst now wears, could only see from one side of the shield, and, in their impatience to abolish slavery, desired to see established on our Southwestern border an asylum for runaway negroes and hostile Indians.

Dr. von Holst himself declares that "an independent Texas without slavery, and the permanent continuance of slavery in the Union were irreconcilable" (p. 237). He is also forced to admit that as the Constitution was originally framed and then stood, "slavery was an acknowledged and protected institution." That once admitted, "the sacred obligation imposed by the Constitutional compact for mutual defence and protection," is unquestionable, except on Dr. von Holst's idea that this obligation was nullified by "the determining principle" of the Constitution and subordinate to the "convictions" of the Union haters. On this idea it might be admissible for Dr. von Holst to contend that his view of the obligations of the Constitutional compact was correct and Calhoun's wrong. But to answer Calhoun's argument, thirty years after his death, by calling him a liar—will that meet the approval of cultured New England?

The very passage, selected for quotation by Dr. von Holst, proves that Calhoun rested his defence of the annexation of Texas—not on the avowals of Lord Aberdeen's dispatch, but on "the state of things," one important element of which, though previously made known by the remarks of Lords Brougham and Aberdeen in the House of Lords in August, 1843 (two months before Upshur's "formal proposition of annexation"), was for the first time avowed in an official dispatch to this Government by Lord Aberdeen six months later. Dr. von Holst's disingenuous effort to make it appear that Calhoun rested his defence on the avowals of Lord Aberdeen, and not on the state of things, and that Calhoun, therefore, "lied," because the facts were known before the avowals were made, is a *malus-puer*-ility which, if admissible in the heat and passion of an active canvass against a live candidate for office, would even then admit of but one defence, "that want of decency is want of sense."

Speaking of the Tariff controversy of 1828–'32, Dr. von Holst says (page 98):

"South Carolina received the new tariff as a declaration that the protective system was 'the settled policy of the country,' and on August 28, 1832, Calhoun issued his third manifest (his letter to

Governor Hamilton), determined to have the die cast without delay. * * Thirty years later, the programme laid down in it was carried out, piece by piece, and the justification of the Southern course was based, point by point, upon this argument."

Now let us see if all of the last sentence, and so much of the first, as imputes to Calhoun a "determination to have the die cast without delay," are not misrepresentations, which leave Dr. von Holst's celebrated compatriot, the Baron von Munchausen, far in the rear as a writer of fiction.

In that letter to Governor Hamilton, Calhoun summed up his programme in the following remarkable words:

"If the views presented be correct, it follows that, on the interposition of a State in favor of the reserved rights, it would be the duty of the general Government to abandon the contested power, or to apply to the States themselves, the source of all political authority, for the power in one of the two modes prescribed by the Constitution. If the case be a simple one, embracing a single power, and that in its nature easily adjusted, the more ready and appropriate mode would be an amendment in the ordinary form, upon the proposition of two-thirds of both Houses of Congress, to be ratified by three-fourths of the States; but, on the contrary, should the derangement of the system be great, embracing many points difficult to adjust, the States ought to be convened in a General Convention, the most august of all assemblies, representing the united sovereignty of the Confederate States, and having power and authority to correct every error, and to repair every dilapidation or injury, whether caused by time or accident, or the conflicting movements of the bodies, which compose the system. With institutions every way so fortunate, possessed of means so well calculated to prevent disorders, and so admirable to correct them, when they cannot be prevented, he who would prescribe for our political disease—*disunion* on the one side, or coercion of a State in the assertion of its rights on the other—*would deserve, and will receive, the execrations of this and all future generations.*"

The *italics* are Calhoun's. Now what pieces, or piece, of this programme was carried out by the South in 1861? On what points, or point, of this argument was the justification of secession based in 1861? Calhoun said of secession, that he who would propose it "would deserve, and will receive, the execrations of this and all future generations." Could language be clearer, or condemnation of the programme of 1861 more emphatic? Is it not time for the

"blind admirers" of the late Baron von Munchausen, "if there still be any left," to look to his laurels."

So far from having been written with a "determination to have the die cast without delay," it seems to us, from our side of the shield, that no candid, fair-minded man, of ordinary intelligence, and acquainted with the history of those times, can read the letter to General Hamilton without recognizing and admitting that next after combatting the secession programme, its chief object was delay—"to allow time for further consideration and reflection." On page 82, von Holst himself seems to have been aware of this, for he there quotes these very words of Calhoun. The truth is, that Calhoun was fighting the secession programme in the only way in which it could then be fought successfully.

Two years before, 13th April, 1830, Jackson had given his celebrated volunteer toast at the celebration of Jefferson's birthday: "Our Federal Union; it must be preserved." But it was well understood then that this was aimed at nullification, not at secession. If Jackson ever denied the right of secession, his denunciation fell far short of the more emphatic language of Calhoun. In his celebrated proclamation against the South Carolina Nullification Ordinance, he admitted that the right of "resisting unconstitutional acts" was an "infeasible right," but denied that a State could, consistently with the Constitution, "*retain its place in the Union*" and yet nullify its laws; that is to say, prohibit their execution within its limits, pending the reference to, and decision by, the States in Convention of the question of their constitutionality.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, in his history of the United States, page 347, quotes this passage from the Proclamation, and says:

"By many who did not approve of the course of South Carolina, the Proclamation, taken as a whole, was looked upon as amounting in substance to a denial of the right of secession on the part of any State for any cause whatever. This was the view taken generally by the old Federalists and the extreme advocates of State Rights, but the President afterwards maintained that an erroneous construction had been put upon those parts of the proclamation referred to, and in a full explanation he declared his adherence to the principles of Mr. Jefferson as set forth in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions of 1798 and 1799."

The practical question then was and may hereafter again be, how and by what methods should this "indefeasible" right of "resistance" be exercised? Shall it be by armed force within the Union? which

would be civil war ; or should it be by withdrawing from the Union? The position taken in the Proclamation, that a "resisting" State could not "retain its place in the Union," would seem to indicate very clearly that General Jackson regarded secession as the only proper remedy. Later experience has shown that secession is but the precursor of war. In the broad glare of that experience, who will now deny that nullification, that is to say, the right of a State to say, Veto—I forbid—and to require the general government to refer the question to a Convention of all the States, is not the best and wisest, the most statesmanlike and patriotic method of exercising the "indefeasible right of resistance to unconstitutional acts."

But in 1832 the right of secession was almost as universally admitted as that "the constitution recognized slavery as a fact which the States exclusively had the right to deal with." Men near to General Jackson and recognized as his mouth-pieces, asserted the right of secession, but denied the right of nullification, because, they argued, a State could not be *in* and *out of* the Union at the same time.

To these Calhoun replied, in that same letter to Hamilton, as follows :

"There are many who acknowledge the right of a State to secede, but deny its right to nullify. * * The difficulty, it seems, is that a State cannot be *in* and *out of* the Union at the same time. This is, indeed, true, if applied to secession, the throwing off of the *authority of the Union itself.* To nullify the Constitution, if I may be pardoned a solecism, would, indeed, be tantamount to disunion, and, as applied to such an act, it would be true that a State could not be in and out of the Union at the same time, but the act would be secession. But to apply it to nullification, properly understood, the object of which, instead of resisting or diminishing the powers of the Union, is to preserve them as they are, neither increased nor diminished, and thereby the Union itself, (for the Union may be as effectually destroyed by increasing as by diminishing its powers, by consolidation as by disunion itself), would be, I would say, had I not great respect for many who do thus apply it, egregious trifling with a grave and deeply important constitutional subject."

In 1831–'2 the protective system had been pushed to such extremes as to produce an almost universal sentiment in the staple or slave-holding states, that the Union, established for the general welfare, had become a curse to them. That sentiment had reached a point where, the right of secession being thus generally admitted, even

Calhoun could not hope to control it, except upon the middle ground of nullification—the ground of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions—of Jefferson and Madison.

Urging the people of South Carolina to stand on this middle ground, rather than rush upon the extreme of secession, he said: "I see in the Union, as ordained by the Constitution, the means, if wisely used, not only of reconciling all diversities, but also the means, *and the only effectual one*, of securing to us justice, peace, and security, at home and abroad, and with them that national power and renown, the love of which Providence has implanted, for wise purposes, so deeply in the human heart, in all of which great objects every part of our country, widely extended and 'diversified as it is, has a common and identical interest.'"

Is not this single sentence, taken from Calhoun's address to the people of South Carolina, July 26th, 1831, a complete refutation of all that Dr. von Holst has scattered through his book about Calhoun's sectionalism.

Of the fifty millions now living in the United States few know what was meant by nullification, or have any idea of it, except as derived from the misrepresentations of such writers as von Holst. Calhoun, though not its originator, was its ablest exponent. Explaining it, he said:

"So far from extreme danger, I hold that there never was a free State in which this great conservative principle, indispensable to all, was ever so safely lodged. In others, when the co-estates, representing the dissimilar and conflicting interests of the community, came into contact, the only alternative was compromise, submission, or force. Not so in ours. Should the general Government and a State come into conflict, we have a higher remedy. The power which called the general Government into existence, which gave it all its authority, and can enlarge, contract, or abolish its powers at its pleasure, can be invoked. The States themselves can be appealed to, three-fourths of which, in fact, form a power, whose decrees are the Constitution itself, and whose voice can silence all discontent. *The utmost extent, then, of the power* is that a State, acting in its sovereign capacity, as one of the parties to the constitutional compact, may compel the government created by that compact, to submit a question touching its infraction to the parties who created it."

Speaking of how and when a State should exercise this high power, he said:

"But the spirit of forbearance, as well as the nature of the right

itself, forbids a recourse to it, except in cases of dangerous infractions of the Constitution, and then only in the last resort, when all reasonable hope of relief from the ordinary action of the Government has failed; when, if the right to interpose did not exist, the alternative would be submission and oppression on one side, or resistance by force on the other. That our system should afford, in such extreme cases, an intermediate point between these dire alternatives, by which the Government may be brought to a pause, and thereby an interval obtained to compromise differences, or, if impracticable, be compelled to submit the question to a constitutional adjustment, through an appeal to the States themselves, is an evidence of its high wisdom; an element not, as is supposed by some, of weakness, but of strength; not of anarchy or revolution, but of peace and safety. Its general recognition would, of itself, in a great measure, supersede the necessity for its exercise by impressing on the movements of the Government that moderation and justice, so essential to harmony and peace in a country of such vast extent and diversity of interests as ours, and would, if controversy should come, turn the resentment of the aggrieved from the system to those who had abused its powers—a point all important—and cause them to seek *redress, not in revolution or overthrow*, but in reformation It is in fact, properly understood, a substitute where the alternative would be force, tending to prevent or, if that fails, to correct peaceably the aberrations to which all systems are liable, and which, if permitted to accumulate without correction, must finally end in a general catastrophe."

Such was *nullification* as advocated by Calhoun; this its "utmost extent"; no more. Such were the arguments by which he sought to dissuade the staple States from secession in 1831–'32. His "impure idol" was the Union, as ordained by the Constitution; his "unholy cause" the preservation of that Union as our fathers framed it.

The distinctive features of his nullification and of the nullification of those whom Dr. von Holst represents and seeks to defend by misrepresenting him, are:

1. His nullification was a temporary measure, analogous to the Presidential veto, to "allow time for further consideration and reflection," and for a constitutional decision of the question by the States in convention. Their's was final and conclusive.

2. His nullification was applicable only to acts of the law-making power—their's to the Constitution itself.

3. His nullification was to be exercised only in "cases of dangerous infractions of the Constitution, and then only in the last resort,

when all reasonable hope of relief by the ordinary action of the Government had failed—their's whenever the Constitution stands in the way of their "wills" or "convictions."

4. His nullification sought to preserve the Union as ordained by the Constitution, with powers neither increased nor diminished, unless done in the way prescribed by the Constitution—their's seeks to make the Constitution "nothing but a dead piece of parchment, not even able to resist the attacks of moths and mice, with no magical force in it," etc. (See p 295.)

This last idea of Dr. von Holst naturally springs from this other idea of his, that it was not intended that the Union should remain as ordained by the Constitution, because "where there is life there is development" (see p. 79), or, in other words, that the Constitution is subordinate, not only to individual "wills" and "convictions," but also to individual notions of "development."

We of the South have inherited from our Revolutionary sires the "conviction" that constitutional government is preferable to despotic sway, and that the very object of a Constitution is to prevent government being "developed" into despotism. It has become second nature with us to revere the Constitution as the most precious legacy left us by those sires. Hence the difficulty of our comprehending how Dr. von Holst's ideas of "development" can find acceptance in New England.

To the doctrine that a State may compel the general Government to submit a question of its powers to all the States in convention, Dr. von Holst makes this objection: that "thereby one fourth of the States would get the power to change the Constitution." How? Why? Because, forsooth, it requires three-fourths to make amendments!

To us of the South, accustomed to treat constitutional questions with becoming seriousness, this looks like something more and worse than "egregious trifling." If it were true that, in the case supposed, one-fourth of the States would get the power to change the Constitution at will, then all that Dr. von Holst so flippantly says about "the Federal legislation being turned into a balky machine more fatal to healthy political life than Juggernaut's car to the fanatical worshippers," might apply to the Constitution itself and its framers, but not to those who accept it as it was framed.

But let Dr. von Holst speak for himself. He says:

"Suppose—and the case might easily happen—that the Federal Government exercises a power which has been actually granted to it

by the Constitution, and that a State sees fit to veto the law; that the question, as must be the case, is submitted to all the States, and the objecting State is supported by one-fourth of the whole number. Is any dialectician sharp enough to disprove the fact that in such case the Constitution, though not a single letter is either added or erased, has been actually changed by one-fourth of the States, though that instrument expressly requires the consent of at least three-fourths to effect the slightest change? Working in defense of the peculiar interests of the slaveholders with the lever of State sovereignty, Calhoun thus begins to subvert the foundation of the whole fabric of the Constitution."

The case here supposed is not a supposable case. First. Because it could rarely, if ever, happen. Secondly. Because the hypothesis dishonors one-fourth of the States. But if such a case could happen, it would not "change the Constitution" one iota, and the assertion that it "would be actually changed," is simply untrue and absurd. If one fourth of the States should refuse to abide by the decision of three fourths, that would not "change the Constitution." Their action would be an infraction of the Constitution, and the case would be one of revolution or overthrow, not a "change" of the Constitution.

Replying to the more sensible objection that "a power of so high a nature might be abused by a State," Calhoun said:

"I do not deny (that); but when I reflect that the States unanimously called the general Government into existence with all its powers, which they freely delegated on their part, under the conviction that their common peace, safety and prosperity required it, that they are bound together by a common origin and the recollection of common suffering and common triumph in the great and splendid achievement of their independence, and that the strongest feelings of our nature, and among them the love of national power and distinction, are on the side of the Union, it does seem to me that the fear which would strip the States of their sovereignty, and degrade them to mere dependent corporations, lest they should abuse a right indispensable to the peaceable protection of their interests, which they reserved under their own peculiar guardianshi when they created the general Government, is unnatural and unreasonable. If those who voluntarily created the system cannot be trusted to preserve it, who can?"

Speaking of the South Carolina Exposition, Dr. von Holst says: "Whether such a veto is to be an injunction against the execution

of the law throughout the Union, or only in the individual State, * * * we do not learn from the Exposition." (See page 80.)

Now, the very essence of the doctrine of State sovereignty confines the jurisdiction of each State to its own territorial limits. It is therefore impossible that Dr. von Holst could be ignorant that this last statement is untrue. How any man could dare write and publish such a von Munchausenism in what he claims to be "serious history," we of the South find it difficult to comprehend. But it is perhaps not surprising that one who could do so would see no offence, but rather a compliment, in calling a great statesman, thirty years after his death "a liar."—*Ben. E. Green.*

An Independent Scout.

BY ROBERT W. NORTH, CO. B, 12TH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

What I am going to relate happened nearly twenty years ago, and as none of the participants, as far as I know, kept any diary or even a memorandum, it is probable that memory may be at fault, and that some things are omitted and others are stated not exactly as they occurred.

In the summer of 1863, Jones's brigade, formerly Ashby's, with others of Steuart's command, was guarding the left flank of Lee's army, being stationed in front of Culpeper Courthouse doing picket duty on the plains around Brandy Station. The young men of Company B, Twelfth Virginia, mostly from Jefferson county, were very anxious to see their relatives and friends, and despairing of getting a furlough, determined on "taking a flank"; in other words, resolved that they would go home, and after having a good time for a few days, return to their duty and their command. After many plans were discussed, it was at last decided to combine business with pleasure, to canvass the three Jefferson companies of the regiment, and see how many men could be induced to go on a raid in the lower part of the Valley. I was not present at their first meetings, but in a few days they had about thirty men enrolled, of whom more than twenty belonged to Company B. They even persuaded a lieutenant to go with them, a man of undoubted courage, of good practical common sense, and fitted in every way, except in education and refinement, to be the leader of such an expedition. As he differed

from me in this great respect, that he never returned to his duty, his name will not be mentioned; for all the privates, with the exception of one, that fell under the influence of this lieutenant, returned to their command. This lieutenant and his friend subsequently went inside the enemy's lines and took the oath.

One evening about sundown, when the regiment returned from grazing their horses, the men that were going, instead of unsaddling and preparing for the night as the others, quietly mounted their horses, fell in outside of the camp, and marched off in the night. We reached the pickets on the extreme left of the army about midnight, and upon being stopped, the officer commanding stated that we were on a special scout, and the statement being satisfactory, we went on our way rejoicing. So well had the affair been managed, that neither regimental nor company officers knew of our absence till morning roll-call. We passed through Rappahannock, Warren and Clarke counties and camped near the Charlestown and Berryville turnpike. At that time Charlestown was held by some infantry and Captain Somers's company of cavalry, and it was our purpose to capture some of his command. The very first day fortune seemed to favor us, for six cavalrymen came out of Charlestown, and after proceeding three miles, turned in to Mrs. Fromer's on the Berryville turnpike. They had been watched, and at the overseer's house were attacked, and without any casualties on either side were secured. There was some firing, and while the Yankees were trying to escape and our boys were firing at them, a negro woman ran out and cried at the top of her voice: "Gemmun, Missus says you must stop fightin' in dis yard!"

It was our intention to attack some detached picket post or scouting party, but for several days we could learn of no opportunity, and despairing of success, moved to the neighborhood of Smithfield, seven miles from Charlestown. In the meantime, the commanding officer at Martinsburg had heard of our presence, and had sent Captain Jones, of the First New York cavalry, with about one hundred and fifty men to break up and drive us out of the country.

One bright morning, the pickets on the hill saw a straggling cavalryman passing through Smithfield. Two men were sent out and captured him. Upon questioning him, he told us of Captain Jones and his command; at the time it was not believed, but in less than an hour it was found to be too true. The men had hardly got in with the Yankee, before Captain Blackford, an independent officer, and about half a dozen of his men who had been flushed by Jones, rode

into our camp and informed us that the Yankees were right at hand. By some means we were under the impression that there were about sixty of the enemy, and as we numbered nearly forty, were well mounted, well armed, and picked men, it was determined to fight, and that as soon as we could find the enemy. I never saw a command in better spirits, and, as far as I could see, in the following action every man did his duty.

For the reader to understand the action, the position of Smithfield must be described. Smithfield is built in a hollow, the road from Shepherdstown to Summit Point running through the centre of the town, and forming the main street. The road from Charlestown comes into the main street at right angles about the centre of the town. This road runs over a high hill, the summit of which is distant about six hundred yards from the main street. We were camped near the Charlestown road, and striking that road about a mile from Smithfield, took up our march for the town. When we reached the top of the hill a party of the enemy was coming out from the town. They rapidly formed on the left of the road in an old field, and we as rapidly got ready for action. Before we fired a shot we could see the bullets of the enemy knocking up the dust in the road, and a stronger proof of their demoralization, before all were formed, some ran away. Before we got to them all ran, and Captain Jones, finding that he would be left alone, was forced to flee. George Craton, of our company, immediately followed him, and I, seeing that he was an officer, for his shoulder-straps were plainly visible, followed Craton. The fellow was brave, for, turning in his saddle, he fired at his pursuers till he emptied his pistols. He was cut off from his men, and attempted to make his escape across the lots back of the town. He was driven at last to a rail-fence, staked and ridered, which his mare could not jump. When we reached the fence he was a few steps beyond it on foot, and upon our approach turned and deliberately snapped one of his pistols at us. Craton, in reply, unstrung a Sharp's rifle, for we had both emptied our pistols, with characteristic coolness leveled it, and the cap snapped. Up to this time not a word had been said, but upon Craton's fumbling in his pocket for another cap, Jones approached and said—these are his exact words :—" Well, boys, you have got me, but you would not have got me if the damned cowardly hounds had stuck up to me."

Directly Ned Bonham and John Terrill rode up to us, and we all staid there for some little time thinking that the action was over,

except the pursuit of the Yankees. Without loading my pistol I rode up on the hill, which commanded a view of the Summit Point road, and seeing the enemy running, and having no idea that our men were in front of the Yankees, went back and reported that the enemy were running. John Terrill went to reconnoitre, but never returned, having been driven off, but afterwards had the good fortune to capture a straggling Yankee. When I got back I found Bonham and Craton quarreling about Jones's mare. Craton and I were mounted, Craton on Jones's mare, Bonham and Jones being on the ground. As suddenly as if they had sprung out of the earth, a small party of the enemy attacked us, captured Bonham before he could mount his horse, recaptured Jones, and after chasing Craton and myself nearly a mile captured Craton, I alone being left to tell the tale.

But the adventures of the main party must be told. Captain Blackford and our men drove the force, under the immediate command of Jones, in confusion before them to the main street of the town, and there, much to their astonishment, met about a hundred troops drawn up in reserve. Without hesitating at all, they attacked, broke through, and after getting clear of the enemy retreated, but not at all in good order. The enemy pursued for about five miles, but it was not a panic by any means, for when they crowded our men too closely, the latter turned and always drove the advance of the enemy before them.

That night we mustered our forces, and found that our losses were six or eight missing—none killed or wounded that we could learn—the only casualty on either side being the wounding of Jones in the hand, and four bullets in his mare. Some of these facts were afterwards learned from the returned prisoners, Craton being the first, having made his escape from Fort McHenry.

Now what were we to do? We had hoped that by making a gallant fight, capturing a number of the enemy, and returning to our command from a victorious field, our transgression would be forgiven. But it was just the reverse. We had been whipped, and badly whipped, and instead of having a number of prisoners in excess to show, the balance was on the other side. To complete our misfortune, on the way we heard that the commanding officer of the brigade, Colonel Lomax, had said, when he heard of our absence, that he would see if he could not hang some of those gentlemen of Company B. We had got within a few miles of camp when we met some of our own company. From them we got the pleasant

information that Lomax had been made a brigadier, and assigned to another command, and that Colonel Oliver Funsten, to whom many of us were personally known, was in command of our brigade. We were for many days in dread of what was to be done with us, but when day after day passed, and none of us were put under arrest, we put away our fears and became ourselves again.

It was told of Colonel Funsten, that while we were away one of his aids said that the Virginians could not reproach the North Carolinians with deserting, for thirty of Company B, Twelfth Virginia, had deserted in a body. Colonel Funsten replied : " Tut, man, they have not deserted, those boys are fighting the Yankees every day.

It should be added that the little captured property that we had taken was sold, and when our comrades returned from prison each was given his share of the proceeds, none being given to those that escaped.

It must not be supposed that we went on this scout to avoid a battle or get away from the discipline of camp, for we courted battle, and the discipline was as strict as that we had left. But we all wanted to see our friends and to get fresh horses, and to accomplish these objects we would risk a great deal.

Rocky Mount, Louisiana, July, 1883.

Address of Bishop Joseph P. B. Wilmer, of Louisiana, on the Demise of General Robert E. Lee, Delivered at University Place, Sewanee, Tennessee, October, 1870.

The last scene has closed upon an illustrious life, a life fraught with lessons of wisdom to the old, and with inspiration to the young of this generation. The earth opens this day to receive in its bosom the most precious treasure which has been left to our bereft and stricken people. The great and good man, whose name has so long been a household word in our land, goes to take his place among the silent congregation of the dead. Until the day breaks, and the shadows flee away, he is buried from our sight. His presence is lost to us; but not his heroic virtues and the brilliant deeds which have given his name to history.

Stars have been extinguished in the sky whose light continues to travel through space and linger in our sight; and in the sphere of humanity there are examples of men so elevated above this world

that when they have ceased to live here they have not ceased to shine; their presence abides with us, and the radiance of their life remains to cheer and bless the world they have forsaken. The lamented friend whom we commemorate to-day was one of this race of heroes. His life is an enduring inheritance to his country and to the church of Christ.

Personally, he was a man of rare gifts, physical and mental. To these were added the advantages of finished culture. Providence had endowed him for a career of distinction. The descendant of an honored house—allied by marriage to the family of our great Washington—he reflected in his character the ennobling influence of his early associations with the great and good. Habits of temperance, frugality, industry, self-control, formed in youth, adhered to him through life. With every temptation to luxury, he was an example of moderation; with every incentive to pride and ambition, his tastes were restrained within the limits of an elegant simplicity; and his whole life was one of profound submission to the duties of the hour.

The profession of arms which he had chosen was not likely to make him conspicuous during the reign of peace. But his great mind had already asserted its power, and won for him a proud distinction among his cotemporaries. Indeed, his reputation was such at that period that when this institution was first projected, upon a scale of grandeur commensurate with the circumstances which gave it birth, the attention of its founders was directed to him, and the wish was unanimous to make him the head of the institution, to usher it into life, and preside over its destiny. Providence had chosen for him another sphere. It is reserved for the convulsions of society to form heroes, as convulsions in nature produce mountains. The late war, so destructive of everything else, was fruitful in deeds of heroism almost without parallel in history. Conspicuous above all others in that momentous struggle was your departed chieftain. A great man was required, and great spirits were ready to gather around him. In what temper of mind he entered into this contest, I can speak with some confidence, from personal interviews with him soon after the commencement of hostilities. "Is it your expectation," I asked, "that the issue of this war will be to perpetuate the institution of slavery?" "The future is in the hands of Providence," he replied; "but if the slaves in the South were mine, I would surrender them all, without a struggle, to avert this war." I asked him next upon what his calculations were based in so unequal a contest, and how he expected to win success; was he looking to divided counsels

in the North, or to foreign interposition? His answer showed how little he was affected by the hopes and fears which agitated ordinary minds. "My reliance is in the help of God." "Are you sanguine of the result?" I ventured to inquire. "At present I am not concerned with results. God's will ought to be our aim, and I am quite contented that His designs should be accomplished, and not mine." What results might be expected when sentiments like these should be developed in action? Aims so pure and unselfish could not fail to produce in a strong character that intrepidity of soul; that singleness of purpose; that meekness of spirit in the midst of violence and passion; that self-abnegation in the hour of victory; that sublime heroism under adverse fortune, which made him the idol of his friends, and now command the respect and confidence of the civilized world. Other men have gained great conquests, and filled the nations with their fame, but where do we find a man whose greatness was so pure from every earthly passion, and of whom it may be truly said, that he would have rejoiced to reform and bless the world without its being known that he was in it.

At the close of the war we follow him with admiration unabated to his chosen retirement. His great mind harbored no resentments. He uttered no complaints. He accepted the consequences of the war with a spirit of resignation which few can emulate, but which we all revere. We thought now that his sun had gone down in night, but we were in error. The joy and glory of nature are truthfully represented in activity, not in rest. The tired swan which has winged its distant flight from other scenes, and cleft its way through storm and tempest, does not seek an inglorious rest upon the still and motionless earth, but aims rather to fold its wings upon the lake, and in the quiet action of its waves to exercise and refresh its strength. The change in the life of this unconquerable man is not one from labor to idle repose and inanity. He sought activity and usefulness, and he did not seek in vain. I was seated at the close of day in my Virginia home, when I beheld through the thickening shades of evening a horseman entering the yard, whom I soon recognized as General Lee. The next morning he placed in my hands the correspondence with the authorities of Washington College, at Lexington. He had been invited to become president of that institution. I confess to a momentary feeling of chagrin at the proposed change—shall I say, revulsion?—in his history. The institution was one of local interest and comparatively unknown to our people. I named others more conspicuous, which would welcome him with ardor as their

presiding head. I soon discovered that his mind towered above these earthly distinctions; that in his judgment the *cause* gave dignity to the institution, and not the wealth of its endowment, or the renown of its scholars; that this door and not another was opened to him by Providence, and he only wished to be assured of his competency to fulfill the trust, and thus to make his few remaining years a comfort and blessing to his suffering country. I had spoken to his human feelings; he had now revealed himself to me as one "whose life was hid with Christ in God." My speech was no longer restrained. I congratulated him that his heart had been inclined to this great cause, and that he was spared to give to the world this august testimony to the importance of Christian education. How he listened to my feeble words; how he beckoned me to his side as the fullness of my heart found utterance; how his whole countenance glowed with animation when I spoke of the Holy Ghost as the great teacher, whose presence was required to make education a blessing, which otherwise might be the curse of mankind; how feelingly he responded, how *eloquently*, as I never heard him speak before, can never be effaced from memory, and nothing more sacred mingles with my reminiscences of the dead.

Into this new sphere of duty he entered with that steadfast spirit of devotion which adorned his whole life. His example was needed to restore the drooping spirits of his countrymen. He felt it, and lavished all his strength in the effort to make them feel there was something to live for in the future. With the pale signet of death upon his brow, he toiled for the young under his care. He fed them with his right hand and ruled them prudently with all his power. He sought to kindle their ambition, to heal the wounds of their country, and above all things endeavored to raise them to a new and higher life with God. Behold him, then, while distant nations were applauding his name, walking the daily round of duty, seeking only to do God's will and conquer his own. With what success he addressed himself to this sublime mission, is attested by the rapid growth of the college under his charge, now become one of the most thriving and vigorous institutions in the land.

Very imperfect mention has been made of the religious character of General Lee. The lesson ought not to be lost upon a proud and gainsaying world, that its own chosen hero lived and died a Christian, in word and deed. The world had its portion in him; his own portion was not on earth. The renown which he had won on the theatre of worldly distinction, he knew to be the breath of popu-

lar applause, which must soon be hushed in the silence of the tomb. The principalities and powers of this world, which had invoked his sword for their protection, he knew were doomed to an early oblivion ; but in the religion of Jesus Christ, his faith assured him that he was possessed of "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." The religion of our honored friend was not a creedless religion. His faith embraced all the doctrines of a pure and primitive Christianity. He was a communicant in this church. His children were baptized at her font Her ministers leaned upon his strong arm for support. The church in the Diocese of Virginia derived strength from his frequent presence in her councils. His last act was to preside at a meeting of the vestry of his parish. Our beloved Zion was the chief mourner in the funeral procession which followed him to the grave. A great writer has asserted that every nation is to be judged by its heroes. His countrymen would all consent to stand before the tribunal of history, and to accept as their representative in war and in peace the chivalrous and sainted Lee, for "God has set him among princes, even the princes of his people."

It remains for me to say, for the encouragement of the young men assembled before me, that the character which is here portrayed was not one of sudden growth. The church sheltered his early youth, as it shelters you. He was a good boy before he was a good man. Some youths are tempted to think it manly to defy authority, to be impatient, at least, under its discipline. It is recorded of Robert Lee, that during a life of four years at West Point he never received a demerit, and he found it no hardship, so complete was his subjection to the law of duty. Others are tempted to think of religion as a great humiliation, and to affect indifference and unbelief as a token of independence. You mourn one to-day who was known as a devout Christian; and has the knowledg of this fact ever chilled the hearts of men towards him, or quenched one ray of his glory? Did the valiant men who followed him to the field ever have cause to blush for his lack of heroism, or to wish that he were less a Christian? True religion adds to every man's power. It helps to make men heroes, scholars, gentlemen. The religion of Christ is stronger than thrones and empires. It invests a man with honor to be a Christian. It is the only true honor, and a perishing world will shortly find it to be so. This life is hastening to its end. It is not in our power to arrest the progress of time, but we can improve it. We cannot prolong the bright morning of our days, but we can make

it productive in permanent results. We cannot fix the evening rays of life in their shadowy horizon, but we can have our portion in that life which knows no change or decay, which is the ornament of youth, the joy of manhood, the glory of old age. "Him that honoreth Me I will honor, and he that despiseth Me, shall be lightly esteemed."

Memoranda of Thirty-Eighth Virginia Infantry.

FROM DIARY OF COLONEL GEORGE K. GRIGGS.

The Thirty-eighth regiment Virginia infantry, with Company A, Captain Daniel Towns; Company B, Captain Iver R. Cabell; Company C, Captain W. Simpson; Company D, Captain R. C. Herndon; Company E, Captain Joseph R. Cabell; Company H, Captain Joseph Terry; Company K, Captain George K. Griggs, all of Pittsylvania county; Company F, Captain Jed Carter, of Halifax; Company G, Captain W. Towns, of Mecklenburg; and Company I, Captain Fields, with Colonel E. C. Edmonds, of Fauquier; Lieutenant Colonel P. B. Whittle, of Georgia, and Major J. C. Carrington, of Pittsylvania, left Camp Lee at Richmond, Virginia, July 6th, 1861, for Winchester, Virginia. On its arrival there, placed in the brigade of General E. K. Smith. On the 18th July, ordered and proceeded to march to Manassas. On account of an accident on the railroad the regiment was delayed, and did not reach the battlefield until the 22d, too late to participate in the action. General Smith having been wounded on the 21st, Colonel Forney, of Alabama, was placed in command of the brigade; but he was relieved in a few days by Brigadier-General C. M. Wilcox, and assigned to the division of General G. W. Smith. It acted on picket duty, &c.; and when the army retired from Centreville it formed a part of the rear guard, leaving Manassas on the 10th of March, 1862. While on the march, it was assigned to the brigade of General R. Toombs, of Georgia, whose command it joined near Orange Courthouse, March 30th, 1862. On the 11th of April received orders, and marched to Richmond, and thence by steamer to King's Landing on the 14th, and marched near the line of defence around Yorktown. On the 17th, was ordered into the trenches at Dam No. 1, where it served every alternate day until the 2d of May, when it was transferred to command of Brigadier General J. A. Early, which it joined at Fort Magruder, and proceeded to retire with the army on the 3d of May, reaching Williamsburg on

the evening of the 4th. On the 5th, was engaged in the battle near Williamsburg, with very unfavorable circumstances, the mud being very deep, and the command double quicked for a long distance, and through underbrush, briers, &c. Continued to retire towards Richmond, subsisting at times on parched corn, and went into camp near the city on the 18th. On the 24th, the regiment was transferred to brigade of General S. Garland, to the pleasure of all, and General D. H. Hill's division. Ordered on picket duty on Williamsburg road on 27th, and continued on duty up to the 31st, when it acted in the opening of the battle of Seven Pines, where it lost some good officers and privates. Captain Griggs captured the flag of the One-hundred-and-fourth regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers; and though the enemy were strongly posted, and it was necessary to wade through swamps, brush, &c., they were driven from their position with considerable loss. June 18th, the regiment was transferred to General L. A. Armistead, Brigadier Huger's division. Was engaged in the opening of the battle of Malvern Hill, acting as skirmishers of its division, and then remaining in the action until night. July 3d, was transferred to General A. P. Hill's division. On the 11th, crossed to the south of James river, and placed in command of General R. H. Anderson. The division remained in camp until the 16th of August, when a march was ordered. Reached Louisa Courthouse on the 17th; on the 19th at Orange Courthouse; on the 20th at Clark's Mountain; on the 21st to Stevensburg; on the 24th to Jefferson; on the 25th at Fauquier White Sulphur Springs, had a skirmish with the enemy. Left on the night of the 27th; reaching Salem on the 28th; White Plains the 29th; through Thoroughfare Gap to battlefield, near Grovertown, on the 30th; in battle late in the evening of the Second Manassas. Marched from Manassas on the 1st September; reached Frying Pan on the 3d; Leesburg on the 4th; waded the Potomac on the 6th into Maryland; halting at Frederick City on the 8th; left on the 10th; engaged the enemy, and drove him from Maryland Heights, opposite Harper's Ferry, on the 12th. On the 15th, the force at Harper's Ferry having surrendered, crossed into Virginia 16th, marched all night, reaching Shepherdstown in the morning of 17th, and participated in the battle of Sharpsburg; on the 19th, retired with the army. November 22d, the brigade transferred to division of General George E. Pickett. On the 11th December skirmishing near Fredericksburg, and on the 13th engaged in the battle of that place. Went into camp 27th December near Guinea Station, and remained until 14th February, 1863. Received orders,

and marched in direction of Richmond, passing through the city on 19th and went into camp near Chester station. March 1st moved to east Petersburg, remained until 27th, marched reaching near Ivor station after hard march through swamp, &c., on the 30th ; camped until 9th April ; moved in direction of Suffolk, halting at Franklin depot on night of 10th; cooked four days rations, and crossed Blackwater at South Quay on 11th, with Generals Hood's and Pickett's divisions. The regiment, with the brigade, marched on 12th on Sommerton road, arriving in about seven miles of Suffolk, the regiment marching in front. Company K, Captain Griggs, was ordered forward as skirmishers, and soon engaged the enemy's pickets and drove them within three miles of Suffolk, night stopping further advance—Captain Griggs remaining in advance with his company as sentinels. Early on the next morning, 13th, advance continued, the regiment still being in advance of brigade, and drove the enemy into his fortifications around Suffolk. Line of battle soon formed, and the men waited anxiously for the order to advance on the works, but it did not come. Captain Joseph R. Cabell, *now Major, having been promoted*, took charge of the line of skirmishers, and drove the enemy into his works near the city, and it was the impression of Major Cabell that the city might now have easily been captured, but no further advance being ordered, the day passed by with desultory fighting between the skirmishers. Lieutenant William G. Cabaniss, Company K, with ten privates, was ordered to cross the Dismal Swamp and cut the M. & P. railroad east of Suffolk, but finding a heavy picket guarding the point at which he was to cross, and his object being secret, he returned without any success. On the 14th, a lady in attempting to leave her house near the enemy's line of battle for a place of safety was wantonly shot by the enemy. No other service except as picket duty was required of the regiment, and 3d May fell back with division, halting on 4th at 12 o'clock near Franklin depot, having marched about twenty-seven miles over a very swampy road. The march was continued until the 9th, went into camp on Falling Creek seven miles below Richmond. On 15th marched through the city, and continued the march until 17th; went into camp near Hanover Junction and remained until 2d June. The enemy reported in King & Queen, the regiment with brigade proceeded to New Town; finding no enemy, marched on 5th to Reedy Mills, on 6th to Aylett's and returned to Hanover on 8th; marched to New Market 10th, crossed the Rapidan at Summerville ford, and rested on 11th near Culpeper Courthouse. Left on 15th with three days' cooked rations

and ten days' on wagons. On 17th the sun was so excessively hot that many of the men who had never failed to keep up fell on the road exhausted. Passed Ashby's Gap on 18th, and on 19th crossed Blue Ridge at Snicker's Gap. A heavy rain fell at night, raised the river, and the command had to rest until evening, when forded the Shenandoah at Shepherd's Mills, and to prevent being washed down by the rapid deep water the men had to march four deep and hold to each other. On 25th June passed through Martinsburg, and forded the Potomac at Williamsport into Maryland. Passed Hagerstown on 26th; entered Pennsylvania at Middleburg; halted at night at Green Castle; through Chambersburg on 27th. At night the regiment was ordered to Scotland to guard commissary stores, and rejoined the brigade on 29th, when it, with the division, was marched back through and south of Chambersburg and halted until 2d July, when again marched through Chambersburg on Baltimore turnpike to within two miles of Gettysburg; the regiment was often fired on during the day by bushwhackers. At 3 A. M. on morning of 3d the division was ordered forward to the right of Gettysburg and formed line of battle in front of ———; the troops remained under partial shelter by a small strip of woods until the order of advance, when they moved forward as steadily as when on drill. The Fifty-seventh Virginia regiment of the brigade was immediately to left of the regiment; Thirty-eighth charged the enemy across a wide plain—they being sheltered behind a rock fence, earthworks, &c.—and though unprotected and having to climb two high fences in the face of a concentrated fire from the masked number of the enemy's artillery, the troops moved steadily forward, driving the enemy from his strong position, capturing all his guns, but only for a moment; having no reinforcement, and the enemy in strong force on our left and rear, the few surviving men cut their way back. The loss was irreparable to the regiment as well as division; the noble and beloved Colonel E. C. Edmonds killed; Lieutenant-Colonel Whittle, who had lost an arm at Malvern Hill, was seriously wounded in thigh; Captain Towns killed, and all the other company officers more or less seriously wounded. Never did men more than these on that day. In retiring, the regiment with the division had the difficult duty of escorting the prisoners captured into Virginia, arriving at Williamsport on 7th July. The regiment did the various camp duties up to October 7th, when, with the brigade, now commanded by Brigadier-General S. M. Barton, General Armistead having been killed at Gettysburg, left Petersburg, where it was in camp, for Kingston, North Carolina, and went into camp near that place on 8th. Major

J. R. Cabell had been promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, Captain G. K. Griggs to Major, date from 3d July. The regiment remained in winter quarters until 1st November it was sent to Hanover Court-house, Virginia, and returned on 11th to Kingston, North Carolina. On 30th January, 1864, the regiment with the division ordered to invest Newbern. On morning of 1st February formed line of battle at Polletsville and opened fire on enemy's works at Brice's Creek. Remained in line of battle until night 3d, when fell back and with rapid and hard marching arrived in camp at Kingston on 4th, remained until 14th, took train for Richmond, Virginia, going into camp near the city on 3d May on nine-mile road. Ordered and disposed of all surplus baggage. Marched on 7th, taking steamer to Drewry's Bluff to check the enemy under Butler. Colonel Whittle having been retired, Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Cabell promoted to Colonel and Major G. K. Griggs to Lieutenant-Colonel. He having cut the Petersburg and Richmond railroad near Chester station, remained in breast-works until 6½ A. M. On 10th ordered forward. The brigade under General Barton was divided by order of General Ransom and sent on different roads (official report made of the campaign), and soon engaged the forces of General Butler, United States Army, estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand strong, upon the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike. In this action the Thirty-eighth Virginia regiment was formed on the left of brigade and left of the turnpike. About 9 o'clock A. M. the signal for advance was given, the regiment moved forward and soon engaged the enemy's skirmishers, driving them upon their line of battle. At this point I found my left entirely unprotected and the enemy upon a line with my own. I immediately reported the fact to Colonel Cabell and one of General Barton's staff and deployed my left, Company K, Lieutenant W. G. Cabaniss commanding, perpendicular to my line of battle and continued the advance, breaking and driving back three lines of battle the depth of my regiment, capturing two pieces of artillery. My ranks having in this time been so much depleted from casualties, and the enemy on my left having passed around and in my rear, I was ordered by Captain Thom, Acting Adjutant and Inspector General, to fall back, and turning about, fought its way out, killing about fifteen, wounding many, and capturing fifty of the Thirteenth Indiana regiment. My loss in this action was heavy, and none more regretted than that of the brave and noble Colonel Cabell, who fell mortally wounded in the early part of the action. For casualties you are respectfully referred to Forms A and B.

I cannot mention any particular instance of gallantry where all

acted so well. The regiment was engaged on duty after this in trenches around Richmond, operating against the Sheridan raiders until 16th May. When the battle of Drewry's Bluff was fought, the brigade, then commanded by Colonel Fry, formed a part of the attacking force on the left, and acting as a support to Brigadier-General Hoke's North Carolina Brigade, which, owing to the density of the fog, was invisible at forty paces, and having left my front my regiment was precipitated upon the enemy's works, and many were shot down without firing a gun, while laboring under the delusion that General Hoke's brigade was in our front, and it was not until when within twenty paces of the enemy's works, which were yet invisible, that a fire was made, when, with much reduced ranks, only a few of the right and many of the left wing entered the enemy's works, capturing many prisoners. I lost here many good and noble men, who had attested their gallantry upon many a bloody field. For casualties you are referred to Forms C and D.

Lieutenant-Colonel George K. Griggs was shot through the thigh. The regiment, with the brigade, took the train for Milford on the 18th, and marched thence to Spotsylvania Courthouse to join General Lee, but finding him falling back, returned to Hanover Court house, having marched two days and nights on short rations, and but little rest. May the 29th, the division was reunited, and General Picket took command, to the great joy of all. On the 17th June, it took part in driving the enemy from our lines, near Bermuda Hundreds, which was accomplished with the loss of one killed and wounded. Since that time my regiment has been holding one of the most exposed positions on this most important line, and has been engaged in several skirmishes with the enemy since occupying its present position. August the 25th, the enemy's picket line in my front was captured with some prisoners, but my loss here was not repaid by the advantage gained, having lost two very valuable officers—Captain Joyce, Company A, killed, and Captain W. G. Cabaniss, shot through the face, so as to disable him from service—besides some good men. November the 17th, it being desirable to advance our picket line, and all necessary arrangements being made, the line being slightly reinforced moved forward, and before the enemy well knew what was going on the larger number were prisoners. I lost one man wounded in this charge, established my picket line as far as was desired, captured about thirty-seven privates and non-commissioned officers, one lieutenant and one captain.

Brigadier-General George H. Steuart, of Maryland, was placed in

command while on the line. Lieutenant-Colonel Griggs had been promoted to Colonel—date from 16th May—and continued on the lines until the night of the 4th of March, 1865, when it left with the division by railroad to Farmville; reached there on the 10th, to intercept forces of General Sheridan, but that General changing his course the division returned to Richmond. On the 14th, proceeded to Atlee's Station, and continued to follow after Sheridan until he left for Petersburg. On the 26th, the regiment proceeded to Battery 45, south of Petersburg, and proceeded to throw up fortifications. Left on the 30th March to meet Sheridan, who was approaching from Dinwiddie Courthouse; arriving and bivouacking at night at Five Forks. The regiment was rear guard, and skirmished most of the day with the enemy. The division moved at 8 A. M. toward the Courthouse; engaged the enemy about 2 P. M., and drove them until dark. The regiment did not become actively engaged. The enemy bringing up his infantry in the night, the division commenced to retire at 4½ A. M. On 1st April, halting at Five Forks, it proceeded to throw up rifle-pits along the road. The enemy attacked in the evening with about 35,000 infantry and Sheridan's cavalry. To oppose which was Pickett's division, two brigades of Johnson's division, and Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry. Colonel G. K. Griggs was ordered early in the action to take his regiment to the left of Brigadier-General Ransom, which he did at a double-quick, deployed his regiment in single rank, and opened a deadly fire on the enemy, who were marching to our left three columns of infantry. His front was checked, but there being no support to the left of the regiment, the enemy's heavy columns soon passed its left and rear—the regiment thus became exposed to front and rear fires. The situation was immediately reported to headquarters, and the men kept up a deadly fire until their ammunition was expended, and the enemy had rapidly closed in, forming a horseshoe shape. Colonel Griggs ordered the few men he had to cut their way out as best they could. The regiment fought against at least ten to one, and, knowing the fact, yet there seemed to be no fear among them, and some were seen to club their guns after expending all their ammunition. On the 2d April, the command attempted to cross the Appomattox river at Extra Mills; not being able so to do, turned up the river to cross at Deep Creek bridge; failing here, halted for the night; marching on the 3d, and crossing Deep Creek at 11 A. M., and continued marching on the 4th to near Amelia Courthouse; formed line of battle here, living on rations of parched corn. The

enemy attacked with cavalry ; driven off, and march continued, reaching Sailor's Run about 12 M., when it fought its last battle, and although broken down with hard marches, &c., the men fought with as much determination as on any previous field, repelling every attack, until surrounded by overwhelming numbers, when it, with the division, cut its way to Farmville as best it could, where as many of the division as were left rallied and continued the retreat to Appomattox Courthouse, and surrendered with the army.

GEO. K. GRIGGS,
Colonel Thirty-eighth Virginia Regiment Infantry.

President Davis in Reply to General Sherman.

[In our last issue, we noticed a slander which General W. T. Sherman was pleased to make against the ex-President of the Confederacy, and Mr. Davis's emphatic denial, and his challenge of Sherman to produce the proof.

The following letter, published in the Baltimore *Sun*, is not only an able and unanswerable reply to Sherman, but contains other matter which should have a place in our records, and be handed down for the use of the future historian. No wonder that General Sherman has *thrown himself back on his dignity* (?!), and declined to reply to this terrible but deserved excoriation.]

THE LETTER OF MR. DAVIS.

BEAUVOIR, MISSISSIPPI, September 23, 1886.

Colonel J. THOMAS SCHARF, *Baltimore, Maryland:*

MY DEAR SIR—At various times and from many of my friends, I have been asked to furnish a reply to General W. T. Sherman's so-called report to the War Department, and which the United States Senate ordered to be printed as "Ex. Doc. No. 36, Forty-eighth Congress, second session." I have been compelled by many causes to postpone my reply to these invitations, and have in some instances declined, for the time being, to undertake the labor. A continuing sense of the great injustice done to me, and to the people I represented, by the Senate making the malicious assault of General

Sherman a public document, and giving to his slander the importance which necessarily attaches to an executive communication to the Senate, has recently caused the request for a reply by me to be pressed with very great earnestness. For this reason I have decided to furnish my reply to you for publication in the Baltimore *Sun*.

More than twenty years after the storm of war between the States had ceased and the waves of sectional strife had sunk to the condition of a calm, the public harmony was disturbed by a retired General of the army making a gratuitous and gross assault upon a private individual, living in absolute retirement, and who could only have attracted notice because he had been the representative of the Southern States which, organized into a confederacy, had been a party to the war.

The history of my public life bears evidence that I did all in my power to prevent the war; that I did nothing to precipitate collision; that I did not seek the post of Chief Executive, but advised my friends that I preferred not to fill it. That history General Sherman may slanderously assail by his statements, but he cannot alter its consistency; nor can the Republicans of the Senate change its unbroken story of faithful service to the Union of the Constitution until, by the command of my sovereign State, I withdrew as her ambassador from the United States Senate. For all the acts of my public life as President of the Confederate States I am responsible at the bar of history, and must accept her verdict, which I shall do without the least apprehension that it will be swayed from truth by the malicious falsehoods of General Sherman, even when stamped as an "Ex. Doc." by the United States Senate.

Before a gathering of ex-soldiers of the Union army, General Sherman took occasion in the fall of 1884, to make accusations against me and to assert that he had personal means of information not possessed by others, and particularly that he had seen a letter written by myself, that he knew my handwriting, and saw and identified my signature to the letter. The gravamen of his accusation was that the letter to which he referred "had passed between Jeff. Davis and a man whose name it would not do to mention, as he is now a member of the United States Senate," and that "in that letter he (I) said he would turn Lee's army against any State that might attempt to secede from the Southern Confederacy." The position of General of the United States army, which General Sherman had filled, demanded that immediate contradiction of that statement should be made, and to that end I published in the St Louis *Republican* the following denial:

"BEAUVOIR, MISSISSIPPI, November 6, 1884.

"*Editor St. Louis Republican:*

"DEAR SIR—I have to-night received the inclosed published account of remarks made by General W. T. Sherman, and ask the use of your columns to notice only so much as particularly refers to myself, and which is to be found in the following extracts:

"The following is taken from the St. Louis *Republican*:

"'Frank P. Blair Post, G. A. R., opened their new hall, corner Seventeenth and Olive streets, last night.

"'General Sherman addressed the assemblage. He had read letters which he believed had never been published, and which very few people had seen. These letters showed the rebellion to be more than a mere secession—it was a conspiracy most dire. Letters which had passed between Jeff. Davis and a man whose name it would not do to mention, as he is now a member of the United States Senate, had been seen by the speaker and showed Davis's position. He was not a secessionist. His object in starting the rebellion was not merely for the secession of the South, but to have this section of the country so that he could use it as a fulcrum from which to fire out his shot at the other sections of the country and compel the people to do as he would have them. Jeff. Davis would have turned his hand against any State that would secede from the South after the South had seceded from the North. Had the rebellion succeeded, General Sherman said, the people of the North would have all been slaves.'

"ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

"The following is from the *Globe-Democrat's* report:

"'Referring to the late war, he said it was not, as was generally understood, a war of secession from the United States, but a conspiracy. 'I have been behind the curtain,' said he, 'and I have seen letters that few others have seen, and have heard conversations that cannot be repeated, and I tell you that Jeff. Davis never was a secessionist. He was a conspirator. He did not care for separation from the United States. His object was to get a fulcrum from which to operate against the United States, and if he had succeeded he would to-day be the master spirit of the continent and you would be slaves. I have seen a letter from Jefferson Davis to a man whose name I cannot mention, because he is a United States Senator. I know Davis's writing and saw his signature, and in that letter he said he

would turn Lee's army against any State that might attempt to secede from the Southern Confederacy.'

"This public assault, under the covert plea that it is based upon evidence which regard for a United States Senator does not permit him to present, will, to honorable minds, suggest the idea of irresponsible slander.

"It is thus devolved upon me to say that the allegation of my ever having written such a letter as is described is unqualifiedly false, and the assertion that I had any purpose or wish to destroy the liberty and equal rights of any State, either North or South, is a reckless, shameless falsehood, especially because it was generally known that for many years before, as well as during the war between the States, I was an earnest advocate of the strict construction State-rights theory of Mr. Jefferson. What motive other than personal malignity can be conceived for so gross a libel?

"If General Sherman has access to any letters purporting to have been written by me which will sustain his accusations, let him produce them or wear the brand of a *base slanderer.*

"Yours, respectfully,

"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

The publication of the above letter attracted very general notice, and two interviews were had with General Sherman by reporters of the *Globe-Democrat* and from the St. Louis *Chronicle*. In the *Globe-Democrat* of November 25, 1884, General Sherman is reported as having said: "Whatever explanation I make will be made over my own signature. I do not propose to get into a fight with Jeff. Davis. * * When a man makes a newspaper statement he is never sure of being quoted correctly, but when he makes a statement in his own handwriting, he is sure of being placed in the right place."

The St. Louis *Chronicle* of November 24, 1884, reports General Sherman as saying: "This is an affair between two gentlemen. I will take my time about it and write to Mr. Davis himself. We will settle the matter between us." When asked by the reporter, "Have the papers misrepresented you in your remarks before the Frank Blair Post, G. A. R.?" He replied, "I say nothing about that. My reply to Mr. Davis will not be through the newspapers. They are not the arbiters of this question, nor the go-between for any dispute. I have nothing more to say."

It is hardly necessary for me to say that General Sherman did not write to me, and we have not settled the matter between us otherwise

than as I settled it by denouncing his statement as false and himself as a slanderer. There the matter would have rested so far as I was concerned, and anything that Sherman, on his own responsibility, might have afterwards said would have been treated by me with that silence which the mendacious utterings of an irresponsible slanderer deserved. But when the War Department of the United States was made the custodian of his slander, and the Republican Senators became its endorsers, and the statements made at the Frank Blair Post were lifted into official importance, it became a duty, alike to myself and to the people I represented, to follow the slanders with my denial, and to expose alike its author and his endorsers.

The United States Senate, by resolution offered by Senator Hawley, and debated during January 12 and 13, 1885, called upon the President of the United States "to communicate to the Senate a historical statement concerning the public policy of the executive department of the Confederate States during the late war of the rebellion, reported to have been lately filed in the War Department by General William T. Sherman." It was by means of that resolution that the slander was revived, and its utterer enabled to mould together a pretended foundation for his baseless utterance at the Frank Blair Post. While the matter was fresh in the memory and under the searching inquiry of the newspaper reporters, General Sherman represented that he could not consistently give the name of the Senator to whom he said the letter had been written, and after every Senator from the Southern States had denied receiving any such letter, and many of them had expressed their belief that no such letter ever had been in existence, he failed to sustain his assertion by the production of proof of the existence of a letter from me such as he had alleged he had seen. After such full denial both by myself, the reputed writer, and by every Senator who could have been the receiver of that pretended letter, the Senate offered an opportunity to General Sherman to unload his slander deposited in the War Department, and to spread the vile mass on the files of the United States Senate.

In the interval between the meeting at the Frank Blair Post in November, 1884, and January 6, 1885, Dr. H. C. Robbins, of Cresson, Ogle county, Illinois, loaned Sherman a letter, which he said had been written by the late Alexander H. Stephens to the late Herschel V. Johnson, both now dead. Sherman being unable to verify his authority for the assertion made by him at the Frank Blair Post, this Stephens-Johnson letter was to be substituted for the Davis letter, which, with the circumstantiality needful to one having little credi-

bility, Sherman said he had seen, knew to be mine from his acquaintance with my handwriting, and appended to which he identified my signature.

In view of the peremptory demand made for the letter, and in the absence of any answer as to where or when or in whose possession it was seen, a gentleman might hesitate to decide whether subterfuge were more paltry or absurd.

The next attempt at deception was to represent the war records in confusion, but this device failed as signally as had the other misrepresentations of General Sherman. On the 12th of December, five days after the publication of his certificate, the following press telegram swept that subterfuge away from him:

Washington, D. C., December 12.—The statement that the rebellion archives, now in the War Department, are in confusion, and that if the Davis letter, to which General Sherman has referred, were there, it would take much time, and involve great search to find it, is erroneous. The archives have all been gone over thoroughly in the preparation of the War Records in progress of publication, and persons in charge of the archives, and who have a knowledge of their contents, say that no such letter as that spoken of by General Sherman is now there, or has ever been there."

It is apparent, then, that Sherman never saw any such letter of mine as that which he said he had read and identified by my signature, and that the Stephens-Johnson letter was acquired after the speech had been made, and was seized upon to create a pretext upon which he could excuse his falsehood. The conclusive proof which had come to light by denials from Senators of having received from me any such letter, and by their denying that they had ever heard any such opinions expressed by me, placed Sherman in a dilemma from which to advance involved further falsehood, and from which retreat was only possible with humiliation and disgrace. He selected the easier course, and went forward with falsehood attending every step. In his letter to the War Department, of January 6, 1885, he says he found my letter at Raleigh, North Carolina, saying:

"Among the books collected at the palace in Raleigh was a clerk's or secretary's copy-book, containing loose sheets and letters, among which was the particular letter of Mr. Davis to which I referred in my St. Louis speech, and notwithstanding," he said, "I gave it little attention at the time," yet he claimed twenty odd years after that he could recall its expressions and repeat its purport. He said that the

Stephens-Johnson letter was *the* letter, and here's *the original*," but he reported to the War Department that "the *particular* letter of Mr. Davis" was found by him in Raleigh.

Senator Vance, upon hearing of the alleged Raleigh letter, promptly denied all knowledge of it, and wrote to the Washington *Post*, under date of December 13, 1885, that:

"Every letter ever written to me on a political topic by President Davis is to be found faithfully copied on the official letter-books of the executive department of North Carolina. Those letter-books were taken from me by General Sherman's troops at the closing of the war, and are now in possession of the War Department in this city. Aside from the letter-books, General Sherman never saw any letter addressed to me by President Davis. Although I have not seen those books and read their contents in almost twenty years, I am quite sure that no such letter can be found there. I could not have forgotten such a letter had it been received by me. The suggestion, therefore, that I am the person referred to in General Sherman's statement is entirely untrue. The attempt of some newspapers to give probability to this suggestion, by alleging that I was in bitter hostility whilst Governor of North Carolina to the administration of Mr. Davis, is based also upon a misrepresentation of the facts."

Senator Vance at the same time sent to the Washington *Post* a copy of my letter to him of date November 1, 1862, which he said "contains no such expression as a threat against States attempting to secede from the Confederacy, but does contain this expression: 'I feel grateful to you for the cordial manner in which you have sustained every proposition connected with the public defence.' This much is due to truth. I do not wish to pose as a martyr to the circumstances of those times, or as one ready to turn upon his associates after defeat. I desire to take my full share of responsibility for anything I did and said during those unhappy times.

"Great as were the abilities, and high as were the courage and faithfulness of Mr. Davis, I have no disposition to load him with all the misfortunes of defeat."

Before the publication of the above letter from Senator Vance in the Washington *Post*, interviews with Senator Vance had developed the fact that a correspondence had taken place during the war between Governor Vance and myself, and at that General Sherman also grasped as the foundation for his slander. A St. Louis *Republican* reporter, on the 15th of December, 1884, asked General Sherman, "Was Senator Vance, the Senator referred to in your

speech at the opening of the new headquarters of the Frank Blair Post?" "Well, sir," said General Sherman, very slowly, "I won't say that he wasn't."

My alleged Raleigh letter has never been found. Sherman says it was sent to Nashville, Savannah, Washington and St. Louis, and may have been finally burned in Chicago in the great fire in 1871. But in all its travels no other person but Sherman saw it; not a single officer at any headquarters has been produced who read it, and it passes belief that in the excitement of the closing days of the war, and during my imprisonment, when every letter of mine was carefully examined to find evidence upon which to convict and destroy me, that not an officer at all those headquarters should have read that letter. Every fair-minded man must therefore conclude that General Sherman stated at the Grand Army Post a willful and deliberate falsehood, and that his motive had its inspiration in that mean malice which has characterized his acts and writings in other respects towards the Southern people.

A man so lost to every sense of truth deserved to receive the contempt of every one who values veracity, but Senator Hawley, in offering the resolution above quoted, said: "Personally, however, he did not hesitate to say that in a controversy between Jefferson Davis and General Sherman he (Mr. Hawley) was on General Sherman's side all the time." High qualification that for an United States Senator, who may sit a judge in the Court of Impeachment, the highest tribunal of the land.

I leave Mr. Hawley by General Sherman's side, with no desire whatever to have either one or the other on my side. Senator Conger denied my equal citizenship with Sherman until "something" is done by me; if that "something" to be done is to take such part as that filled by Sherman and his indorsers on this occasion, the described inequality must ever remain. Another Senator (Ingalls) evinced very great indignation because "the Democratic party had in debate in the Senate taken sides with Jefferson Davis," and that "they had always indorsed him, always approved his course, and had declared that there was nothing wrong in his record that would convince posterity that he was not a man of honor and a patriot," and that "the Senator from Alabama (Mr. Morgan) and the Senator from Missouri (Mr. Vest) had taken occasion to inform the Senate that there were millions of people in the United States to-day who loved Jefferson Davis, and to whom Jefferson Davis was endeared by the memory of common hardships, common privations and com-

mon calamities." It is not surprising that such expressions of confidence and regard should have been drawn out in a debate upon a resolution which had for its purpose the indorsement by the Senate of a mean slander, which was known to be unfounded in truth, and important only as covering with the mantle of the Senate the mendacity of a retired General of the army.

The Senate having given vitality to Sherman's slander, a full reply to the opinions and expressions therein is made, so that hereafter it may derive no credit even from its official character.

The so-called "historical statement concerning the public policy of the executive department of the Confederate States," as Sherman's letter to the War Department is headed in that "Ex. Doc.," opens with the following statement: "That I (Sherman) had seen papers which convinced me that even Mr. Davis, the President of the Southern Confederacy, had, during the progress of the war, changed his State rights doctrines, and had threatened to use force—even Lee's army—should any State of the Confederacy attempt to secede from that government." With the mental process by which General Sherman is "convinced," I have no concern, but the "papers" in which he alleged that I "threatened" to use force against the States of the Confederacy, ought to be tangible and producible, and in an "historical statement," the Senate ought to have demanded the production of the proofs, and on the failure to produce them, and after denial by Senators who Sherman alleged had received them, such an "historical statement," already branded with falsehood and unsupported by evidence, ought to have been rejected with only wonder how it got before the Senate.

In the absence of all authority for the statement, or of any creditable witness, General Sherman asserts that I abandoned my State rights doctrine, the unsupported assertion of a man whose reputation for veracity is not good, and who could have had no personal knowledge, must weigh light as a feather against all the testimony of my official life, as well as against the recollections of all those most intimately connected with me, not a few of whom criticised my strict adherence to the Constitution and laws. *His* reiteration, even "a thousand times," will fail to convince any reasonable man that he did not know he never had seen any "papers" written by me threatening to use the army against any State of the Confederacy.

In this connection, I may refer to my action when Kentucky was invaded by the United States army and her people prevented by military power from acting for themselves on the question of seces-

sion. My personal friend and family physician, Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett, of Washington city, in a letter of the 17th of January last, recalls to my memory the application of himself and other friends to me to send military aid into Kentucky, there to support the friends of the Southern States. My letter of January 22d to Dr. Garnett, explains the principles that guided me on that occasion. In that letter I said:

"Yours of the 17th instant has this day been received, and to your inquiry I reply that, though it is not in my power to recite the language employed in response to you and others who urged me to send Confederate troops into Kentucky to prevent the Federal government from intimidating the Legislature and people of that State by a military occupation, and thus to prevent Kentucky from passing an ordinance of secession, I do well remember that to you, as to others, I answered substantially that I would not do such violence to the rights of the State. No one could have felt a deeper interest or more affectionate regard for Kentucky than I did, and it may well be that I did not believe the people of Kentucky, the State especially distinguished in the early period of her history for the assertion of State rights and State remedies, could be driven from the maintenance of a creed which had ever been her point of pride.

"My answer, as correctly stated by you, shows that my decision was not based on expediency, and however reluctant I may have been to reject the advice of yourself and other friends, in whose judgment and sincerity I had implicit confidence, I would not, for all the considerations involved, disregard the limitations of our Constitution and violate the cardinal principle which had been the guiding star of my political life."

The use made by General Sherman of an extract from a "Southern paper" as evidence that I encouraged expressions of hostility to State sovereignty, and thus was preparing to subvert the very Confederacy of which I was President, has drawn forth from Mr. Nat. Tyler, the surviving editor of the Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer*, the following letter:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., January 15, 1885.

"*Hon.* JEFFERSON DAVIS:

"DEAR SIR:—My attention has been called to an extract from the Richmond *Enquirer*, which has been incorporated by General W. T. Sherman in his letter of January 6, 1885, to the Secretary of War, and I have been asked if that extract is genuine. I have no means at hand for ascertaining whether or not the extract is from the

Enquirer; but, after carefully reading it, I am disposed to regard it as genuine. It truthfully represents the views of the editorial management of the *Enquirer* at that time. I witnessed the extraordinary efforts which the United States authorities were making for our conquest and subjugation, and I considered it to be the duty of our people to make like sacrifices for safety and liberty. The 'convention' referred to in the extract was the convention proposed in North Carolina in the early part of 1864, in the contest for Governor, between Mr. Holden and Governor Vance, and which had for its object to give opportunity of action to the incipient treason which was rife in that State under the leadership of Mr. Holden The article from the *Enquirer* was intended to support Governor Vance and the Confederate cause, which the management of the paper regarded as paramount to all other considerations. I did not presume to speak for you or your administration, but to utter what I believed every true Confederate to hold—that the public defence demanded the exercise of every energy, and that all that hindered that defence should be swept away and remitted to more peaceful occasions.

"The *Enquirer* is the 'public journal' to which Mr. Stephens referred in his letter to Hon. H. V. Johnson, and which he represents as the 'organ' of your administration. I very distinctly remember his coming to the office and lecturing the editors on their support of the measures for the public defence; but, as his views were visionary and impracticable, his temper excited and his influence under a cloud, we gave to his person all respect and to his advice the least attention that was possible. He was a good man and a true and zealous Confederate, but his 'balance' was decidedly out of plumb in the last year of the war, and in politics he wabbled whenever he discussed public affairs. I have always believed if you had assumed 'absolute power,' shot deserters and hung traitors, seized supplies and brought to the front every man capable of bearing arms, that a different result of the war might have been obtained. But your very sensitive respect for Constitution and law, for the rights and sovereignties of States, is attested by the fact that the wildest license was allowed to the press, and that, right under your nose, to use Mr. Stephens's expression, the *Examiner* daily expressed sentiments of opposition to your measures, which, if any newspaper in the United States had dared to publish against Mr. Lincoln's recommendations, its editor would have been promptly imprisoned. By any comparison that can be made between your administration and that of President Lincoln, history will award to you far more respect for the essential

features of personal liberty, for deference paid to State authority, and for respect shown for constitutional restraint.

"With the best wishes for your continued good health, I am, dear sir, your sincere friend,

"NAT. TYLER."

It is apparent that this so-called "historical statement" had been seen by Republican Senators, and that they were not ignorant of its real character when the Hawley resolution was under discussion in the Senate. Those Senators then knew that General Sherman had, in his letter of January 6, 1885, to the Secretary of War, changed the issue between us from one of veracity to a rambling, shuffling discussion of a "conspiracy" and of "conspirators" in the winter of 1860-'61, and that which at the Frank Blair Post may have been "a white lie," not intended for publication, came before the Senate as an "historical statement," bolstered with other falsehoods equally without foundation or support in anything written or uttered by me. It now survives as an "Ex. Doc." of picturesque prevarication.

I know nothing of any "conspiracy" or of any "conspirators." There was no secrecy about any of the political affairs which led to the secession of the States in 1860-'1. There was no possibility of any concealment. The people were advised by the press, they acted knowingly, and the results, through all their various phases, were necessarily known to the people, by whom they were ratified and confirmed. To talk now of conspiracy and conspirators is shallow nonsense, and notwithstanding Sherman says that he "was approached by a number of the Knights of the Golden Circle," that accusation will be dismissed as the coinage of political demagogues. If Sherman was approached by "conspirators" they knew *their* man; they may have heard of his conversation at Vicksburg, his expressions of approval of Southern action, his talk of the "d—d Yankees" to Governor Roper, and such expressions, and may have regarded him as a fit conspirator with themselves. No man ever insulted me by approaching me with suggestions of conspiracy.

As to the action taken at the conference of some of the Southern Senators in January, 1861, and which is introduced in this "historical statement" as evidence of a "conspiracy," it is only necessary to say to those Senators who, in the debate on the Hawley resolution, referred to the letter of D. L. Yulee to Joseph Finnegan, and the resolutions attached thereto, that the resolutions were forwarded to the conventions of the States then in session, and that they were the

resolutions of Senators representing those States conveying to the conventions of the States the views of the Senators. Those resolutions were not discovered by General Sherman; they were not dug up from beneath the sod in any yard through which he marched. They were necessarily public since they were sent to conventions of the States, and they were printed in the newspapers. To speak of such action as a conspiracy, as Senator Sherman did in the debate on the Hawley resolution, shows to what defence he was driven to assist his brother out of the mire of mendacity in which he was floundering.

It was the opinion of that conference, in 1861, that secession was the only remedy left to the States; that every effort to preserve peace had failed, mainly through the action of that portion of the Republican party which refused all propositions for adjustment made by those who sought, in January, 1861, to justify confidence, insure peace, and preserve the Union. In the same month in which that conference was held, I served on a committee raised by the Senate to seek some possible mode of quelling the excitement that then existed. That committee was composed of the three political divisions of the Senate, and it was considered useless to report any measure which did not receive the concurrence of at least a majority of each division. The Republican Senators rejected every proposition that promised pacification, and the committee reported to the Senate that their consultation was a failure. Was there less conspiracy in the Republican Senators combining to prevent pacification than there was in Southern Senators uniting in conference to advise the conventions of their States that their cause was hopeless in Washington? Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, assailed the Republican side of the Senate for their refusal to accept any terms that were offered to them, and demanded to know what they proposed to do, and in that connection referred to Senator Toombs and myself as having been willing to accept the line of 36° 30′, or the Missouri Compromise, and that the Republican Senators rejected the proposition. Which were the conspirators, the Senators who offered the Missouri Compromise for the sake of peace, or the Senators who rejected that offering in order to enjoy a little blood-letting? The venerable Senator Crittenden, of the Committee, used all his power and influence on the side of the peaceful efforts of the Southern Senators, and not unfrequently expressed himself in the most decided terms as to the conduct of the opposition. Party necessity may attribute the actions of the Southern Senators to conspiracy, but history will treat the actors of those

days as they deserve, and to her verdict, in common with my compatriots in that trying hour, the issue is referred.

The epithets which Senator Sherman in the debate applied to myself, are his mode of retaliation for my denunciation of his brother. I have been compelled to prove General Sherman to be a falsifier and a slanderer in order to protect my character and reputation from his willful and unscrupulous mendacity. If his brother, the Senator, felt the sting of that exposure, and his epithets are any relief, I am con tent that he shall go on the record as denouncing me as a "traitor" because I have proved his brother to be a liar.

As the Republican party renounced the issue of treason when it abandoned my trial in 1867, not at my instance, but in face of my defiance, its leaders of the present day but stultify themselves in the cry of traitor which they raise at the mention of my name. This is more a matter of traffic than of argument, but as it serves to keep alive the issues and prejudices of the war period, it is a device which, as politicians, they may not like to abandon It is not surprising that the politicians of a party which, in the mad fury of its passions, deliberately hung a harmless and helpless woman, should continue to keep warm their malice against an old soldier, and long a civil official, by the frequent use of epithets. If it affords them any relief, it costs me so little concern that it would be uncharitable to deny them the enjoyment they take in hurling epithets at me, a game in which any fishwoman might successfully compete.

The Senate, when about to give its sanction to General Sherman's "historical statement," ought, in fairness, to have demanded of him the production of the verifying letters, papers, and information within his knowledge or possession. He says in that "Ex. Doc.": "But of him (myself) I have personal knowledge, not meant for publication, but to become a part of the 'Traditions of the Civil War,' which the Grand Army of the Republic will preserve." What fair and honorable purpose could the Senate have had in sanctioning such a base and infamous innuendo, as that above quoted from page 3 of the "Ex. Doc.?" If that "personal knowledge" is withheld from publication for the purposes of future slanders, surely the Senate ought not to have made itself a party to that malice which hides its slanders until their subject shall have passed away, and contradiction and exposure become difficult, if not impossible. But I am not apprehensive of Sherman's additions to the "Traditions of the Civil War;" he stands pilloried before the public and all future history as

an imbecile scold or an infamous slanderer—as either, he is harmless.

The statement on page 3, that a box containing private papers of mine was found at the house of my brother, Joseph E. Davis, is untrue. The error in the place where a box was seized by his pillagers would not have been material if made by a truthful man, but when an habitual falsifier falls into even a slight error of locality, it is not surprising that he should be suspected of having intentionally fixed upon my brother's residence to give point and probability to some other falsehood. The box of papers was found at a farmer's house several miles away from my brother's, and the box did not contain a single letter written to me or by me at *Montgomery*. Therefore Sherman's statement that he abstracted from that box three letters which had been written to me by loyal officers of the United States army, and returned to the writers to protect them from the suspicion of complicity with the Government at Montgomery, can have no other foundation in truth than, probably, the discovery of letters written at former times and received by me before the inauguration of the Confederate Government at Montgomery.

It is due to the memory of the late Alexander H. Stephens, whose letter to Herschel V. Johnson has been made the foundation for this vile assault upon myself, to say, that if the letter is genuine, and has not been altered to serve Sherman's malice against myself, that it was written under excitement and when disappointment and apprehension of our overthrow had influenced his judgment and opinion, and that this private letter, written under its attending circumstances, never intended for publication, and expressing hasty opinions, will not be allowed to cast its shadow over the carefully-prepared history of the war which Mr. Stephens has left to inform posterity of his views of public men and measures. I will be pardoned for extracting from Mr. Stephens's "War between the States" remarks complimentary to myself, since they completely refute the purpose for which the Johnson letter has been produced. In Volume II, pages 624–5, commenting upon the meeting at the African church, in Richmond, after the unsuccessful effort for peace in Hampton Roads, Mr. Stephens says:

"Many who had heard this master of oratory in his most brilliant displays in the Senate and on the hustings said they never before saw Mr. Davis so really majestic! The occasion and the effects of the speech, as well as all the circumstances under which it was made,

caused the minds of not a few to revert to appeals by Rienzi and Demosthenes.

"However much I admired the *heroism of the sentiment* expressed, yet in his general views or policy to be pursued in the then situation I could not concur. I doubt not that all—the President, the Cabinet and Congress—*did the very best they could*, from their own convictions of what was best to be done at the time."

In the same volume, on page 657, Mr. Stephens speaks of me as a man "of very strong convictions and great earnestness of purpose." In a conversation had during the summer of 1863, which was reduced to writing at the time, Mr. Stephens said:

"The hardships growing out of our military arrangements are not the fault of the President; * * * they are due to his subordinates."

In October of the same year, ("Life of A. H. Stephens," by Johnson & Browne, pages 445–47,) he wrote to a friend who had asked what would be his probable course in the event of the death of myself, as follows:

"I should regard the death of the President as *the greatest possible public calamity*. What I should do I know not. A large number of prominent and active men in the country * * would distrust my ability to conduct affairs successfully. They have now, and would have, *no confidence in my judgment or capacity* for the position that such an untimely misfortune would cast upon me."

These passages (and others might be selected from the writings of Mr. Stephens since the war) bear voluntary and involuntary testimony to my character and motives, and more than answer the complaints contained in the letter to Mr. H. V. Johnson, and in the canvass just preceding his death. Mr. Stephens said that the only difference between us during the war was as to the policy of shipping the cotton crop of 1861 to Europe. That criticism, when made by another, was fully answered by Mr. Trenholm and Mr. Memminger, the two secretaries of the Confederate States treasury, in which they very clearly showed that the cotton crop of 1861 had been mainly exported before the Confederate government was formed, and that if reference was made to any later crop, the Confederacy had no ships in which to export it, and the blockade prevented, to a great extent, foreign ships from taking the cotton out.

The "secret message," which is printed in this "historical statement," was communicated to the Confederate States Congress, and

recommended the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus.* The reasons for that recommendation are fully set forth in the message. It was an application to Congress for authority to suspend the writ, and it was within the constitutional power of Congress to grant the authority. It was a measure of public defence against schemes and plots of enemies which could not be reached under the process of law. On two occasions was that extraordinary remedy resorted to, and each was by authority of Congress. But even when the writ was suspended, no head of any cabinet department kept a "little bell," the tinkle of which consigned to prison men like Teackle Wallis, George William Brown, John Merryman, Charles Howard, Judge Carmichael dragged off the bench, and which became as fearful to the people as the *letters-de cachet* of the tyrants of Paris. Martial law followed the army of the United States, and provost marshals were often the judges that passed upon the person and property of ladies, children and old men, and the venerable Chief Justice Taney was not spared the humiliation of seeing even the Supreme Court of the United States brought to understand that the civil had become subordinate to the military authority.

The conscript law in the Confederate States, and the draft in the United States, were measures adopted by the respective Congresses, and not acts of either Mr. Lincoln or myself. They were both measures of public defence, intended to equalize the burden of military duty, as far as it was compatible with the public defence. As well might we leave revenue to be provided by voluntary contribution, instead of by general taxation, or the roads to be worked by the willing and industrious, instead of distributing the burden equitably over the whole people. Yet the Senators that called for this "historical statement" will hardly hold that President Lincoln was seeking a dictatorship because he enforced the draft.

This "historical statement" might have been enlarged and extended by the Senate, and made to embrace the deliberate misrepresentation by General Sherman of the communication to him by Colonel J. D. Stevenson, in regard to Albert Sidney Johnston's command in San Francisco. In a letter to Colonel William H. Knight, of Cincinnati, Ohio, dated October 28, 1884, General Sherman asserted that "Colonel J. D. Stevenson, now living in San Francisco, has often told me that he had cautioned the Government as to a plot or conspiracy, through the department commander, Albert Sidney Johnston, to deliver possession of the forts, etc., to men in California sympathizing with the rebels in the South, and he thinks

it was by his advice that the President (Lincoln) sent General E. V. Sumner to relieve Johnston of his command before the conspiracy was consummated." That statement of Sherman, the veteran Colonel J. D. Stevenson promptly and emphatically denied, saying: "The history of this matter was published fully and in detail in the San Francisco *Evening Post* in its issue of October 9, 1880. What reports General Keyes may have made to the authorities at Washington, I do not know; but that the removal of General Johnston was the means of preventing a Pacific republic, I do not for an instant believe; for neither at the time of General Sumner's taking command and relieving General Johnston, nor at any time afterward, do I believe any uprising or conspiracy was contemplated." Colonel Stevenson adds that General Sumner held General Albert Sidney Johnston to be "a soldier, a gentleman and an honorable man; he is incapable of betraying a trust." That slander against General Albert Sidney Johnston was as equally unnecessary and as uncalled for as the wholly gratuitous assault upon myself.

General Grant himself has not been exempt from Sherman's malice. To Colonel Scott, Sherman wrote, "if C. J. Smith had lived Grant would have disappeared to history." This remarkable statement was published by General Fry and pointedly and emphatically denied by General Sherman. Prompt to slander, he is equally quick to deny his language. The letter of Sherman, dated September 6, 1883, was written to Colonel Scott, now of the War Record office. The denial of Sherman has caused the publication of the letter and exposure of his hypocrisy in recent laudation of the dead chieftain.

The deliberate falsehood which Sherman inserted in his official report, that Columbia, South Carolina, had been burned by General Wade Hampton, was afterwards confessed in his "Memoirs" to have been "distinctly charged on General Wade Hampton to shake the faith of his people in him" Even when confessing one falsehood he deliberately coined another, and on the same page of his "Memoirs" said that the fire "was accidental," when he knew, from the letter of General Stone, who commanded the Provost Guard in Columbia, that the fire was not accidental. How much more he knew, he may in future "Memoirs" or "statements" reveal.

Can any man imagine less moral character, less conception of truth, less regard for what an official report should contain, than is shown by Sherman deliberately concocting a falsehood for the dishonorable purpose of shaking the faith of the people of South Carolina in their fellow-citizen, General Wade Hampton? His election to be Gover-

nor of that State by the votes of a larger majority of her people of every race than was ever polled before or since; his elevation to the Senate of the United States, and the respect, admiration and regard which is shown to him, must be particularly vexing to the Shermans, and may have suggested to the General to "hedge" in his "Memoirs" and *confess* his wrong doing. Such an act of penance, if it brought true and genuine repentance, would have protected the memory of Albert Sidney Johnston, the fame of General Grant and my own reputation from the slanders which called forth this exposure. It would also have prevented the United States Senate from having indorsed a falsehood, which is liable to be *confessed* when another volume of "Memoirs" shall be prepared.

I have in this vindication, not of myself only, but also of the people who honored me with the highest official position in their gift, been compelled to group together instances of repeated falsehoods deliberately spoken and written by General Sherman—the Blair Post slander of myself, the defamation of the character of General Albert Sidney Johnston, the disparagement of the military fame of General Grant, and the shameful and corrupt charge against General Hampton. I have prepared this examination and exposure only because the Senate of the United States has given to Sherman's slander an indorsement which gives it whatever claims it may have to attention and of power to mislead in the future. Having specifically stamped the statement as false, having proved its author to be an habitual slanderer, and not having a partisan secretary to make a place for this notice of a personal tirade, which was neither an official report nor record made during the war, so as to entitle it to be received at the office of archives, I submit it to the public through the columns of a newspaper which discountenances foul play and misrepresentation, and which was kind and just to me in saying in its issue of January 14, 1885:

"The Sherman statement was altogether one-sided; Mr. Davis had yet to be heard from, and for the Republicans of the Senate to force a snap judgment upon the Sherman statement without hearing what Mr. Davis had to say about it, smacks more of the political partisan than of the fair-minded adversary." The public, through *The Sun*, has this, my reply, and can dispense its "even-handed justice" with full knowledge of the facts.

Very sincerely yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The Battle of Chancellorsville.

BY COLONEL THEODORE A. DODGE, OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

In the "Lowell Institute" course of lectures, in Boston last winter, the following lecture was delivered by Colonel Theodore A. Dodge, author of the admirable book on Chancellorsville, which we had occasion to notice so favorably. In order that our readers may see clearly *who* it is that gives this able, clear, and very fair account of this great battle, we insert the following brief sketch of Colonel Dodge given by the Boston *Herald:*

"Colonel Theodore A. Dodge is one of the best known men in Boston military circles. He is now in his 43d year, having been born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, in 1842. When quite young he went to Berlin, Prussia, where he received his military education under General von Froneich, of the Prussian army. When the civil war cloud burst in the United States he promptly returned home, enlisted and went to the front. He served constantly in the Army of the Potomac (in every volunteer regimental rank up to that of colonel) from the Peninsula, where he was with Kearney, through Pope's and Burnside's campaigns, and at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, in which latter engagement he was with Howard. He was thrice breveted for gallantry. After Gettysburg, where he lost a leg, he was ordered to duty in the war department. While there Secretary Stanton offered him a regular commission, which was accepted. Colonel Dodge remained in the war department until 1870, when he was, by reason of wounds received in the line of duty, placed on the retired list of the army, where he now is."

We insert with great pleasure the lecture, without note or comment of our own, except to say, that while possibly we might find some statements in it with which we might not fully concur, yet we hail it as a happy omen when a gallant soldier who wore the Blue can give to a Boston audience so candid and truthful an account of a great battle in which the Federal arms suffered so severe a disaster.

COLONEL DODGE'S LECTURE.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—You have listened to an eloquent and able presentation of the main issues and events of our civil war by one of our most distinguished fellow-citizens, a man upright in peace, zealous in war. You have heard a graphic narrative of a

great Southern victory from one of our late antagonists, whose record, as one of Stonewall Jackson's staff officers, stamps him honest and brave, as his presence and bearing among us have stamped him thoroughly reconstructed. You have had spread before you an elaborate and brilliant view of one of our glorious victories by a gallant soldier of two wars, who has beaten into a ploughshare the sword he wielded to such good purpose in Mexico and Virginia. It has fallen to my lot to tell you about one of our most lamentable defeats. To tell the truth about Chancellorsville is an invidious task. Less than the truth no one to-day would wish to hear. Under Burnside the Army of the Potomac suffered an equal disaster. But Burnside blamed himself alone. No word but praise for his lieutenants passed his lips After Chancellorsville, on the contrary, Hooker sought to shift all the blame upon his subordinates, even to the extent of intimating that they were braggarts, who would not fight. Particularly Howard and Sedgwick were his scapegoats, and for some years Hooker's views gained credence. His course renders necessary a critical examination of the campaign. But be it remembered that every word of censure is uttered with the consciousness that Hooker's memory lies embalmed in our mausoleum of dead heroes, and that in lesser commands his career was patriotic and useful.

The disaster at Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, had left its mark upon the ever faithful Army of the Potomac. It had lost confidence in its chief, but not in itself. Burnside retired in January to the satisfaction of all, but carrying away their affectionate regard. Hooker succeeded to the command. His sobriquet of "Fighting Joe" aptly but superficially characterized him. Few men could handle a division—perhaps a corps—to better advantage under definite orders. None gloried in the act of war more than he. Lacking not conduct, yet the dramatic side of the art-military was dearest to him, and his ubiquity and handsome bearing made him better known to the army at large than many of his more efficient brothers in arms. The troops accepted Hooker with the utmost heartiness. He had been identified with their history. He was bone of their bone. He seemed the very type and harbinger of success. Men and officers alike joined in the work of rehabilitation. Under well digested orders—for Hooker was a good organizer—the lamentable laxity of discipline soon disappeared; eagerness succeeded apathy, and the Army of the Potomac once again held high its head.

On April 30, 1863, the morning report showed, "for duty equipped," 131,491 officers and men, and nearly 400 guns in the camp near Falmouth. Confronting this overwhelming body of men lay the weather-beaten Army of Northern Virginia, numbering some 60,000 men and 170 guns. This force was posted from Banks's ford above, to Skenker's Neck below Fredericksburg, a distance of some fifteen miles. Every inch of this line was strongly and intelligently fortified. The *morale* of the Confederate army could not be finer. To numbers it opposed superior position and defences, and its wonderful successes had bred that contempt of danger and that hardihood which are of the very essence of discipline. Perhaps no infantry was ever, in its own peculiar way, more permeated with the instinct of pure fighting—ever felt the *gaudium certaminis*—than the Army of Northern Virginia at this time.

The Army of the Potomac could not well risk another front attack on Marye's Heights. To turn Lee's right flank necessitated operations quite *en evidence*, and the crossing of a river 1,000 feet wide in the very teeth of the enemy. Hooker matured his plans for a movement about Lee's left.

On April 12th the cavalry corps was ordered out upon a raid, *via* Culpeper and Gordonsville, to the rear of Lee's army, in order to cut his communications and to demoralize his troops at the moment when the main attack should fall upon him.

"Let your watchword be fight! and let all your orders be fight! fight!! fight!!!" was Hooker's aggressive order to Stoneman. The performance of the latter, however, was in inverse ratio to the promise of these instructions. The start was delayed two weeks by a rise in the river; and the movement was so weak from its inception that the cavalry raid degenerated into an utter failure, and the first step in the campaign thus miscarried. The operations of the cavalry corps scarcely belong to the history of Chancellorsville. They in no wise affected the conduct or outcome of the campaign.

In order to conceal his real move by the right, Hooker made show of moving down the river, and a strong demonstration with the First, Third and Sixth corps on the left, under command of Sedgwick. Covered by Hunt's guns, on April 29th and 30th, pontoons were thrown at Franklin's crossing and Pollock's mills, troops were put over, and bridgeheads were constructed and held by Brooks's and Wadsworth's divisions. Lee made no serious attempt to dispute this movement, but watched the dispositions, uncertain how to gauge their value.

Meanwhile, the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, followed by the Fifth, with eight days' rations, marched up to Kelley's ford. Here all three corps crossed the Rappahannock on the night of Wednesday the 29th; and on Thursday the two former crossed the Rapidan at Germania ford, and the latter at Ely's, and all three reached Chancellorsville Thursday afternoon. Here Slocum assumed command. Gibbon's division, of the Second corps, had been left to guard the Falmouth camps and do provost duty, while French and Hancock, after United States ford had been unmasked, crossed at this point and joined the forces at Chancellorsville. The Third corps was likewise ordered from the left, by the same route, to the same point.

Thus far, everything had been admirably conceived and executed. Small criticism can be passed upon Hooker's logistics. They were uniformly good. Two of our corps had centred the enemy's attention upon his right flank, below Fredericksburg, while we had massed four corps upon his left flank, with a fifth close by, and had scarcely lost a man. Hooker's vaunting order of this day is all but justified by the situation. But one more immediate and vigorous push, and the Army of Northern Virginia would have been desperately compromised, practically defeated.

Lee had not been unaware of what the Federals had been doing, but he had been largely misled by the feint below the town, and had so little anticipated Hooker's movement by the right, that less than 3,000 of his cavalry were on hand to observe the crossing of the Rappahannock and Rapidan. Stuart had not, until Thursday, fully gauged the importance of this movement, and only on Thursday night had Lee ascertained the facts, and been able to mature his plans for parrying Hooker's thrust. Anderson had received, on Wednesday, orders to check at Chancellorsville, as long as possible, our advance, supposed to be partial only, and then to slowly retire to the Mine-Run road. This he had done, and here Lee's engineers were speedily engaged in drawing up a line of intrenchments. Early was left at Hamilton's crossing, Barksdale remained in the town, and Lee, with the bulk of his forces, hurried out to meet the Army of the Potomac. At an early hour on Friday morning Jackson arrived at the Mine-Run line and took command. Hooker's tardiness in advancing had already allowed the erection of a difficult barrier.

The headquarters of the Army of the Potomac had remained at Falmouth till Hooker personally reached Chancellorsville. After the transfer hither, the chief of staff, for ease of communication between the wings, was kept at the old camp. Hooker now an-

nounced his plan to advance Friday, in force, and uncover Banks's ford, so as to be within quicker reach of Sedgwick. It had been a grave error not to make this advance on Thursday afternoon. On Friday morning, after reconnoitering the ground, he accordingly ordered an advance toward the open country to the east, while Sedgwick should threaten an attack in the neighborhood of Hamilton's crossing to draw Lee's attention.

In pursuance of these orders, Meade advanced to within grasp of Banks's ford quite unopposed. Sykes and Hancock on the turnpike, on leaving the forest, ran upon the intrenched divisions of Anderson and McLaws, whom they engaged. Slocum, with the Eleventh and Twelfth corps on the plank road, was arrested by the left of this same line. The opposition was nowhere serious. The troops were there to fight. Hooker should have carried out his programme in full by ordering up fresh troops, and by driving back the largely overmatched force of the enemy.

Every reason demanded this. The Army of the Potomac had just emerged from the Wilderness, in whose confines no superiority of force could be made available as it could be on the open ground toward Fredericksburg. It was essential that the two wings should be got within easier communication. The enemy had been surprised and should be followed up. The plan had succeeded well so far ; to abandon it would create a loss of *morale* among the troops.

Suddenly every one concerned was surprised by an order from Hooker to withdraw again into the Wilderness. Here may be said to have begun the certain loss of the campaign. The proceeding was absurd. Hooker had reached Chancellorsville Thursday noon with forty thousand men, fresh, and abundantly able to advance toward and seize Banks's ford, his first objective. To delay here until Friday noon was a grave mistake. Still, had the advance on Friday been pushed home by a concerted movement by the left, so as to seize Banks's, and cover United States ford, it was by no means too late to gather the fruits of the vigor and secrecy exhibited thus far in this flank march.

But the advance on Friday was checked by Hooker without personal examination of the situation, to the surprise of every one, and against the protest of many of his subordinates. A more fatal error cannot be conceived. Here first appeared Hooker's lack of balance. The troops retired, and Jackson at once took advantage of the situation by advancing his left to Welford's.

The Army of the Potomac on Friday night lay huddled in the

chapparal around Chancellorsville, instead of occupying, as they might, a well defined position on the open ground in front of Banks's ford. Gradually, during the night, the several corps drifted, weary and disheartened at this unexplained check in the midst of success, into the position which they had taken up after crossing the river, without any idea of fighting there. The line was thus a hap-hazard one, on the worst conceivable ground, where cavalry was useless, artillery confined to the roads or to a few open spaces, and infantry hidden or paralyzed.

Reynolds was now ordered from the left wing to Chancellorsville. The line lay from left to right—Meade, Couch, Slocum, Sickles, Howard. Hooker determined to receive instead of delivering an attack. He knew how vastly he outnumbered Lee; he could gauge the advantage he had gained from his initiative; he could not be blind to the wretched *terrain* around Chancellorsville, and yet he sat down as if already worsted. Nothing but a sudden loss of moral force can explain such enigmatic conduct. Hooker had come to the end of his mental tether. The march had taxed his powers to their limit. He had no more stomach for the fight.

During this night, while the Army of Northern Virginia was moving into position in front of its gigantic, but apparently unnerved enemy, Lee and Jackson developed a plan for an attack upon our right, which, though posted on high ground, was really in the air. Lee may have originated the plan, but it bears a distinctly Jacksonian flavor; and surely without such a lieutenant to execute it, Lee would never have dreamed of making such a risky move. The plan gave Jackson about 24,000 men with which to undertake a march around our right flank to a position where he might cut us off from United States ford. It was ultra-hazardous, for it separated a small army in the presence of a large one. It was justifiable only on the ground that Hooker evidently meant to retain the defensive; that the movement would be screened from his eye by the woods; that there seemed no more available plan; that some immediate action was demanded. Had it failed it would have met the censure of every soldier. No maxim of tactics applies to it so well as the proverb, "Nothing venture, nothing have."

Although Jackson's corps had been on foot and partially engaged for some thirty hours, the men set out on this new march with cheerful alacrity. They could always follow "Old Jack" with their eyes shut. Stuart's cavalry masked the advance. Jackson did not know that his column would have to pass some open ground in full view of

our line at Dowdall's, until too late to have it follow a better concealed route. Early Saturday morning the movement was discovered by the Third corps, and a reconnoisance was pushed out to embarrass its advance. After some trouble and a slight and successful attack, Birney ascertained and reported that Jackson was moving over to our right. The conclusion which Hooker drew from this fact was, apparently, that Lee was retreating. Jackson, meanwhile keeping Sickles busy with a small rear-guard, advanced along the Brock road until, toward afternoon, he was abreast and in the rear of our right flank. While he was thus massing his men to take the Army of the Potomac in reverse, Hooker continued to authorize Sickles to deplete the threatened wing by sending a large part of its available strength (Barlow, Birney, Whipple, and Geary in part—some 15,000 men) out into the woods in the hope of capturing the force which had long ago eluded his grasp and was ready to fall upon our rear. Hooker's right flank, of barely 10,000 men, was completelv isolated. And yet though scouts, pickets, and an actual attack at 3:30 P. M., proved beyond a peradventure Jackson's presence at this point, Hooker allowed this flank to be held by an untried corps, composed of the most heterogeneous and untrustworthy elements in the Army of the Potomac.

This march of Jackson's might, at first blush, have been construed by Hooker to be either a retreat or strategic march by Lee to new ground, or to be a threatened flank attack. Either would have been accompanied by the same tactical symptoms which now appeared. If the former, Hooker had his option to attack at an early or late period more or less vigorously, as might appear best to him. Hooker afterward claimed that he believed in the flank attack. But the testimony of his dispatches at the time finds him riding both horses, and he acted on the retreat theory. At 9:30 A. M., he had notified Slocum and Howard to look out and prepare for a flank attack, and to post heavy reserves to meet one. He telegraphed Sedgwick at 4:10 P. M.: "We know that the enemy is flying, trying to save his trains." In the meantime he had removed the heavy reserves in question and sent them out on Sickles's wild goose chase to the front. He made no inspection of the right except one early in the morning.

Howard, commanding on the right, misled by Hooker's orders and apathy, held to the retreat theory. He had, on the receipt of the 9:30 order, disposed Barlow's brigade and his reserve artillery so as to resist an attack along the pike, but Barlow had been ordered by Hooker to join Sickles. General Devens made several distinct

attempts to impress on Howard the danger of an attack, but the latter took his color, as well as his orders, from the commander of the army. General Carl Schurz, under whom I served that day, also held strongly to the flank-attack theory, and scores of men in the Eleventh corps, after the picket fight of 3:30, fully believed that another attack would be made in the same place. Common generosity to the memory of Hooker, who was a gallant and successful corps commander, leads us to think that at the time he believed that the enemy was retreating. His neglect of the right was otherwise criminal. In him alone centered all the information of constantly occurring changes. To him alone was reported each new circumstance. His subordinates knew but the partial truth. They relied on him for the initiative.

At 6 P. M., then, the situation was this: The left and centre lay as before. Howard held the right, the "key of the position," with 10,000 men, a half brigade of Devens's only astride the pike, the rest of Devens's and Schurz's facing south, and Steinwehr massed at Dowdall's. Howard's best brigade was gone, and there was not a man to support him between Dowdall's and Chancellorsville. For this portion of the line under Sickles had been advanced into the woods nearly two miles. On the right flank of this little force lay Jackson's corps of over 20,000 men, whose wide wings, like the arms of a gigantic cuttlefish, were ready to clutch it in their fatal embrace.

To cover Jackson's march, Lee at intervals during the day tapped at the lines in his front, principally where Hancock lay.

During all this afternoon, Hooker had a chance handsomely to redeem his Friday's error in retiring into the Wilderness. Whatever the *reason*, the *fact* that Lee had divided his army remained clear. Lee, with the right wing, had but 18,000 men. Hooker knew that he could not have more than 25,000. He himself had 70,000 splendid troops. He could have crushed Lee like an egg shell, and then have turned on Jackson. But, with a knowledge of Jackson's habit of mystery, of his wonderful speed and fighting capacity, and of his presence on our right, with all the means of knowing that this same right flank was isolated by two miles of impenetrable woods from any supporting force, he sat still, folded his hands, as it were, for sleep, and waited events.

The Eleventh corps was cooking or eating supper. Arms were stacked. Breastworks looking south were but fairly substantial. Facing east were none. Some carelessness was apparent, in that ambulances, ammunition wagons, pack mules and even a drove of beeves were

close behind the line. Every one was at ease, though a few were not wanting in anxiety. Little Wilderness Church, near by, endeavored to stamp a peaceful air upon the warlike scene. The general feeling seemed to be that it was too late to get up much of a fight to-day.

Jackson, in three lines, Rodes in advance, Colston next and A. P. Hill still coming up, lay close by. He had caught Hooker's right *flagrante delicta*. At 6 P. M. the order was given, and twenty-two thousand of the best infantry in existence closed rapidly down upon the flank of ten thousand of the least hardened of the troops of the Army of the Potomac. No division in the Army of the Potomac, not the Old Guard, not Frederick's automata, could have changed front under the staggering blow. The fight was short, sharp, deadly, but partial only. But the force on the right was swept away like a cob-web by Jackson's mighty besom. Some of Schurz's regiments made a gallant show of resistance under the terrible ordeal of friends and foes breaking through their hastily formed lines ; some melted away without burning a cartridge. Buschbeck's brigade threw itself into some breastworks constructed across the road at Dowdall's and made a desperate resistance. It was here that Howard had asked leave to place his line, but had been refused. A ridge made the line well available for defence.

The whole situation was confusion worse confounded. The attack had been so sudden that the stampede of the regiments on the extreme right swept away many of those which were endeavoring to form near the fork of the roads. The drove of beeves, the frightened teamsters and ambulance drivers, officers' servants, and hundreds of camp followers were rushing blindly to and fro, seeking an escape from the murderous hail of lead. The enemy came on with remorseless steadfastness. Never was an army more completely surprised, more absolutely overwhelmed. Few, even among the old soldiers, preserved their calmness, but many did their duty. The higher officers were in the thickest of the fray. An occasional stand would be made, only to be again broken. Everywhere appeared the evidence of unpreparedness.

It is small wonder that the corps made no resistance worthy the name. Rather wonder that, under the circumstances I have detailed, the onset of Jackson was actually checked by this surprised and overmatched, this telescoped force, considerably more than an hour, at a loss of one-third its effective strength. Could more have been expected?

The worthlessness of Hooker's dispositions now became apparent.

Jackson's small rear-guard had been playing with Sickles, while his main body had extinguished Howard. Nothing now lay between Jackson and the headquarters of the army except a difficult forest, through which a mass of panic-stricken fugitives were rushing in dire confusion out of range. Happily night was approaching, and Jackson's troops had to be halted and reformed, his three lines having become inextricably mixed.

Anderson had made a serious attack on our centre so soon as the guns of Jackson's corps were heard, so that Hooker had nothing at hand to throw into the gap but Berry's division of the old Third corps. Other troops were too far away. This division was now hurried into position across the pike. The artillery of the Third corps and many guns of the Eleventh corps were assembled on the Fairview crest. Sickles faced about the fifteen thousand men he had led into the woods, and disposed himself to attack Jackson in more practical fashion. Between good use of several batteries, and a gallant charge by a handful of cavalry, a diversion upon his flank was created, which coupled to Berry's desperate resistance and the heavy artillery fire from Fairview, arrested Jackson's onset. It was after this check, while reconnoitering in front of his troops, that this noted soldier received, from his own lines, the volley which inflicted on him a mortal wound.

A midnight attack was made by Sickles upon Jackson. Sickles's claim that he drove the enemy back to Dowdall's is scarcely substantiated. The attack had no particular result. Sickles regained once more his old position at Hazel Grove, which he held until daylight Sunday morning, when he was ordered back to Chancellorsville by Hooker. The latter seemed unaware how important this height might prove in his own, how dangerous in Lee's hands. For, as his line here made a salient, it behooved him to strengthen it by just such a height, or else to abandon this line of defence.

On Sunday morning at daylight Stuart, who succeeded Jackson, ranged his twenty thousand men opposite the Fairview crest, and supported them by batteries on this same Hazel Grove. Fairview was crowned by our artillery and defended by about an equal infantry force on the next ridge below, consisting of the entire Third corps and Williams, of the Twelfth corps. Anderson and McLaws, with seventeen thousand men, still confronted Geary and Hancock with twelve thousand. Reynolds had arrived during the night, but was posted on the extreme right, away from the scene of actual hostilities. No other troops were brought into action. Thus the superior

tactics of the enemy enabled him to outnumber us at every point of attack, while an equal number of available Union troops lay upon their arms close by, witnessing the unneeded slaughter of their comrades.

The attack of the Confederates began shortly after daylight, with "Jackson" for a watchword, and was gallant in the extreme. Anderson pushed in on our left centre, as Stuart did on the right centre, both contending for the Chancellor House, which barred their possession of the turnpike. No praise is too high for the staunchness of the attack or the stubbornness of the defence; but, after heavy fighting during the entire forenoon, the Army of the Potomac yielded to the Confederate pressure and retired to a new line already prepared by its engineers, and which had its apex at White House. Time does not allow the barest details of this struggle to be entered upon. Suffice it to say, that the loss of the Third, Twelfth and Second corps, of four thousand, three thousand and two thousand, respectively, effectually gauges the bitterness of the contest. The Confederate loss was, if anything, higher than ours during this Sunday morning. Lee was reforming for an assault upon our new line, when rumors from Fredericksburg diverted his attention.

During this fight of Sunday morning, the general plan of the Confederates was to obtain possession of the direct road, by which they could keep to themselves the communications with Fredericksburg. Hooker's plan, after failing to attack one or the other of Lee's divided wings, should have been to retain this road, the key to which was the Chancellorsville crest and plateau. But he seemed to have no conception of using the forces at hand. The First, Fifth and Eleventh corps were not put into action at all, though of their forty-seven thousand men, thirty thousand could easily have been spared from the positions they held. Reynolds could have projected a strong column upon Stuart's left flank, and was eager to render this simple service. From our left, several divisions could have made a diversion against McLaws's right. Our force at Fairview could have been doubled at any time. But all that Hooker seemed able to do was to call upon Sedgwick, a dozen miles away, to perform an impossible task in succor of his own overwhelming force.

To be sure, Hooker was disabled for some hours by the falling against him, about 10 A. M., of a column of the Chancellor House, which was dislodged by a shell. During this period Couch acted as his mouthpiece. But this disablement cannot excuse the error which preceded it, and Hooker was beaten, morally and tactically, before this

accident. For he had predetermined retreat by the erection of the new lines, and had taken none of the measures, which ordinary military *nous* demanded, while he was able-bodied. There is no palliation to be found in this accident. There is nothing approaching tactical combination to be seen on our side in this campaign after Friday's withdrawal into the Wilderness.

It has been surmised that Hooker, during this campaign, was incapacitated by a habit of which, at times, he had been the victim. There is rather evidence that he was prostrated by too much abstemiousness, when a reasonable use of stimulants might have kept his nervous system at its normal tension. It was certainly not the use of alcohol during this time which lay at the foot of his indecision.

Let us now turn to Sedgwick, who properly formed the left wing of the Army of the Potomac, though, as the operations eventuated, his corps was rather a detached command. Sedgwick had lain on the Falmouth side, with one division across the river guarding the bridge-heads. During the afternoon of Saturday, Hooker ordered him to cross and pursue what he called the "flying enemy" "by the Bowling Green road." Sedgwick did cross, and began skirmishing with Early, to force the latter from that road back into the woods. After the Eleventh corps had been crushed, the same evening, Hooker ordered Sedgwick, at 9 P. M., to march to Chancellorsville, "destroying any force he might fall in with on the road." This order was received by Sedgwick at 11 P. M., when he was intent on pursuit in the opposite direction. Sedgwick sent out his orders to change these dispositions within fifteen minutes after receipt of Hooker's dispatch, but it was after midnight before he could get his command faced about and fairly headed in the new direction.

The Fredericksburg heights were held by Early and Barksdale with eighty-five hundred men, and plenty of artillery. In December a few brigades had here defeated the entire Army of the Potomac. Hooker himself, with his battleworn veterans, had then pronounced the task impossible. It was after midnight, Sedgwick had fifteen miles to march, after capturing this almost impregnable position, and all this to be done before daylight—that is, within three hours, if he was to carry out his orders.

So soon as his head of column reached the town four regiments were sent against the rifle-pits, but were speedily repulsed, with considerable loss. Before Sedgwick had sufficiently altered the disposition of his troops to warrant an assault, day broke. Brooks still held the left of the line, Howe the centre, and Newton the right.

Gibbon, who had been left in Falmouth, threw a bridge above Fredericksburg, crossed and filed in on Sedgwick's right. Both Gibbon and Howe made demonstrations against the enemy's flanks, but the nature of the ground precluded their success.

Sedgwick was now reduced to a general assault. Two storming columns were formed, one from Howe's front and one from Newton's. These dispositions were not completed until 11 A. M., after a delay, perhaps not justifiable, in view of the stringency of the orders. But their work was well done. Without firing a shot these columns advanced, rushed upon and over the intrenchments, and carried them at the point of the bayonet, with a loss of over one thousand men. This cut the Confederate force on the heights in two, and gave Sedgwick possession of the plank road, the direct way to Chancellorsville.

If Sedgwick had captured the heights before daylight, and, leaving a strong rear-guard to occupy Early's attention, had advanced straight toward Chancellorsville, he might have reached Hooker by 9 or 10 A. M., the hour when his chief was worse pressed. And some of Sedgwick's subordinates think this could readily have been done. But while it is hard to-day to insist that this much might not have been accomplished, the probabilities certainly are that a night attack in force would have resulted either in defeat, or in giving Early, who was entirely familiar with the ground, a chance to deal some fatal blows at Sedgwick's moving column, which would be more or less disorganized by the night assault and march Be this as it may, Sedgwick's movements were certainly more speedy than those of Sickles, and his work stands out handsomely when contrasted with any done on our side in this campaign.

Another delay now occurred in giving Brooks the head of the column in the advance toward Chancellorsville. Though technically proper, Brooks not having been engaged, the nature of Sedgwick's orders certainly did not warrant this delay. Newton followed Brooks. Howe brought up the rear.

By noon word reached Lee that Sedgwick had captured the Fredericksburg heights. Wilcox, cut off from Early, alone separated Sedgwick from Lee's rear. McLaws and part of Anderson's men were at once dispatched to sustain Wilcox. These troops arrived at Salem church by 2 P. M. Brooks and Newton shortly came upon the field, and endeavored to capture the position they had taken up, but though fifteen hundred men were lost in the attempt, our troops finally recoiled.

A pontoon bridge was now thrown across at Banks's ford, and nearer communication was opened with headquarters. Up to this time, be it noted, Hooker in nowise reflected on Sedgwick's tardiness, though aware, through Warren, who had been his representative with Sedgwick, of all the Sixth corps had done or failed to do. His dispatches to Sedgwick are plainly couched in terms of approval.

During Sunday night Lee concluded that he must permanently dispose of Sedgwick before he could again assault Hooker's lines. Early had recaptured the Fredericksburg heights. Gibbon had recrossed the river. The balance of Anderson's force now joined McLaws. With Anderson, McLaws and Early, some twenty-five thousand men, Lee thought he could fairly expect to dispose of the Sixth corps, which was now reduced to five thousand less, and felt its lack of success. After this he could turn again upon Hooker. Jackson's corps alone was left to watch Hooker.

Here, then, we have the spectacle, happily rare in war, of a slender force of twenty thousand men, who had been continuously marching and fighting for four days, penning in their defences an army of over sixty thousand, while its commander cries for aid to a lieutenant who is miles away and beset by a larger force than he himself commands. And this slack-sinewed commander is the very same who initiated the campaign with the watchword: "Fight! Fight!! Fight!!!" and with the motto: "Celerity, audacity, and resolution are everything in war."

Despite which lamentable fact, this same commander's after wit sought to lay half the blame of his defeat upon this lieutenant's failure to come to his assistance. The other half fell upon Howard on equally invalid grounds.

So soon as Sedgwick became aware of the presence of the bulk of Lee's force in his front, he disposed his three divisions so as best to cover Banks's ford, both from east and west, and to hold a footing on the plank-road. Substantially, Newton faced west, Brooks south, Howe east. Lee, after some hours' preparation, made ready to push in Sedgwick's centre. It is worth while, perhaps, to note the fact that Lee's delay in attacking Sedgwick was fully as great as Sedgwick's in forcing Marye's Heights. And yet his haste was quite as pressing, for at any moment Hooker might decide to move toward his lieutenant.

Many dispatches passed between Hooker and Sedwick at this time. Sedgwick must, of course, be judged by the time of their receipt.

At 4 P. M. of this day, Monday, he received word to "look well to the safety of his corps," and to cross at Banks's ford to the north side, if desirable. These dispatches he answered, but he could not be sure that the answers reached Hooker. Later, Hooker ordered him to hold on to Banks's ford, if possible. Then, again, on receiving Sedgwick's report of the insecurity of his position, Hooker ordered him to withdraw, and, still later, again to hold on. This last dispatch, however, was received by Sedgwick too late. For under the former authority to the same effect, he had determined to retire across the river as soon as night should fall. At 6 P. M. Lee attacked. McLaws fell upon the corner held by Brooks; Early assaulted Howe. The latter's onset was very hardy.

Our loss was over two thousand men, but no serious impression was made.

During the night Sedgwick withdrew and took up his pontoon bridge. The corps had lost over five thousand men. Lee, having accomplished his task, sent Early back to Fredericksburg and himself returned to Hooker's front.

While Lee was considering how he might again best attack the Army of the Potomac, Hooker called his corps commanders together to ascertain their feeling relative to advance or retreat. All except Sickles were in favor of a vigorous advance. Sickles thought that political reasons favored retreat, lest the Army of the Potomac should suffer an overwhelming defeat, which, at this time, might discourage the war party of the North. Moreover the rations brought by the troops had been exhausted and the river was now rising and threatening the bridges. Here, again, it may be noted that unless retreat had been actually predetermined, the past three days should have been used to revictual the army for a possible advance. For Hooker was, as a rule, careful in these matters. Under all the circumstances, and after hearing all opinions, Hooker decided to retire.

A new line was accordingly made to protect United States ford, and during the night of May 5th the army recrossed, the last troops about 8 A. M. of May 6th. Lee did not interfere with this movement. He was glad to see an end put to his dangerous situation, for his army was absolutely exhausted. But had he known the precarious situation of our troops, huddled that night in the *cul de sac* at the bridgeheads, he might have inflicted terrible damage upon us.

The total loss of the Army of the Potomac was 17,200; of the Army of Northern Virginia, 12,300.

On arriving at its old camps, the Union army received an order

tendering it the congratulations of its chief on the achievements of the last seven days. Lee recommended the Southern troops to unite in ascribing to the Lord of Hosts the glory due His name.

Two years later Hooker, in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, stated that, in his opinion, there was nothing to regret in regard to Chancellorsville, except that he did not accomplish all that he moved to accomplish, and that he did not consider the campaign a defeat.

Up to Thursday noon, Hooker's manœuvre was a pronounced success. His subsequent defeat may be ascribed to the following tactical and logistic errors :

First—Failure to move his cavalry effectively. This is probably more Stoneman's fault than Hooker's.

Second—Failure to move the entire army out into the open country and to seize Banks's ford on Thursday afternoon.

Third—This having been neglected, failure to make a vigorous push toward the same objective point on Friday morning.

Fourth—Weakness in withdrawing into the Wilderness to fight a defensive battle after a successful offensive flank march.

Fifth—Failure to order (after 9:30 A. M.) on Saturday, and personally to see, that suitable dispositions were made on the right flank to resist a threatened or possible attack at that point.

Sixth—Weakness, in allowing a partial, slow and ineffective movement against such a wily tactician as Jackson to produce a gap in his line, which robbed his right flank of all support.

Seventh—Failure to fall in force upon one or other of Lee's separated wings Saturday afternoon or early Sunday morning.

Eighth—Not having done so, failure to hold Hazel Grove as head of salient on Sunday morning.

Ninth—Failure to sustain the gallant struggle at Fairview with some of his unused divisions, which themselves outnumbered the enemy, or to attack the enemy's flank in its support.

Tenth—Failure to attack whatever was in his front in support of Sedgwick's advance and fight at Salem Church, and during Monday.

Eleventh—Failure to ration his army while his communications were open, so that he might have again advanced on Tuesday.

Twelfth—Failure to keep Sedgwick on the south side of the river, so as to aid in a new joint advance.

The direct result of Chancellorsville was the second invasion of the Northern States by Lee, which culminated in the defeat of the Army of Northern Virginia, two months later, on the hills of Gettysburg.

Tried by the rule of brilliant success against vast odds, Lee's work in this campaign is scarcely open to criticism.

The hero of the campaign is Thomas J. Jackson, the most able lieutenant of our civil war.

While historical accuracy obliges us to place the *onus* of this lost campaign upon Hooker, and, while his own bitter perverseness toward his lieutenants may lend some asperity to our criticism, it will not do to forget Hooker's excellent services to the country. As a brigade, division and corps commander, previous to Chancellorsville, he had earned an enviable record in the Army of the Potomac. Subsequently, in lieu of retiring in dudgeon, he went to Chattanooga with the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, and there did worthy service. Hooker's efficiency was always weakened by his peculiar desire to work for the public eye, and by his characteristic shortcomings. But Hooker was a brave soldier, a true patriot, and, within his limitations, a reliable general officer. He did not, however, possess that rare combination of self-reliance, intellectual vigor and military common sense which enable a man to bear the strain laid upon him by the command of an army opposed to such a captain as Robert E. Lee.

Here, for the hundredth time, American manhood graved with steel its name upon the brazen shield of Fame. The Army of Northern Virginia, led as its valor deserved to be led, showed that resolution which can accomplish the all but impossible. The Army of the Potomac, held in the leash by blunders which bowed its head in shame, but which it could not repair, illustrated that fidelity which always shone forth from disaster with a refulgence which even a victory scarce could lend it. Every virtue which crowns the brow of the soldier was typified in the ranks of either army. The ability of the conqueror to-day elicits our admiration; the errors of the conquered leader have long since been forgiven. We hold the laurel wreath above the heads of those who fought here and still live; we lay it tenderly upon the graves of those from whose devotion to either cause has sprung that brotherly respect and love which best insures the perpetuity of the Union. Rest to their ashes! Peace to that nobler part, which dieth not!

Brigadier-General Robert Toombs.—An Address delivered before the Confederate Survivors Association in Augusta, Georgia, at its Eighth Annual Meeting, on Memorial Day, April 26th, 1886, by Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., LL.D., President of the Association.

Comrades and Friends:

Mirzah* saw in a vision a bridge, with a hundred arches, rising out of a thick mist at the one end, and losing itself in a thick mist at the other, spanning a portion of time, and with the great tide of eternity flowing beneath. Of the vast multitudes essaying to pass over this *pont de vie*, not a single individual, at some stage or other of the transit, escaped falling through the uncertain flooring. Many there were who, indulging in mirth and jollity, unexpectedly lapsed into the dark waters. Others, looking up toward heaven with the signs of calm speculation and Christian resignation upon their countenances, stumbled and disappeared: Others still, pursuing baubles which glittered in their eyes and danced before them, lost their footing, and were swallowed up by the flood. Others still, their foreheads wreathed with bays, rich, powerful, influential, and saluted with honor, were, in a moment, lost to sight. And some went down with swords in their hands; some with crowns upon their heads; and a few there were who, having hobbled on almost to the furthest arch, tripped and fell, one after another, in feebleness and silence, as though tired and spent after a long journey. As he looked upon the further end of the cloud-enveloped valley, toward which the tide was bearing the generations of mortals, and ere the good Genius had revealed unto him the vast ocean of futurity stretching beyond, divided by a rock of adamant, the one part covered with darkness, and the other dotted with innumerable islands, peopled with beings in glorious habits with garlands upon their brows, vocal with the harmony of celestial music, beatified with fruits, flowers and fountains, and interwoven with a thousand shining seas, Mirzah—his heart moved with deep melancholy—exclaimed surely man is but a shadow, and life a dream.

But, my comrades, it needs no journey to Grand Cairo, or inspection of oriental manuscripts, to persuade us, on this Memorial Day, that—

> "All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
> Like the fair flow'r dishevel'd in the wind;
> Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream;
> The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
> And we that worship him."

* The *Spectator*, No. 159.

The last twelve-month has been unusually lethiferous, and lessons of mortality have been rapidly multiplied in every station, in every land. Besides the unnumbered and the unrecorded dead falling like the leaves of autumn noiselessly and unheeded upon the bosom of mother earth, not a few there were, so famous in rank, fortune, literary attainment, and special service, that, in descending into their graves, they challenged public attention and evoked general sorrow.

But yesterday, amid the tears of the French people, Pere Lachaise opened its solemn gates to receive into the close companionship of warriors and statesmen, prelates and artists, astronomers and dramatists, physicians, poets, lawyers, novelists and philosophers, whose fame envious time has not yet impaired, all that was mortal of the venerable and idolized Victor Hugo.

Shadows are resting upon the German Empire, for the Baron Von Manteufel, Frederick Charles—the dashing Red Prince of many campaigns—and the charming song-writer—Franz Abt—are not.

England laments the tragic fate of the gallant Burnaby, the unique Gordon, and their brave companions—regrets that Sir Moses Montefiore—the noble Jewish philanthropist—has been gathered to his fathers, and scatters white roses over the new-made graves of Sir Francis Hincks and Lord Houghton.

The gonfalons of Spain are drooping in honor of King Alphonso and the sagacious Serrano. The soul of music is even now breathing a requiem for Dr. Damrosh, and the Mussulman sits with bowed head for the careers of El-Mahdi and Oliver Pain are ended.

Within the limits of this country, since our last annual convocation, the death harvest of prominent personages has been perhaps unprecedented. Ulysses S. Grant—commander-in-chief of the Federal armies during the civil war, twice president of these United States, and complimented abroad with tokens of respect and distinguished consideration never before accorded to a living American; Thomas A. Hendricks—vice president of this puissant Republic, of exalted statesmanship and manly qualities, a citizen of national fame and a Christian gentleman; Cardinal McCloskey—supreme prelate, in this land, of the Roman Catholic Church, venerated for his professional attainments, his charitable ministrations, and his saintly virtues; William H. Vanderbilt—the richest man in America, fostering commercial schemes of gigantic proportions, and the controlling spirit of immense corporations; Horace B. Claflin—the greatest shop-keeper on this continent; Richardson—the wealthiest and most successful planter in the South; George B. McClellan—erstwhile the

organizer of the grand Army of the Potomac, a captain of lofty impulses, and a civilian of high repute; John McCullough—possessing a fine conception of, and manifesting a conscientious devotion to, "the purpose of playing whose end both at the first, and now, was and is to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure,"; Richard Grant White—a capable scholar, a conscientious student, and an intelligent interpreter of the immortal lines of the Bard of Avon; Horatio Seymour—a lover of constitutional liberty, a genuine patriot, and well qualified to fill the chair rendered illustrious by Jefferson and Madison; Winfield Scott Hancock—a noble type of the warrior and statesman who was "wont to speak plain and to the purpose like an honest man and soldier," whose escutcheon was never smirched even by the breath of suspicion; who, at an epoch of misrule, uncertainty, and oppression, subordinated military despotism to civil rule and accorded fair play to the vanquished; superb in person, head and heart; Father Ryan —the Poet-Priest of the South, who sang so eloquently of the "Sword of Lee," the "Conquered Banner," and of

> "The land with a grave in each spot,
> And names in the graves that shall not be forgot,"—

all these, and others scarcely less distinguished, have since our last annual meeting, passed into the realm of shadows, bequeathing memories of peace and war, state-craft and finance, literature and art, politics and religion, of no ordinary significance. Verily the harvest has been most abundant, and the insatiate Reaper may well pause at sight of the swath his remorseless scythe has made.

Busy too has he been within the circle of our special companionship. During the month of May three of our Associates died—Major Frederick L. Smith, of Kershaw's divison, Army of Northern Virginia; Sergeant-Major Fee Wilson, of Byrne's battery, First Kentucky brigade, and Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph T. Armand, of the Thirty-seventh regiment, Georgia infantry. Private John Gallagher, of Company C, Forty-eighth regiment, Georgia infantry, responded to the final summons on the 11th of July, and, on the 15th of the following August, our venerable comrade, Brigadier-General Goode Bryan, fell on sleep. A graduate of the Military Academy at West Point, he was an active participant in two wars. For gallantry in the battles of Molino del Rey and Chapultepec he was promoted to a majority in the Army of Occupation. The Mexican campaign

ended, he led the gentle life of a planter until summoned from that repose by the call of his native State. Entering the service of the Confederacy as the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixteenth regiment, Georgia infantry—then commanded by that distinguished Georgian, Howell Cobb—he gave to the Southern cause his loyal and unswerving allegiance. Shortly after the memorable battle of Sharpsburg, in which, as Colonel of his regiment, he bore a brave part, he was advanced to the grade of Brigadier-General and assigned to the command of the Tenth, Fiftieth, Fifty-third, and Fifty-fifth regiments, Georgia infantry, McLaws's division, Longstreet's corps, Army of Northern Virginia. With this brigade he continued to share the perils, the privations, and the glories of that hitherto invincible army until, on the 10th of April, 1865, it was, in the language of its illustrious commander, after four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. All struggles, dangers and uncertainties ended, he rests with those he loved, and the flowers of affection, respect, and veneration are blooming above his peaceful grave.

On the 12th of January last another of our companions—Captain DeRosset Lamar—was taken from us. He was an aide-de-camp at first to Brigadier-General Robert Toombs, then to Major-General William H. T. Walker, and lastly to Brigadier-General Alfred Cumming. When General Cumming was wounded, Captain Lamar was assigned to duty with Colonel Roman as an Assistant Inspector-General.

Then, on the 15th of February, after a long illness, Private Eugene Conner, of the Washington Artillery, found friendly sepulture in our Confederate section.

And, on the 18th of last month, Private William Teppe, of Company D, Fifth regiment, South Carolina cavalry, Butler's division, Hampton's corps, Army of Northern Virginia, responded to the trump which summoned him to the bivouac of the dead.

Alas! the circle of our fraternity is narrowing. It will grow rapidly smaller as the years roll on; and soon, aye, very soon, so far at least as we are concerned, there will be only silent graves to greet the sun as he ushers in the return of this Memorial Day.

There is another name high on the roll of the distinguished dead who have departed within the last twelve-month—a name prominent in the annals of this State and nation—a name intimately associated with the memories of this region, and suggestive of much that was great and attractive—a name which should not be forgotten in this

presence and on this occasion—a name borne by a gifted Georgian who, a lawyer by profession, a statesman by education, an orator by inspiration, and a citizen of marked individuality and acknowledged ability, for nearly half a century attracted the public notice, fascinated the popular ear, and, to a large extent, moulded the general thought. Aside from the prominent positions which he filled in the councils of this Commonwealth and Republic, he was the first Secretary of State upon the organization of the Confederate Government, and, for some time, held the rank of Brigadier-General in the Southern army. To most, if not all of us, he was personally known. Meet it is that we render some tribute to his memory.

In Wilkes county, Georgia, on the 2d of July, 1810, Robert Toombs was born. He came of good parentage and sprang from the loins of Revolutionary sires. In the schools of the neighborhood did he acquire his elementary education. His collegiate course—begun at Franklin College, in Athens, Georgia—was completed at Union College, in Schenectady, New York, where, in 1828, he received his degree of A. B. from the hands of that famous instructor, President Eliphalet Nott. Selecting the law as a profession, he repaired to the University of Virginia, and there spent a year as a member of its law class. At school, at college and at the university he was, by teacher and student, regarded as a youth of unusual promise and of remarkable intellect. His natural gifts were almost marvellous, and his powers of acquisition and utterance quite phenomenal. United with this mental superiority were a superb physical organization, a striking originality of thought and speech, and social characteristics most attractive. Before he attained his majority he was, by a special act of the General Assembly, admitted to the Bar. Opening an office in the town of Washington, in his native county, he rose rapidly in his profession. Impressed by the ability evinced during his early efforts in the legal arena, that great Georgian, William H. Crawford—then the presiding judge of the Northern Circuit—prophesied for Mr. Toombs a career of marked distinction. To the pursuit of his calling, and to the establishment of a reputation, enviable both within and beyond the confines of the court-room, did he devote himself with great assiduity.

In 1836, as the captain of a company of volunteers, he served under General Scott in an expedition for the pacification of the Creek Indians.

The following year he was elected a member of the lower house of the General Assembly of Georgia. This position he filled until 1840,

and again during the session of 1842-'43. From his earliest connection with political life he became a central figure. His views were bold, enlarged, emphatic; and his utterances eloquent, aggressive, and weighty. In 1844 he was, by an admiring constituency, advanced to a seat in the Representative Chamber of the National Assembly. Here he made his *debut* on the Oregon question. In the judgment of Mr. Stephens, his first speech placed him in the front rank of the debaters, orators, and statesmen of that body.

Educated in and a firm disciple of the Jeffersonian school of politics, Mr. Toombs then sympathized with the Southern Whigs.

In March, 1853, he quitted the Hall of Representatives for a chair in the Senate Chamber of the United States. This he continued to occupy until the passage by Georgia of her ordinance of secession, when he withdrew from the National Assembly and cast his lot with the Southern people in their struggle for a separate political existence.

The public utterances of Mr. Toombs as a Representative and Senator from Georgia have passed into history. Among them will be specially remembered his speeches defining his position on the organization of the House in 1849—on the power of the House to adopt rules prior to its organization—on the admission of California—in which he arraigned the North for repeated breaches of good faith, and demanded equality for the South in the Territories, and in justification of the right of secession. His lecture, delivered in Boston on the 24th of January, 1856, was carefully considered, and created a profound impression. On all these, and on kindred occasions, he exhibited wonderful physical and intellectual prowess. He was now in the zenith of his fame, in the full possession of his magnetic influence and kingly gifts—fearless, honest, and marvellously eloquent. In the language of another, those who did not see him then can form no conception of the "splendor with which he moved amid those dramatic scenes. A man of marked physical beauty, the idol of a princely people—golden-tongued and lion-hearted—the blood of the cavaliers flashing in his veins and the heart of the South throbbing in his breast—he recalled the gifted Mirabeau, who, amid scenes scarcely less fiery or fateful, 'walked the forum like an emperor and confronted the commune with the majesty of a God.'" He gloried in the whirlwind and caught his inspiration from the storm. As though born to kindle a conflagration, he inflamed by his wonderful power of speech and swayed by his electric fire. Like unto a Scythian archer scouring the plain, he traversed the field of argument and

invective, and, at full speed, discharged his deadliest arrows. In forensic battle the wheels of his war-chariot, sympathizing with the ardent and resistless valor of him who guided them, grew incandescent.

Demosthenes, mingling the thunders of his eloquence with the roar of the Ægean; Cicero, his eyes fixed on the capitol, wielding at will the fierce democracy and inspiring all hearts with a love of freedom and an admiration for the triumphs of the Roman race; Otis, kindling a patriotic flame wherein the "Writs of Assistance" were wholly consumed; Warren, inscribing upon the banners of the sons of liberty, "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God;" Henry, the "incarnation of Revolutionary zeal," ringing the alarum bell and giving the signal to a continent; the impassioned Barre, defending, even within the shadow of the throne, the claims of the oppressed—were not more forcible in utterance, magnetic in action, or majestic in mien than Robert Toombs when contending for the privilege of free speech, or proclaiming the rights of the South, as he comprehended them. The latter were paramount in his esteem. To their assertion was his supreme devotion pledged, his best effort directed. Bold, even to temerity, in his assertions; in tone and manner emphatic, to the verge of menace; by sudden bursts, savoring almost of inspiration, essaying at critical moments to decide the fate of great questions; iconoclastic sometimes in his suggestions—he was, nevertheless, always true to the principles of exalted statesmanship, and loyal in the last degree to the best interests of the South as he forecast them. Mighty was his influence in precipitating the Confederate revolution. Most potent were his persuasions in inducing Georgia to secede from the Union. It was his boast that he would live and die an uncompromising opponent of the unconstitutional acts and assumed authority of the General Government.

Upon his return from Washington, Mr. Toombs took his seat in the Secession Convention of Georgia, where he freely participated in its deliberations, and acted a conspicuous part.

As a delegate to the Confederate Congress, which assembled at Montgomery, Alabama, on the 4th of February, 1861, and as the chairman of the committee from Georgia, he was largely instrumental in framing the Constitution of the Confederate States. Upon the inauguration of the Hon. Jefferson Davis as President of the Southern Confederacy, the port-folio of State was tendered to, and, after some hesitation on his part, was accepted by Mr. Toombs. He was content to discharge the duties of this office only during the

formative period of the government. His restless spirit and active intellect could not long brook the tedium of bureau affairs, or rest satisfied with the small engagements then incident to that position. In the following July he relinquished the port-folio of a department, the records of which he facetiously remarked "he carried in his hat," and accepted service in the field with the rank of Brigadier-General. His brigade was composed of the Second, Fifteenth, Seventeenth, and Twentieth regiments, Georgia infantry, and the First regiment of Georgia regulars. It formed a part of Longstreet's corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

To his imperious spirit, unused to subjection and unaccustomed to brook the suggestions and commands of others, the discipline and exactions of a military life were most irksome, and sometimes the orders emanating from those superior in rank very distasteful. In open defiance of well known army regulations he did not hesitate, on more than one occasion, to criticise, publicly and severely, military movements and instructions which did not commend themselves to his approbation. To such an extent did this show of insubordination obtain that he was suspended from the command of his brigade to await the determination of charges preferred. He resumed his command, however, at the memorable battle of Second Manassas, and at Sharpsburg held the bridge with the courage and pertinacity of a modern Horatius. In the latter engagement he was wounded. In both battles he behaved with conspicuous gallantry, and received the commendation of General Lee.

On the 4th of March, 1863, he resigned his commission in the army and returned to Georgia. General Toombs was not in accord with President Davis's administration of public affairs, nor did he acquiesce in the propriety of some of the most important enactments of the Confederate Congress. Although his affections, his hopes, and his aspirations were wholly enlisted in the Southern cause—although he stood prepared to render every assistance in his power—he reserved and exercised the right of passing upon men and measures, and of gainsaying the qualifications of the one and the expediency of the other, where they did not challenge his personal sanction. This attitude did not conduce to general harmony. Without hesitation he claimed and enforced the dangerous privilege of denouncing publicly what he disapproved, and of freely deriding that which his judgment did not countenance. Such conduct in one of his acknowledged ability and wide-spread influence would have been more tolerable in a period of peace; but when a new-born nation, confronting

difficulties the most overwhelming, and struggling against odds without parallel in the history of modern wars, was engaged in a death grapple for life—when all, repressing personal preferences, and refraining from harsh criticism, should have been intent upon making the best of the situation, and rendering full service in the common cause, his attitude, to say the least, appeared obstructive of unity. It was characteristic of General Toombs to measure men and laws by his own standard of character, excellence and propriety. Beyond question that standard was bold, advanced, colossal; but in its application it was sometimes dangerous, above the common apprehension, and suggestive of rule or ruin. If the order or enactment, no matter how august the source from which it originated, or how potent the authority by which it was promulgated, did not coincide with his views of right or necessity, he did not scruple openly to criticise, to condemn, or to disobey. He was largely a law unto himself, and in some instances did violence to the expectation which, under circumstances then existent, might well have been formed with regard to the judgment and conservative action of one possessing his grand powers and overshadowing gifts. At the outset of the Confederate revolution he apparently underestimated the determination, the martial spirit, and the resources of the North. So intent was he upon the unification of the Southern States, so eager was he for the immediate success of Confederate arms, that he did not refrain from denouncing the leaders upon whom, by any possibility, the blame of hesitation, mistake or defeat could be cast. He was an avowed enemy of West Point, and ridiculed the idea, so generally entertained, of the superiority of the officers of the regular army. Of President Davis's ability to fill the exalted station to which he had been elected, General Toombs did not cherish a favorable opinion. The conscript act—the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*—regulations restricting the planting of cotton—laws governing the impressment of animals and the collection of supplies for the army—and some orders of the Executive and enactments of Congress—he pronounced ill-advised if not unconstitutional, and lent no helping hand for their enforcement. The consequence of all this was, that this distinguished Georgian, who occupied so prominent a place in the public esteem, who was so richly endowed, and who had been so instrumental in precipitating hostilities between the sections, did not, *bello flagrante*, in the advice given, in the support extended, and in the services rendered to the Confederate government, fulfill the general expectation.

Upon retiring from the Army of Northern Virginia he took service with the State forces of Georgia, and retained his connection with them until the close of the war.

Eluding the pursuit of a body of Federal soldiery detached to compass his arrest when Confederate affairs were *in extremis*, he fled from his home and succeeded in making his escape to Cuba and thence to Europe. Upon the restoration of the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* within the States lately in arms against the General Government, he returned to Georgia and resumed, with undiminished power and marked success, the practice of his profession. The angry billows of civil war were rocking themselves to rest. After the great storm there came a calm. Hate was giving place to reason, and no attempt was subsequently made to execute the order for his arrest.

The last political service rendered by General Toombs was performed by him as a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1877, which was presided over by our venerable fellow-citizen, ex-Governor Charles J. Jenkins. In framing the present Constitution of Georgia, General Toombs exerted an almost overshadowing influence. The suggestion and the adoption of its leading and, in the opinion of some, its questionable features, are to be referred to his thought and persuasive eloquence.

His last public utterance, we believe, was heard when, with tearful eye, trembling voice, and feeble gesture, he pronounced, in the Hall of Representatives at Atlanta, a funeral oration over the dead body of his life-long friend, Governor Alexander H. Stephens. For some time prior to his demise, General Toombs had been but the shadow of his former great self. The death of a noble wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, proved an affliction too grievous for his declining years. The light went out of his home and gladness no longer dwelt in the chambers of his heart. Impaired vision deprived him of the ability either to read or to write except at intervals and with difficulty. His idols broken, his companions departed, his ambition blighted, his physical and intellectual forces abated, he lingered almost alone in a later generation which knew him not in his prime. His splendid person, months agone, suffered impairment at the advance of age and the multiplication of sorrows, and the commanding presence gave place to the bent form and the unsteady gait of the feeble old man. His intellect, too, formerly so authoritative, massive, and captivating, became uncertain in its action. To the last, however, he continued to denounce the reconstruction measures of Con-

gress, and proclaimed himself an "unpardoned, unreconstructed, and unrepentant Rebel."

In the morning, at high noon, and even beyond the meridian of his manhood he was intellectually the peer of the most gifted, and towered Atlas-like above the common range. His genius was conspicuous. His powers of oratory were overmastering. His mental operations were quick as lightning, and, like the lightning, they were dazzling in their brilliancy and resistless in their play. Remarkable were his conversational gifts, and most searching his analyses of character and event. In hospitality he was generous, and in his domestic relations tender and true. The highest flights of fancy, the profoundest depths of pathos, the broadest range of biting sarcasm and withering invective, generalizations of the boldest character, and arguments the most logical, were equally at his command. As a lawyer, he was powerful; as an advocate, well nigh resistless. He was a close student, and deeply versed in the laws, state-craft, and political history of this Commonwealth and nation. In all his gladiatorial combats, whether at the bar, upon the hustings, or in legislative halls, we recall no instance in which he met his over match. Even during his years of decadence there were occasions when the almost extinct volcano glowed again with its wonted fires; when the ivy-mantled keep of the crumbling castle resumed its pristine defiance with deep-toned culverin and ponderous mace; when, amid the colossal fragments of the tottering temple, men recognized the unsubdued spirit of Samson Agonistes.

In the demise of this distinguished Georgian we chronicle the departure of another noted Confederate, and this Commonwealth mourns the loss of a son whose fame for half a hundred years was intimately associated with her aspirations and her glory. He was the survivor of that famous companionship which included such eminent personages as Crawford, Cobb, Johnson, Jenkins, Hill, and Stephens. While during his long and prominent career General Toombs was courted, admired, and honored, while in the stations he filled he was renowned for the brilliancy of his intellectual efforts, the intrepidity of his actions, the honesty of his purposes, and for loyalty to his section, while his remarkable sayings, epigrammatical utterances, caustic satires, and eloquent speeches will be repeated, it would seem that he has bequeathed few lasting monuments. Among his legacies will, we fear, be found few substantial contributions to knowledge. Scant are the tokens of labor which will perpetuate his

name and minister to the edification of future generations. Trusting largely to the spoken word, which too often dies with the listener, he will live mainly as a tradition.

Natural gifts so superior as those which he possessed, and opportunities so famous as those which he enjoyed, should have borne fruit more abundant and yielded a harvest less insubstantial. By permanent record of grand thoughts and great ideas, he should have commended his memory more surely to the comprehension of the coming age, so that there might be no lack of "historic proof to verify the reputation of his power."

Enjoying a present fame as a legislator, a statesman, a counsellor, an advocate, an orator, a Confederate chieftain, a defender of the South, and a lover of this Commonwealth, towering among the highest and brightest of the land, this illustrious Georgian is also remembered as a leader not always wise and conservative in his views, as a mighty tribune of the people sometimes dethroning images where he erected none better in their places.

Thus are we reminded that the children of men, be they of high or low estate, be they rich or poor, be they intellectually great or of the common measure,

> "Are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

Although this is true, let us remember, my comrades, it is not all of death to die; that the actions of the just are not wholly swallowed up in the oblivion of the tomb; that there are virtuous memories, which, at least for a season, are not coffined with our bones; and, thus persuaded, may we, one and all, heed the injunction of the great American poet—

> "So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan that moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but sustain'd and sooth'd
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
> Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
> About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Fortification and Siege of Port Hudson—Compiled by the Association of Defenders of Port Hudson; M. J. Smith, President; James Freret, Secretary.

The village of Port Hudson is situated on a north and south bluff on the east, or left bank of the Mississippi river, about eighty feet above low water, and about thirty miles above Baton Rouge.

About two miles above, the river, from a southward course, turns about due east, directly against the village and against the bluff, by which it is suddenly turned south again for about five miles. It then curves again towards the east, dividing into two branches, which form Prophet's Island.

The village was built just at the angle formed by the sudden turn of the river above noted. The bluff extended a few hundred yards above the angle, and then went down to a ravine, beyond which was a steep, narrow ridge, cut vertically on the west.

A short distance beyond is Sandy creek, crossed by a bridge, from which a road lead under the knoll and bluff to the angle of the river.

Westward from this road, and north of the river, was a marsh, extending to the southward branch of the river first above noted.

Thomson's creek flowed through this marsh to the river.

About a mile and a half below the village, the bluff was cut by a ravine about three hundred yards wide, which came down in a southwesterly direction, with ramifications towards the village in the rear.

Eastwardly from the village, the plateau extended into extensive fields, from which roads ran to Jackson, Clinton, Bayou Sara and Baton Rouge.

To the north, the ground became suddenly very much broken, densely wooded, and almost impassable, for a few hundred yards, to Sandy creek, a branch of Thomson's creek.

A railroad, in very bad working order, ran from Port Hudson to Clinton, thirty-three miles northeast.

The following account is compiled from—

1st. Official report of Colonel Steedman, First Alabama regiment, commanding left wing of defences.

2d. Official report of General Miles, Miles's Legion, commanding right wing.

3d. Two official reports of Colonel Marshall J. Smith, commanding heavy artillery.

4th. Narration of the Siege, published by Lieutenant Wright in the New Orleans *Weekly True Delta*, September 5, 1863.

5th. Narration of James Francis Fitts in *The Galaxy* for September, 1866—"A June Day at Port Hudson." (Federal.)

6th. Orville J. Victor's History of the War. (Federal.)

7th. Report (official) of Fred. Y. Dabney, First Lieutenant-Engineer Confederate States Navy, Chief Engineer at Port Hudson.

THE POSITION AND OCCUPATION.

The occupation of Port Hudson had been determined on in July, 1862, and the attack by General Breckenridge on Baton Rouge, early in the succeeding month, was a preliminary step. Brigadier-General Ruggles was left to commence the work of fortifying the ground. The Essex, an iron-clad gun-boat, being in the river above, heavy guns could not be brought down by boats. The plan of detached works was the one decided upon, and the first lunette was thrown up on the Baton Rouge road, four miles below Port Hudson.

This line would have been eight miles in length, and, according to military rule, would have required for its defence a force of 28,000 men, with a reserve of 7,000, making a garrison of 35,000 strong, with at least seventy pieces of artillery. It is not surprising, therefore, that this system was soon abandoned as impracticable.

NEW SYSTEM OF DEFENCE.

A change of commanders placed Brigadier-General H. N. R. Beal in charge of Port Hudson. A different system of defence was decided upon, and the work commenced. This was a continuous indented or angular line of parapet and ditch, on a more contracted scope. A line was surveyed, commencing about two miles and a half below Port Hudson, describing a slight curve to a point on Sandy creek, a mile back of the town. For about three-quarters of a mile from the river the line crossed a broken series of ridges, plateaus and ravines, taking advantage of high ground in some places and in others extending down a deep declivity; for the next mile and a quarter it traversed Gibbon's and Slaughter's fields, where a wide, level plain seemed formed on purpose for a battlefield; another quarter of a mile carried it through deep and irregular gullies, and for three quarters of a mile more it led through fields and on hills to a deep gorge, in the bottom of which lay Sandy creek. Thence to the river was about a mile and a half.

This was a line four miles and a half long, which, according to all

military writers, required fifteen thousand men to hold, with a reserve of from three to five thousand.

Work was commenced and lingered on through the summer and fall; the breastworks thrown up were the smallest and weakest allowed in engineering, made in the roughest manner, and reveted with fence rails.

A small force of negroes was kept at work on the line in a desultory manner for several months, and then the soldiers were called to help. When General Banks threatened an attack, about the 10th of March, the work was still unfinished. Some little activity now became manifest, so that when the siege really commenced, in May, the line had reached the broken ground to the north, at the Clinton road.

THE ESSEX.

Soon after the occupation of Port Hudson the gloomy looking *Essex* floated down opposite to us, and went up the river again.

The water batteries were then in process of excavation.

The *Essex* next got ready to go down, and taking the Anglo-American on her starboard side, ran past at four o'clock in the morning. Besides a few field pieces, we opened on her with two 42-pounders and a 20-pounder Parrott which had just arrived, though without expectation of injuring the ironclad. She replied to our fire, killing one of our horses, and our guns ceased firing as she passed out of their respective range.

THE RIVER BATTERIES.

During the fall and winter, heavy guns for the river defence occasionally arrived, and they were severally placed in position. A three pit battery was constructed at the water's edge, and two other batteries dug at a height of from fifty to sixty feet, being below the top of the bluff.

General Gardner took command on the 27th of December, and immediately ordered changes, particularly as regarded subjects of engineering skill. The whole system of the river defence was altered so as to cluster the heaviest guns together, and bring them all within a more contracted scope, which enabled them to deliver a more concentrated fire, as well as to support each other with more effect. Evidences of awakened energy were seen on every side, and the spirit of the troops never was at a higher pitch.

A week before General Gardner came to Port Hudson, Banks's

army had landed at Baton Rouge, re-occupying and fortifying the city.

GENERAL BANKS'S ADVANCE.

During the months of January and February troops arrived in considerable number. Three brigades were formed; one given to General Beall, composed principally of troops from his own State (Arkansas), and the other commands were assumed by Brigadier-Generals S. B. Maxey and John Gregg, of Texas. In March another brigade arrived commanded by Brigadier-General Rust The enemy finally exhibited signs of activity, and about the 10th of March it became known that General Banks would make a demonstration of some kind. He did move out of Baton Rouge on the 12th and approached us with his whole force. It was confidently expected that he would attack us with some vigor, and our dispositions were according made on the 13th.

General Gregg held the right of our line of intrenchments, General Maxey the centre and General Beall the left. General Rust's brigade was in advance.

On the afternoon and during the night of the 14th, Rust's brigade, in the woods before our lines, felt the enemy's advance and tried, but in vain, to draw him on.

General Rust sent in requesting permission to make his way around Banks's right flank and rear, while the balance of the troops sallied forth and attacked in front. This permission was refused; in the hope of drawing the enemy into an assault.

Meanwhile the fleet moved up as follows :

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MARSHALL J. SMITH'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE AT PORT HUDSON ON THE NIGHT OF MARCH 14TH, 1863.

PORT HUDSON, LOUISIANA, March 15th, 1863.

To Major-General FRANK GARDNER :

GENERAL,—Yesterday morning the Federal fleet consisting of the

Steamship *Hartford*, 26 9-inch and 1 10-inch guns.

Gunboat *Kineo*, 1 11-inch and 4 32-pounders.

Steamship *Richmond*, 23 9-inch guns.

Gunboat *Gennessee*, with battery of 11-inch and 9-inch guns, number not known.

Gun-boat *Monongahela*, 1 200-lb. rifled; 1 11-inch, and several 9 inch guns.

Steamship *Mississippi*, 20 8-inch and 1 11-inch pivot, with a 20-lb. Parrott, and several 12 and 24-pounder howitzers in tops.

The *Essex*, ironclad, gunboat *Sachem*, and six mortar boats, each carrying 1 13-inch mortar, arranged around and across the point below Troth's landing.

About 2 P. M. the line of mortar boats behind the point opened fire, and continued to increase their range, until they threw their shells inside the breastworks, and as far up as General Gregg's headquarters. They continued to shell until 6 o'clock P. M., when they ceased.

About 11 o'clock P. M. the mortar boats again opened a heavy fire. Signals to notify us of the approach of the enemy were made from Troth's landing and the opposite bank, and the men and officers went gallantly to their guns. About half-past 11 Lieutenant-Colonel P. F. de Gournay, commanding left wing, opened upon the advancing enemy. The six vessels first named, closing up in single file, opened their heavy broadside fires as they approached our batteries. The engagement now became general; the enemy's guns numbered between ninety and one hundred, all of the largest calibre. * * * * * Instructions given to light fires on the opposite side of the river were not carried out. * * * * *

The fleet now closed up on the flag-ship and came within easy range of our batteries, taking the channel close under the bank, our plunging shot telling with deadly effect. * * * * *

The flag-ship, with a gunboat on her port side, came so near to our battery that a pistol shot would have taken effect on her deck at this moment. Owing to the want of reliable friction tubes, we were compelled to use the priming horn and port fires, which, at best, are unreliable in a dark night from imperfect priming; besides, port fires give evidence of our position to the enemy.

The *Hartford* and gunboat passed up under a heavy fire.

As soon as the *Richmond* turned our point, and had received several shots, I perceived that she was crippled, and had commenced drifting down the river. A most terrific fire was directed upon her with telling effect. Another vessel was crippled in the same manner, and, as she fell past our batteries, cried out not to fire, that they were in a sinking condition, but did not acknowledge a surrender, and we continued to fire.

The *Mississippi*, the last of the line, had her rudder shot away and

became unmanageable and fell astern, grounded on the opposite side; and so deadly was the effect of our shot, she was deserted by her crew (three hundred in number), who landed on the other side of the river, forty-five of whom have since been taken prisoners. * *

We soon discovered flames issuing from the *Mississippi* that lighted up the river, and, as she drifted down, her heated guns and shells exploding caused a terrific noise.

About half-past four in the morning her magazine exploded, and she sunk to the bottom (some miles below). A few minutes past two (A. M.) the engagement ended. I cannot close this already long report without expressing my high appreciation of the promptness, coolness, and gallantry of Colonel J. G. W. Steedman and Lieutenant-Colonel P. F. de Gournay, commanding the right and left wings of the heavy artillery, and also to their officers and men.

I beg leave also to recommend to your favorable consideration Captain James A. Fisher, First Tennessee battalion art'l.; Lieutenant-Colonel E. S. M. Lebuton, volunteer aid, and Captain Ls. Girard, of the Ordance Department, who acted aids and assistants to me during the engagement. Their services were invaluable to me, and they conducted themselves in a manner worthy of the cause for which they fought. Mr. H. B. McGruder, of the Signal Corps, lit the only fire on the opposite side, which he must have done under a heavy fire, and for which he deserves your notice.

In concluding, General, I must congratulate you upon commanding such gallant men as man your heavy batteries; with them you will never know defeat.

I am, General, respectfully,
Your most obedient servant,

[Signed] MARSHALL J. SMITH,
Lieutenant-Colonel and Chief of Heavy Artillery.

The mortar fleet kept up a continuous rain of bomb-shells upon our batteries, which, in the absorbing duties and interest of the fight with the ships in front of us, were totally unheeded; not one of them entered a battery nor injured a man. We had one lieutenant slightly wounded in the arm and a private wounded in the foot, botn of them by pieces of exploding shells from the fleet. These were our entire casualties. Not a gun was struck or injured in any way.

After this, General Banks returned to Baton Rouge and commenced his campaign against General Taylor.

The necessity of obtaining a store of provisions now became more apparent ; forage, particularly, becoming scarce. But little could be had from the opposite side of the river on account of Banks's invasion, and, to increase the difficulty in that quarter, some of General Dudley's cavalry came up the Pointe Coupée shore and burned a small steamboat we had on False river.

THE GRIERSON RAID.

We were collecting a large lot of corn in Mississippi, but transportation was scarcely to be had, and when we were ready to commence bringing it down the Grierson raid was announced, and orders were sent to let it, the corn, remain where it was, lest it might be discovered on its way and destroyed.

Nearly all the cavalry at Port Hudson was sent up through Woodville to Liberty, with orders to attack wherever they could find the enemy. Grierson made a movement toward Liberty, and our cavalry formed their line of battle and waited for his attack. This violation of General Gardner's orders enabled Grierson to get a long start on a new track, heading for Greensburg, on the Baton Rouge and Tangipahoa road. When it was learned at Port Hudson that Grierson had escaped our cavalry, two regiments of infantry and a section of artillery were dispatched to occupy the Tangipahoa and Baton Rouge road and intercept him, should he try to get in that way. At night they halted and bivouacked within eight miles of the bridge they were ordered to seize and hold.

At Greensburg, Grierson's column was ambuscaded by a company of Wingfield's cavalry, and he lost a lieutenant-colonel, major and some others. News of this affair, and of the route they were taking, reached General Gardner late in the evening, and he at once dispatched a courier to our infantry, with orders, in case they had reached their destination that night, to proceed without loss of time. This dispatch failed to reach its destination, and Grierson's whole column crossed the bridge at daylight, within a few miles of our approaching infantry, and got safely into Baton Rouge.

PORT HUDSON ORDERED TO BE EVACUATED.

Events now began to thicken in the department. The enemy, having successfully passed a fleet by the Vicksburg batteries, were enabled to cross over an army from the opposite bank and threaten Vicksburg from the lower side, its most vulnerable part. General Joseph E. Johnston had come to Jackson to look after affairs in our

quarter, and the order came to evacuate Port Hudson and send its garrison to the assistance of Jackson and Vicksburg. Rust's and Buford's brigades were sent off on the 4th of May, Gregg's followed on the 5th, and Maxey's brigade took up its line of march on the 8th. Miles's Legion was the next to follow.

The only troops remaining were Beall's brigade and the heavy artillery. These movements were not made without information quickly reaching the enemy, and, in the hope of capturing our rear-guard, or at least of preventing the destruction of our works and heavy guns, a rapid advance on the place was commenced. General Gardner had not got beyond Clinton, Louisiana, when he learned tnat General Augur had left Batón Rouge with his division to attack Port Hudson, and that General Banks, instantly abandoning his Louisiana campaign, was approaching the Mississippi river at Bayou Sara by forced marches, dispatched to Colonel Miles to return at once with his Legion; and preparations were made to withstand a siege. Some provisions were obtained from the opposite side of the river, and, in presence of the fleet above and below us, three hundred head of beef, four hundred head of sheep, and four hundred bushels of corn crossed the river to Port Hudson up to the night of the 21st May, when the place was finally closed on all sides. The Eleventh Arkansas regiment, Colonel J. L. Logan, were mounted to act as cavalry, and serve outside in harassing the rear of an investing force.

THE MORTAR BOATS OPEN FIRE.

On the morning of the 8th May their mortar boats were brought up to a position on the left bank, about four and a half miles below the town of Port Hudson, and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon they opened fire for the purpose of getting the range of the river batteries, so as to bombard them during the night. These batteries were eleven in all, numbered from right to left. The shells fell principally around Batteries 10 and 11, which were Lieutenant McDowell's battery of one 32-pounder and Lieutenant Kearney's Parrott gun. The longest range mortars threw some shells up to Lieutenant Rodriguez's battery (9) of one 8-inch howitzer, and a few fell as high up as Captain Coffin's battery (8) of two rifled 24-pounders.

During the two hours' practice of the mortar boats no damage was done to us.

At eleven o'clock that night the mortar fleet commenced the bombardment, which it kept up until the 18th of June.

AN ATTACK ON THE FLEET.

On the 9th, Colonel de Gournay sent to Troth's landing one 24-pounder, one 20-pounder Parrott, one 12-pounder and one 6-pounder rifle pieces to fire on the gun-boats. Thirty rounds of ammunition were allowed for the larger guns and fifty for the smaller—Captain L. J. Girard having command of one section. All but the two outer mortar boats were concealed by a neck of woods, but the *Essex* was lying close up, and the *Richmond* and a gun-boat were at a short distance. At four o'clock in the morning, by the dim light of a half moon, the fight commenced. At the end of two hours and a half we had fired away all our ammunition, and ceased fire; the enemy followed suit.

Our loss was one killed and no one wounded. None of our guns were injured.

Our weight of metal was not heavy enough to attack such vessels as the *Richmond* and *Essex*, and we could not get a position where we could reach the mortar boats with any effect.

On the same night occurred the first loss of life from the bomb-shells. A soldier, standing on the parapet of Battery No. 9, was struck about the neck by a descending shell, carrying him head foremost through the wooden floor of the battery into the ground beneath, leaving only his feet sticking out. On the afternoon of the 17th of May, a bomb-shell entered near the crest of a parapet, at the lower part of the fortification, burying itself in the ground underneath a spot where four men of Colonel de Gournay's command were sitting. The shell exploding, threw them into the air, killing three and wounding the fourth. Two other soldiers lost legs by being struck with pieces of bursting shells, and this is the entire chapter of casualties caused by forty-three days' bombardment

THE FIGHT AT PLAINS'S STORE.

On the 20th of May, the approach of General Augur's division was announced by some slight brushes with our cavalry pickets, and the same night General Banks commenced crossing the river with his army at Bayou Sara. On the 21st Colonel Powers, with a body of our cavalry, a few companies of infantry and Abbay's Mississippi battery of light artillery, were skirmishing pretty heavily all the morning near Plains's store with Augur's advance—General Dudley's brigade. To relieve Colonel Powers's cavalry, and enable them to

get safely away and join Logan, General Gardner sent an order at noon to Colonel W. R. Miles to take four hundred men with a light battery and reconnoitre the enemy. The infantry marched out, supported by Boone's Louisiana battery. Colonel Miles threw out two companies on the right, under Major James T. Coleman, and three companies on the left, under Lieutenant-Colonel F. B. Brand. Major Coleman, with his two companies, commanded respectively by Captains Dejean and J. B. Turner, made a considerable detour through the wood, almost unobserved by the enemy.

There were two pieces of light artillery playing upon us from an open field. Coming out from an apple orchard upon the flank of this section, Major Coleman took the guns, although it was to be done in the face of the whole Federal line, but was immediately driven back by heavier forces, after suffering heavy loss.

For about an hour the fight raged with much spirit. Finding that he was outflanked on both sides and likely to be surrounded, Colonel Miles sent Lieutenant Harmanson with a section to outflank the enemy's left. This order was so well obeyed as to break the movement which was about to encircle our small force, and after having picked up and sent from the field all of the wounded he had ambulances for, Colonel Miles fell back in good order, meeting on his return General Beall, who had gone out to his support in case he should be hard pressed. Without further exchange of shots our troops all retired within their intrenchments.

On that day Colonel Miles reported a loss of eighty-nine in killed, wounded, and missing. Captain J. B. Turner and Lieutenant Crawford, of St. Tammany, and Lieutenant J. B. Wilson, of New Orleans, were killed. Lieutenant Pearson and four men of Abbay's battery were killed. The gallantry of Major Coleman received deserved praise, as did also the skill and tried courage of Colonel Miles, and the fight was looked upon with extreme satisfaction by all the troops in garrison.

GENERAL GROVER'S APPROACH.

On the next day Colonel Wingfield's cavalry commenced skirmishing with the advance of Banks's army, which had been rapidly crossing the river, and were moving down upon us from Bayou Sara, only thirteen miles distant. It had generally been supposed that no attack in force would ever be attempted through the swamp above Port Hudson, nor through the heavy timber back of the town, through which ran Sandy Creek. Fortifications had not been erected

there, nor were they considered necessary. But it having become apparent that the enemy preferred to overcome the natural obstacles of the woods rather than the artificial ones in the shape of fortifications, General Gardner had sent a good part of his forces to meet him, giving the command, from the left of our breastworks to the river above, to Colonel J. G. W. Steedman, of the First Alabama regiment, an officer who proved himself fully equal to the responsibility. The troops under his command were the Fifteenth Arkansas, Colonel B. W. Johnson; the Tenth Arkansas, Lieutenant-Colonel Vaughn; First Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel M. B. Locke and Major S. L. Knox; Eighteenth Arkansas, Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Parish; Thirty-ninth Mississippi, Colonel W. B. Shelby, and one company of Wingfield's cavalry, dismounted, under command of Lieutenant O. N. Daliet. The left wing had also Herrod's battery, and a section apiece from Bradford's and the Watson battery.

Colonel Steedman, to make his position secure, had rifle-pits hastily thrown up on the ridges and spurs of high ground, but the valleys and gorges had no such protection. They were principally choked, however, with fallen timber.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COLONEL J. G. W. STEEDMAN, FIRST REGIMENT ALABAMA VOLUNTEERS.

Captain T. FRIEND WILSON, *A. A. G.:*

SIR,—On Friday, the twenty-second of May, I was ordered with my regiment (First regiment Alabama volunteers), to take position a half mile in advance of the main works of Port Hudson, on the road leading by the commissary depot, grist mill, &c., in the direction of Aberger's field. At this point, Wingfield's battalion of cavalry and one section of the Watson battery was ordered to report to me. The same day I received an order from the Major-General commanding, placing me in command of the left wing of the defences of Port Hudson, including the advanced work in command of Colonel Johnson (Fifteenth Arkansas), on the right, and extending to the river on the extreme left.

My orders were to observe the enemy and to oppose his advance upon our works, but without risking a serious engagement. Through the energy of Lieutenant-Colonel Wingfield, commanding cavalry, I soon learned that the enemy had completed the investment of Port Hudson, and was reconnoitering every possible approach to our defences. I at once threw forward a line of skirmishers, consisting

of four companies of the First Alabama, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Locke. For two days there were frequent skirmishes with the enemy's advance guard along my whole front.

On Sunday afternoon, the 24th May, I was ordered by the Major-General commanding to determine the enemy's strength, if possible, and drive him from my front.

After receiving reinforcements, consisting of a battalion each from the First Mississippi and Fifteenth Arkansas regiments, commanded respectively by Major Johnson and Lieutenant Colonel Lee; also the battalion of the Provost guard, commanded by Captain J. R. Wilson, this force was pushed forward until dark, but only encountered a few of the enemy's pickets or skirmishers. At the first fire these parties fell back upon the main body, and I did not think it prudent to advance further that night, but after placing pickets upon this advanced line withdrew my command to its original position. This line of pickets was not disturbed until about Monday noon, when the enemy advanced in heavy force from the direction of Aberger's fields. I advanced my whole line about five hundred yards to a favorable position and formed line of battle; the section of the Watson battery, Lieutenant Toledano, commanding the road, the infantry ambuscaded to the right and left under cover of the crest of a hill and logs and brush thrown up temporarily for the purpose. In front of this line of battle was an open space of about ten acres, but thickly studded with heavy timber, the undergrowth having been cut down for camping purposes. My force at this time numbered about six hundred. Two companies from each flank having been thrown forward as skirmishers, soon encountered the enemy; heavy skirmishing at once began; the enemy pushed forward boldly, our line slowly retreating until they reached the open space fronting my line of battle, when, in obedience to previous orders, they flanked right and left and took position in line of battle. Lieutenant-Colonel Locke (First Alabama), commanding right wing, and Major Johnson, First Mississippi, commanding left wing, were ordered to keep their men under cover and concealed until orders to fire were received from me. The enemy yelling and shouting rushed forward into the open space selected for the battle-ground. This advance, consisting of a heavy line of skirmishers, soon discovered our artillery, and at once took cover behind the numerous trees and began sharpshooting the artillery horses and cannoneers. Hoping the main body of the enemy would advance I reserved our fire, but soon found that the artillery was suffering too severely. I ordered the

line to fire—at the first volley the enemy retreated through the woods in great confusion.

My line of skirmishers was immediately thrown forward, but did not come in contact with the enemy for a half mile. In about two hours the enemy again advanced in heavy force, drove in our skirmishers, came in range of the main line, and engaged it heavily, while two heavy bodies of infantry attempted to flank us on both flanks. All the troops on the flanks, not absolutely needed to repel the attack in front, were deployed to the right or left to defeat this move of the enemy. The battle now raged on the whole line. I received urgent and repeated calls from both flanks for help. I ordered Colonel Johnson, who was commanding the reserve, to send two companies to the right, and two companies to the left, which order was promptly obeyed. The enemy continued to mass his forces at those points, and to press us hard at the same time in the centre. At this time I received reinforcements of two hundred men (five companies) of the Thirty-ninth Mississippi regiment, under command of Captain Collum. One hundred of this battalion I ordered to support the extreme right, the other hundred to the extreme left. Thus reinforced the right repelled every attack ; but in consequence of my inability, from want of troops, to extend our line to Sandy Creek, the enemy marched a body of troops around the extreme left and seriously threatened our rear.

At the same time that I received this report from my left, Lieutenant Toledano, commanding section of artillery, informed me that one of his guns was spiked from a defective friction primer, and that the ammunition for both guns was exhausted. I ordered the artillery to the rear to receive supplies of ammunition and to take position on my original line of battle, a half mile in advance of the mill. I gave with great reluctance the order for the infantry to retire. They were troops (excepting my own regiment) which I had never seen under fire, and the battalions were not under command of their habitual commanders, but junior commanders—in several instances captains. I feared the enemy would press us at the moment of retreat, and convert it into a rout, but I was agreeably surprised. The whole line fell back in perfect order, and was reformed promptly on our original line.

The artillery, replenished with ammunition, took position in the centre commanding the road. The enemy showing no disposition to advance upon our new line, our skirmishers were sent forward and met the enemy in force, and the skirmish was renewed. Night being

near at hand I determined to hold the position until dark. To do this I was compelled to advance nearly my whole line. The fight became very severe, both parties being under cover of the heavy timber, brush, ravines, &c.

Darkness terminated the contest. After establishing a line of pickets I withdrew the main body to the rear and within the line of fortifications.

The enemy's demonstrations on this day convinced me beyond a doubt that he had determined to attack our lines in the vicinity of our commissary depot, arsenal, &c.

Up to Monday night, the 25th of May, no works of any description had been thrown up to defend this position, extending from Colonel Johnson's advanced work, on the right of my command, to a point within five hundred yards of the river on the left, including a space of three-fourths of a mile. There was not a rifle-pit dug nor a gun mounted on Monday night.

I reported my convictions to the Major-General commanding. The evidence was satisfactory to him, and he ordered all the available tools, negroes, &c., to be placed at the disposal of the chief engineer. The work was promptly laid out by Lieutenant Dabney, and ere the dawn of day of Tuesday, considerable progress had been made. A battery of four pieces had been mounted during the night on the hill in the immediate vicinity of the commissary depot, which, since that, has been called Commissary Hill. The emergency being great, this work was pressed with energy all day Tuesday and Tuesday night, so that, by Wednesday morning, an imperfect line of rifle-pits had been thrown up to protect the most exposed points on the left wing.

Two pieces of siege artillery were removed during Tuesday night from the heavy batteries on the river and mounted on this line—one rifled 24-pounder, under command of Lieutenant Sandford, Company A, First regiment Alabama volunteers, on the Commissary Hill, and another rifled 24-pounder, under Lieutenant Harman, Company A First regiment Alabama volunteers, at Bennett's house. For three or four days previous to this time (Wednesday, May 27th), the enemy had been making active demonstrations against Colonel Johnson's position. Sharpshooters had become so annoying as to seriously interfere with the construction of the heavy earthworths necessary for the defence of this most exposed position. On the extreme left, commanded by Colonel Shelby, the enemy had not been idle while making his approaches in the direction of the mill.

On Monday, the 25th of May, he advanced in heavy force through

the plantations of Captain Chambers, Mr. Flowers, and Mrs. Houston, halting at Sandy creek, where they began the construction of a pontoon bridge. By Tuesday night, the 26th, it was completed, and everything ready for an advance in that direction. We had, at that time, learned that the enemy's extreme right was composed of negro troops.

The total casualties on the left wing, up to this time, amounted to about forty killed, wounded and missing.

The left slept on their arms on Tuesday night, the 26th of May. During Tuesday the enemy made no advance, but our advanced pickets could hear them cutting timber, moving artillery, &c., during the day and night. My orders being to act on the defensive, the enemy's operations were not molested, but matters remained quiet all day.

Anticipating an attack on Wednesday morning, I reinforced the line of skirmishers holding the advanced line, by sending a battalion of four companies from the First Alabama regiment, under command of Captain D. W. Ramsay, Company B, to report to Lieutenant-Colonel M. B. Locke, First regiment Alabama volunteers, whom I had placed in command of all the troops of the left wing in advance of the line of fortifications. I was, at the same time, ordered by the Major-General commanding to relieve the battalion of Miles's Legion, commanded by Major Coleman, and to direct him to report at once to Colonel Miles. This left Lieutenant-Colonel Locke's command in the same condition and strength as before. His line of battle was about a half a mile in advance of the Commissary Hill and the main line of works, and consisted of the following troops from right to left: A battalion of the Fifteenth Arkansas regiment, Lieutenant Colonel Lee commanding; Tenth regiment Arkansas volunteers, Colonel Witt; a battalion of the First regiment Alabama volunteers, Captain D. W. Ramsay, commanding; a battalion of the First Mississippi regiment, Major Johnson commanding—making a total of about five hundred men, with no artillery.

At about half past five o'clock in the morning of the 27th May, a heavy artillery fire was opened by the enemy upon the centre and right wing of the defences of Port Hudson. This firing continued for an hour with great severity. During all the firing there was a perfect calm on the left wing. The silence was ominous. At half-past seven or eight o'clock, and without any warning, a heavy body of the enemy, in column of regiments, advanced boldly upon Colonel Locke's line. In a few moments the fight became very severe, and

raged with great fury. It resulted in considerable loss to ourselves, and a frightful loss to the enemy in consequence of the dense column exposed to our fire, while our men were under cover of logs, trees, ravines, &c. When the enemy deployed his overwhelming force, Lieutenant-Colonel Locke. in obedience to his previous instructions, withdrew his command as promptly as possible to the main works. Having taking position in the battery of four guns on the Commissary Hill, as soon as I discovered with my glass that our own troops had left the top of the hill and the enemy was occupying it, I ordered this battery to open fire on them. Colonel Johnson opened about the same time with two guns from his works. Thus began the general engagement and assault upon the left wing.

The troops under Lieutenant-Colonel Locke had scarcely reached their position in the trenches when the enemy's column appeared upon the hill they had just left, pushing boldly forward in columns of regiments. The four guns upon the Commissary Hill, and the two in Colonel Johnson's camp, soon obtained their ranges. After bursting many shells amongst them, they succeeded in breaking their ranks and creating great confusion in the head of the column, but the artillery fire did not stop the advance. Their lines, though in confusion, were pushed boldly forward under cover of the fallen timber and ravines, and until within good range of our infantry in the rifle-pits. The battle now was general on my line and terrific, and was continued for two hours with great fury.

The enemy's sharpshooters crept up near our batteries and killed and wounded many of our cannoneers, the fallen timber giving complete protection. After the enemy found us prepared in front, he flanked a portion of his troops to the right and came up fronting our lines, which ran through the field known as "Bull Pen." Fearing a movement of this kind, I had called upon the Major General for a regiment to reinforce that point. Colonel O. P. Lyle, of the Twenty-third Arkansas, with his command was sent, and reached his position in time to arrest the enemy's further progress in this direction.

Colonel Johnson's position on my extreme right (known since as Fort Desperate) was vigorously attacked simultaneously with the assault upon the other portion of my line; his whole force was less than three hundred (300) men. He was assailed by an overwhelming force, but through the determined resistance and admirable marksmanship displayed by his men, he succeeded in driving the masses back, and compelling them to seek shelter among the fallen timber and ravines surrounding two sides of this work; there they

kept up an incessant sharpshooting, as on every other portion of my line where the nature of the ground would permit.

At about 7 o'clock A. M., and simultaneously with the general attack upon the right of the left wing, Colonel Shelby, commanding extreme left of left wing, also sustained a heavy attack. There occurred one of the most important engagements, not only of the siege of Port Hudson but of this war.

It was a battle between white and negro troops, and, so far as I am aware, the first engagement of this war, of any magnitude, between the white man and negro. In order that the facts may be distinctly recorded, I quote the language used by Colonel W. B. Shelby, Thirty-ninth Mississippi regiment, in his official report of the engagement:

"Company B, of my regiment, under command of Lieutenant S. D. Rhodes, with fifteen men from Wingfield's battalion—total, sixty men and officers—was ordered to occupy and hold at all hazards a ridge extending from the residence of Mrs. Miller and running parallel with the road above mentioned to within two hundred yards of the bridge over Sandy creek.

"This ridge was a strong position and easily held. It was about four hundred yards in length, and on the side next the road it was abrupt and inaccessible. It was deemed of the first importance to hold this position, for the reason above mentioned, and for the further reason that it commanded the line of rifle-pits occupied by my forces, and from which the enemy could easily enfilade nearly my whole line; and, as it ran parallel with the road along which the enemy was compelled to advance to attack the works, it enabled a small force deployed as skirmishers along the length of the ridge to give the enemy advancing along the road a front, rear and enfilading fire. Early on the morning of the 27th of May I was advised by Lieutenant Rhodes, commanding on the ridge above mentioned, that the enemy was crossing Sandy creek, over the bridge, in large force—cavalry, infantry and artillery. Believing, from all the indications, that it was the purpose of the enemy to concentrate his forces, and to attack only the extreme left of my position, I immediately repaired to that point and assumed command in person. Immediately after reaching there, I discovered the artillery of the enemy crossing the bridge. I ordered Lieutenant Sorrel, commanding the gun at the sally-port, to load with solid shot and open at once upon the enemy's artillery. He opened upon them just as they were unlimbering, and so rapid and effective was his fire that the enemy's artillery, after firing one gun,

limbered up and retreated across the creek. I immediately sent my Sergeant-Major, F. Watkins, to the batteries of Captains Whitfield and Seawell, commanding 30-pound Parrott and 8 and 10-inch Columbiad, with request to open on the enemy, which was promptly done. The infantry, after crossing the bridge, filed to the right, and, under cover of the willows, formed in line of battle and commenced advancing. Lieutenant Rhodes, commanding on the ridge already spoken of, having deployed his men at intervals, so as to occupy the whole ridge, commenced firing on the enemy, both front and rear, doing terrible execution and throwing them into confusion and disorder. They still continued to advance until they reached to within about two hundred yards of the extreme left, when the artillery opened on them with cannister, and at the same time the infantry (in their anxiety to fire—firing without orders) opened on them, driving them back in confusion and disorder, with terrible slaughter. Several efforts were made to rally them, but all were unsuccessful, and no effort was afterward made to charge the works during the entire day. Before falling back in confusion and disorder, as above stated, the enemy fired only one volley, and not one single man was killed or wounded of my command.

"After the engagement was over I ascertained that the enemy's forces consisted of the First and Second Louisiana Native Guards (negroes), and two regiments of white troops. These troops were repulsed by six companies of my regiment and the artillery already mentioned, without the loss or wounding of a single man."

The following extracts of this assault are from Victor's History Southern Rebellion, page 85, Vol. IV, Banks's reports of negro troops.

On the extreme right of our line, I posted the First and Second regiments of negro troops. The First regiment of Louisiana infantry, composed exclusively of colored men, excepting the officers, was engaged in the operations of the day.

Banks's report of casualties: On 27th May was killed 293; wounded, 1,549; missing, 300. The losses between 23d and 27th May was fully 2,500.

Page 84, Vol. IV, says: The investment was not made complete until the 26th of May, when General Weitzel arrived, when the line, as formed, was, first, Weitzel on the north, resting on the river and crossing Sandy creek; then Grover; then Augur; while General Thomas W. Sherman's command constituted the extreme Federal left reaching the river.

The troops or commands engaged on May 27 were Weitzel's brigade (division?), Grover's division, Emory's under Colonel Payne, and the divisions under Major-General Augur and Brigadier-General Sherman.

The battle on the left wing on the morning of the 27th was an assault or series of assaults for the first two hours; at the end of that time the enemy had been signally repulsed at every point, and he had withdrawn a short distance and concealed his men under cover of the trees, logs, ravines, &c., and from this hour, about 11 o'clock, until five o'clock, the firing relaxed and could only be called sharpshooting.

The enemy used three or more batteries of artillery against the left wing during this battle; one against the extreme left, supported by the negroes; one on the hill, opposite the old commissary depot, mill, &c., and one or more against Colonel Johnson's work (Fort Desperate). The latter were (subsequently) exceedingly destructive, disabling or dismounting most of our artillery by night, and annoying, killing, and wounding numbers of our men. But the enemy's artillery did not escape injury, two of their guns being dismounted in quick succession by a rifled 24-pounder, manned by a detachment from Company A, First Alabama regiment.

The heat of the sun on this day was intense. The fight continued until about 5 (2?) o'clock, when suddenly firing ceased everywhere, and word passed up and down the lines that a white flag was up. Upon inquiry I found that it had been presented by the major of some New York regiment, and in the immediate front of the First regiment of Alabama volunteers, and was received by Major S. L. Knox, First regiment Alabama volunteers.

The officer presenting the white flag made a verbal statement that General Banks desired a cessation of hostilities for the purpose of burying his dead.

Major Knox detained the officer until he communicated the verbal statement to the Major-General commanding. He at once rejected it as informal, and an unwarranted use of the white flag, and ordered that hostilities be resumed in half an hour. The enemy was informed of this reply, and both parties retired to their lines and cover. But hundreds of the enemy, who had advanced very near to our lines during the day, and were concealed among logs, ravines, &c., availed themselves of this short truce, and retired to positions of safety. I have since understood the same thing was done also in front of our centre and right wing, and I have now no doubt but that the flag was

presented for the unlawful and cowardly purpose of withdrawing the troops from the dangerous position in which they found themselves. Had not this thing been done many must have been killed, as there was no possibility of escape until night came on.

About 2 o'clock P. M. the enemy were discovered to be forming in line of battle in the woods to the right and left, and in rear of Slaughter's field in front of General Beall's right, and about the same time that a similar movement was going on in front of his centre in the vicinity of the Plains's store road. The former position of his line had been much weakened to support Steedman on the left. Colonel Miles was immediately called upon for assistance from the right, which was promptly responded to, his Legion reaching there just in time to meet the assault. The enemy came up in gallant style, their right wing resting on Slaughter's road, and thence stretching across the field with four regimental colors flying, and a pioneer corps in advance, bearing plank to cross our ditches with. A heavy fire of artillery was opened upon them from every position of our line which commanded the ground, causing considerable confusion, but failing to arrest them. When about two hundred yards of our lines we opened upon them a deadly fire of musketry and double charges of canister, which caused them to waver, and soon they broke in every direction. Again and again were they rallied, but were each time repulsed with heavy loss.

While the battle was raging on this part of the line, a New York regiment of zouaves came dashing out of the swamp on the extreme right of the field, making, with their red breeches and caps, a magnificent spectacle. To meet this new danger our troops were thrown rapidly to the right and opened a hot fire upon the advancing zouaves, who, nevertheless, came dashing on, deploying from column into line, with the precision of veterans, as they neared our works, we mowing them down by scores, when they were ordered by their colonel to lie down, who, himself walked back and forward with as much apparent coolness, as if he were giving orders on parade. In a moment more he fell, and his men broke and fled for the woods, leaving a great many killed and wounded behind them. The color bearer is said to have planted his flag fifty yards in advance of his regiment, and was forced to leave it there temporarily, but afterwards regained it under a hot fire. The enemy must have lost on this portion of the line, in killed and wounded, from one thousand to fifteen hundred, while ours corresponding did not exceed twenty five or thirty.

Simultaneous with the assault upon his right was another upon

Beall's centre along the Plains's store road, until the head of the column had emerged from the woods, when they were deployed into line to the right and left, through the abattis formed in front of our works. Their right extended to the Jackson road and left almost to the deep ravines, flanking Slaughter's field, their centre being on the Clinton road. With a whoop and a yell, they came charging across the felled timber, stumps, logs, briers and vines in front of our works, until close range, where the storm of bullets, cannister and grape with which they met proving irresistible, they were driven back, leaving large numbers of killed and wounded on the field. At four different portions of our lines had the enemy thus attempted to carry our works, and signally failed at each. Except upon Steedman's right, our loss among the infantry amounted to almost nothing. In proportion to their numbers, our artillery suffered much more severely, particularly the officers, scarcely one of whom escaped unhurt. Many of our guns had been dismounted, and in some instances total wrecks were made of them. Nearly all the pieces stationed upon the Commissary Hill, to guard the approaches to the mill between the left wing and centre, were dismounted or otherwise disabled. Against this point the enemy had established two batteries of 20 and 30-pounder Parrott guns, and their concentrated fire, together with the sharpshooters, who had gradually worked themselves forward through the felled timber, told fearfully upon our light guns. Here Captains Bradford and Sparkman, commanding light batteries, were both wounded, the latter mortally.

At ten o'clock next morning, a flag of truce came in from General Banks, asking for an armistice till 2 P. M. to bury his dead. This was acceded to by General Gardner, and the time was subsequently extended to 7 P. M.

On Thursday morning, the 28th of May, a formal flag having been presented by General Banks and accepted by General Gardner, a cessation of hostilities was agreed upon until 7 o'clock, beginning at 12 M.

During this time the Infirmary Corps of each army was permitted to remove their dead or wounded from the field.

Two-thirds of the loss sustained during the siege of Port Hudson by the left wing occurred on this day. The casualties were almost entirely confined to the Tenth Arkansas, Colonel Witt—eighty (80) killed, wounded, and missing; Fifteenth Arkansas, Colonel Ben. Johnson—seventy (70); First Alabama, Lieutenant Colonel Locke—seventy-five (75). Total, two hundred and twenty-five (225). The

total number of men in these regiments on this day make a loss of one man out of every four.

The loss in the negro regiments above exceeded our whole loss (Steedman).

Two small, breech-loading (Whitfield) guns, under charge of detachment of Wingfield's battalion.

At various times since the beginning of the siege other regiments had been stationed on this line but for a day or two at a time.

"A battalion of Miles's Legion, under command of Major Coleman, relieved the First Alabama for a few days, and rendered good service by adding very greatly to the works. They worked almost incessantly while they occupied this line." (Steedman).

OUR LINE PENETRATED.

On the 10th of June a furious bombardment all day and night indicated to us an approaching attack, and at three o'clock on the morning of the 11th, a show of an assault was made near the centre of our line of fortifications, while, at the same time, the real attack was made on our left in the woods.

During the fighting two regiments of the enemy, favored by the extreme darkness, crept up through a gorge among the abattis, penetrating within our lines of defence. Had they known the ground and been strongly reinforced, this movement might have proved disastrous to us. As it was, they captured a courier going to Colonel Steedman from one of his regimental commanders, calling for reinforcements.

On the night of June 11th, the enemy threw up a battery, pierced for eleven guns, in the centre of Slaughter's field, and within four hundred yards of our works, connected by a line of breastworks with the woods, both on the right and left. They succeeded in placing their pieces in position during the next night.

Along our whole line, at eleven o'clock A. M., the mortar boats having been moved up nearer to us, they joined the land batteries in a terrific bombardment of two hours' duration, during which a line of battle was formed in Slaughter's field and moved forward, as if to charge, but fell back to the woods as soon as we opened upon it with artillery. At one o'clock P. M., General Banks sent in a demand for the surrender of the post and its garrison, as follows :

HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES FORCES,
Before Port Hudson, June 13th, 1863.

SIR,—Respect for the usages of war, and a desire to avoid unnecessary sacrifice of life, impose on me the necessity of formally demanding the surrender of the garrison of Port Hudson.

I am not unconscious, in making this demand, that the garrison is capable of continuing a vigorous and gallant defence. The events that have transpired during the pending investment exhibit in the commander and the garrison a spirit of constancy and courage that, in a different cause, would be universally regarded as heroism, but I know the extremities to which they are reduced. I have many prisoners of war and deserters. I have captured the couriers of the garrison, and have in my possession the secret dispatches of its commander. I have at my command a train of artillery seldom equalled in extent and efficiency, which no ordinary fortress can successfully resist, and an infantry force of greatly superior numbers and most determined purpose, that cannot fail to place Port Hudson in my possession at my will. To push the contest to extremities, however, may place the protection of life beyond the control of the commanders of the respective forces. I desire to avoid unnecessary slaughter, and I, therefore, demand the immediate surrender of the garrison, subject to such conditions only as are imposed by the usages of civilized warfare. I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

[Signed] N. P. BANKS, *Major-General Commanding.*

Major-General FRANK GARDNER, *Confederate States Army, commanding at Port Hudson.*

[*Reply.*]

HEADQUARTERS PORT HUDSON, *June 13, 1863.*

SIR,—Your note of this date has just been handed to me, and in reply have to state that my duty requires me to defend this position, and, therefore, I decline to surrender.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

[Signed] FRANK GARDNER,
Major-General commanding Confederate States Forces.

Major-General N. P. BANKS, *commanding United States Forces, near Port Hudson.*

From eleven o'clock that night until half-past two on the morning of the 14th, the mortar boats rained a perfect torrent of shells upon us, and as soon as they ceased fire the land batteries took up the work and poured forth their volleys of destructive missiles, rending the very air with their deafening roar.

Just before daylight they were observed to be massing their forces in front of the left of our centre, and shortly afterwards a vigorous assault was made, under a heavy fire from their artillery, upon that portion of our lines. The attack was simultaneous upon the First Mississippi and Forty-ninth Alabama regiments, and the isolated position held by the Fifteenth Arkansas. Against the latter but one charge was made, and in it the enemy were completely routed and could not be rallied Four desperate efforts were made against the former, but with no better success. The ground immediately in front being very much broken, afforded facilities for the enemy to form their troops in line of battle protected from our fire, which they accordingly did.

Their advanced line was composed of three picked regiments—the Fourth Wisconsin, Eighth New Hampshire and a New York regiment, preceded by two hundred and fifty select men, deployed as skirmishers, and carrying "hand grenades" to throw over our breastworks. These all fought gallantly, but the main body in the rear evidently could not be induced to come up to their support. The enemy at first pressed heavily upon the right, where the Forty-ninth Alabama was stationed, and it became necessary to close our men down in that direction, leaving a portion of the lines almost entirely unprotected, which movement came near proving highly disastrous to us—the smoke was so thick that nothing could be seen more than twenty steps in advance, and before our troops were aware of it the enemy were pouring into the ditches and scaling our breastworks on the left. A rapid counter-movement, however, frustrated their designs, and they were driven back with considerable slaughter.

Again and again they rallied, but were each time repulsed, and forced to seek shelter in the ravines behind them, and there reform their shattered ranks. In several instances their skirmishers succeeded in gaining our ditches and hurling their grenades over the parapets, many of which failed to explode, and were thrown back at them by our boys. The engagement lasted from 4 o'clock until 8 o'clock, when the enemy being driven back for the last time, most of them sought shelter in the woods behind them, leaving a large number of dead and wounded on the field. The ground in front of our

works was *blue* with their uniforms, and the weeds and bushes still further forward were strewn with them. At one point in our ditches fourteen dead bodies were counted in a single group. Two attempts were made at different points in that quarter to storm our works, both of which completely failed. Across the road leading to Troth's Landing, and in front of our extreme right, the enemy formed in line of battle in the open field extending from the woods on our extreme right to the "gin house" on the left and came charging on with four regimental colors streaming in the wind. When their line reached the deep and tangled ravine, some three hundred yards in our front, they obliqued to their left so as to rush down the road in column to the creek below. No sooner had they reached this point than a heavy fire of artillery was opened upon them from our advanced work and the batteries to the left, which scattered them in every direction. Simultaneous with this attack another line of battle was formed in front of the left of the right wing, stretching across the lower part of Gibbons's field. Here they made a feeble attempt to charge our works, but did not succeed in approaching within three hundred yards before they, too, were driven back by the fire of our artillery.

After this, our ammunition being scarce, the men were not allowed to fire at their inclination, but a few of the best shots in each command were selected to fire at intervals, when good opportunity offered, to the incessant fire we were receiving.

Under the direction of the Chief of Artillery, Colonel Marshall J. Smith, the Columbiads were so arranged as to shell the enemy on the land line over the heads of our own troops, and for several nights we dropped our eight and ten-inch shells among them, until reliable fuses became exhausted. Two weeks of this kind of work passed away without rest to our men, either by night or by day, on account of the nightly shelling of the land and water forces; and the continued exposure to the sun, rain, and night dews brought on much sickness, materially reducing our effective strength. Our stock of medicines proved to be even shorter than our stock of provisions, and with a large and constantly increasing list of chills and fever cases the quinine was exhausted. Ipecac was resorted to in its place, but that also came to an end, and finally there was nothing to be had to check fever except a decoction of indigenous barks, which did not effect any wonderful cures so far as heard from.

Several batteries were built by the enemy right in the face of our works, enfilading portions of our line. An 8-inch gun, which had

such a position, fired shells with a reduced charge of powder, so as to roll them slowly, as a ball in a bowling alley, for some distance right in the rear of our parapet.

About the 5th of June, the enemy planted a battery of rifled guns on a commanding position opposite to the slaughter-pen, and kept up a most annoying fire during the day, and frequently during the night. It was only about four hundred yards from our battery at Bennett's House. The enemy's fire was so destructive to our guns, the cannoneers so much exposed to sharpshooters, and our ammunition so scarce, that our guns were rarely fired except in cases of emergency or necessity. Pits were dug in rear of the platforms, in which the guns were placed from under fire until required for an emergency.

About the 10th of June the enemy planted four mortars in position near their battery opposite Bennett's House. These mortars gave us great annoyance; they were fired day and night, to the very great disturbance of our troops; yet few were killed by these shells.

The enemy rapidly completed a line of rifle pits immediately confronting our lines; being in the edge of the woods, gave them great advantage. Their rifle-pits confronted ours at every point, at distances varying from one hundred to four hundred yards. On the extreme left the nature of the country did not admit of an advance except by one route; this was guarded by the advanced ridge spoken of in Colonel Shelby's report.

The enemy erected a series of rifle-pits, with the view of capturing this hill; but, owing to the extreme vigilance and energy displayed by the troops from Colonel Shelby's regiment, who defended it, no progress was ever made.

On the night of the 12th, the troops were changed, so as to occupy permanent positions for the remainder of the siege. The following was the disposition of my command under this arrangement, from right to left:

Fifteenth Arkansas, Colonel Ben. Johnson; First Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel Locke; Eighteenth Arkansas, Lieutenant-Colonel Parish; Tenth Arkansas, Lieutenant-Colonel Vaughan; Wingfield's (or the Company of Ninth Louisiana battalion cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant Daliet); Thirty-ninth Mississippi regiment, Colonel W. B. Shelby.

The artillery consisted of ten pieces—scattered as circumstances demanded—two Blakely 12-pounder rifles, Lieutenant Cook (First Lieutenant artillery); six pieces Herrod's battery and two pieces

Watson's battery, Lieutenant Toledano; two pieces in Colonel Johnson's position having been dismantled on May 27.

A JUNE DAY AT PORT HUDSON.

* * * A sheltered road had been cut around the base of the hill upon which the angle we were to assault was built, and we should be able to rush from shelter directly upon the works. The Seventy-fifth New York were to advance as skirmishers; the Ninety-first New York were to close in rapidly with hand-grenades and drive the Rebels back from the angle; the Twenty-fourth Connecticut were next to rush forward and fill up the ditch with cotton bags; and then the balance of Weitzel's old brigade. The Eighth Vermont, the One-hundred-and-fifteenth and One-hundred-and-sixtieth New York, must scale the works, attack with the bayonet, and fight vigorously, till the whole division could be poured in the bridge. The column plunged into a thick wood, traversed it, and emerged upon the other side in view of the Rebel position.

Daylight was hardly with us yet. * * I consulted my watch. The hour was just 5 o'clock.

The sunken road, referred to in a previous paragraph, was cut closely around the hill, whose base we had reached, and wound in a semi-circle up toward the summit. It must have been two hundred yards in length, and was excavated to a depth of seven feet. There had been a brief halt at the edge of the wood for some purpose, but the column now moved rapidly forward, and as my regiment entered the shelter of the road, I heard the clear voice of the General shouting the order: "Fix bayonets."

The road was quite narrow—a group of fours filled it from side to side. Struggling to urge forward the men in front of us, we tried in vain to press on.

Step by step, little by little, the column struggled upward. Two human currents were setting past each other—one strong and vigorous, the other feeble and halting—limping back to the rear in a ghastly procession, which warned us of the reception with which we were to meet.

General Weitzel's aides were endeavoring to make their way on foot through the dense mass, now up towards the front, and again back to the rear. It must have been more than half an hour from the time that my regiment entered the sunken road until it emerged from the other extremity under fire. The sides of the cut began to

slope toward the level of our feet; two rods more and we were out of the covered way. There was an abrupt ascent, then a small area of rough, uneven ground, then a ditch seven feet deep and quite as wide, while beyond all rose a perpendicular earthwork, not less than twelve feet above the ditch, built in the form of a retreating angle. There was not sufficient ground to allow a regiment to deploy to advantage; as fast as they were unmasked from the cut the companies rushed with a shout up the ascent, across the intervening ground, and into the ditch. From the parapet of the Rebel works came a continued flash of rifles, not in volleys, but in an irregular burst, which never ceased while the attack lasted.

The Rebels were entirely protected behind their defences—hardly a head was to be seen above the parapet. The open space before the work was strewn with soldiers in blue, dead, dying, and severely wounded; they lay among the bushes on the hillside, and covered the bottom of that awful ditch, yawning like a grave, at the foot of the work.

For a whole hour there was a continued repétition of this scene; a yell, a rush, shouts, musket shots, cries and groans.

The ditch was at last filled with the living and the dead; the former striving within six yards of the muzzles of the Rebel rifles to climb the face of the earthwork, and continually dropping back with bullet holes perforated clear through their bodies.

The hand-grenades, upon which much reliance had been placed, exploded harmlessly against the face of the work. Wounded men were killed while trying to crawl beyond the range of the fire, or lay helpless under it unable to hazard the attempt.

The contracted space before the ditch was swept with rifle balls and buckshot; every repetition of the assault was met by the same murderous discharge, covering the ground thickly with its victims, and adding to the horror of the scene

The close of the first hour, when the east was reddening with sunrise, found the regiments scattered and broken up in hopeless confusion.

Charge after charge had been made and repulsed; the ditch was an obstacle which could not be overcome, and most of those who reached it unhurt, were shot down in the attempt to return.

Of my own regiment, one-third was placed *hors de combat;* three officers, including the colonel, were mortally wounded, and four others severely hurt, and other regiments suffered proportionately.

Our losses, in killed and wounded, were not less than twelve hun-

dred; those of the rebels were slight, owing to their protected situation, and it is supposed that less than one hundred fell inside their works.

ANOTHER FLAG OF TRUCE.

On the 15th, an unusual quiet reigned, apparently from the exhaustion consequent upon such severe exertion. In the evening, General Banks sent in a flag of truce to ask General Gardner to receive medicines and delicacies for the wounded Federal soldiers in our hands. General Gardner replied that he would receive all such articles, and have them used as purposed. He also took occasion to express surprise at the fact that no cessation of hostilities had yet been asked for by the enemy for the purpose of removing their dead and wounded, who had been lying on an open field—a number of them—under a hot sun, for two days.

The medicines were sent in, but still no request was made of us for a truce to remove the dead and wounded, although the enemy had been engaged during the night in carrying off their wounded as well as they might under our fire. A party of our men had gone out to succor a soldier whose appeals for water were painful to their ears, but they were fired upon by the enemy's skirmishers, and had to return without accomplishing their charitable object.

On the 16th, the effluvia from the decomposing bodies having become very offensive at our line, Brigadier-General Beall sent a flag of truce to the division commander in front of him, proposing to deliver his dead to him for burial. This offer was accepted, and a truce declared on that part of the lines. Our men collected and delivered one hundred and sixty-seven corpses, besides which they found one poor fellow able to speak though desperately wounded, who was parched with the dreadful pangs of thirst, and whose face, neck and hands had been completely fly-blown.

On the evening of the 16th, a feeble attempt was made against the extreme left. The siege had now, on the 16th of June continued forty days since the commencement of the bombardment by the fleet, twenty-seven days of constant fighting on every side, and twenty-four days since the investment *de facto* had begun.

It was now left to engineering skill alone to try its schemes for reducing the place. Three points of our line were selected by the enemy's engineers as the weakest and most easily reduced by their regular approaches. These were Fort Desperate, the position of which has been heretofore described; an acute salient angle on the

left of our line of fortifications, defended by the First Mississippi regiment, and a projecting work extending far out on the river bluff below the town, on the right of our fortifications, called by us Battery No. 11, and by the enemy the "Citadel." A rifle-pit was constructed by the enemy along the crest of the bluff opposite to Battery No. 11, running down to the river bank, which was in advance of their marine battery, the most formidable fortification opposed to us, and from which we anticipated considerable annoyance. About the same time they commenced their approaches, with zig-zag ditches, in front of Fort Desperate and the position held by the First Mississippi. Lieutenant Dabney and our engineers immediately perceived these operations, and commenced to meet them with counter operations, and oppose engineering against engineering. Colonel Johnson had galleries dug under his breastworks, through which his men could crawl into the outer ditch and sharpshoot from that, while he also built an upper work on the top of his parapet to give a commanding position to his marksmen, enabling them to shoot down into the enemy' ditches so soon as they should approach near enough. Captain L. J. Girard, of the ordnance, prepared some 13-inch shells to plant outside of these threatened points, and he himself placed some of them in the night, buried a short distance beneath the surface of the ground, having friction primers in the vent holes with wires attached, leading within our fortifications, so that they could be exploded under the feet of an advancing column.

On the 18th June the mortar boats brought their bombardment to a close. After the 24th of May they had adopted a slow and regular system of throwing shells, each boat firing in its turn, except on certain occasions of extra exertion, but now they gave it up altogether.

An informal kind of truce was arranged between the men of both sides on our extreme right on the 16th, which lasted about a week, during which both sides stopped sharpshooting; in some cases soldiers would meet each other half way between the hostile lines and make exchanges, in which the Federals showed much liberality, making presents of tobacco, coffee, and newspapers, at times getting small quantities of sugar and molasses in return. As soon as this came to the knowledge of our superior officers it was stopped, although the informal armistice was not interfered with for awhile on account of shortness of ammunition. During this time we strengthened our work on the point (Battery 11) considerably, our men working during the day in full view of the enemy, who were also busily engaged in constructing their marine battery opposite. The

men who were working would occasionally exchange words with each other regarding their respective avocations as amicably and jovially as if the siege was only a joke and the contending parties were the best of friends.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 20th, Lieutenant Bankston, of Miles's Legion, went out with fifty men, and, deploying them to the right and left in front of our fortifications, drove in the enemy's skirmishers. At the same hour on the morning of the 23d, two of the enemy's regiments attempted to approach our right centre at the sally port of the Plains's Store road, but were discovered and driven back.

The enemy were now bringing their approaches very close to us in front of the First Mississippi position, and every preparation was made to meet an expected onslaught there. In front of the salient angle of our line, Lieutenant Dabney planted a large number of stakes, slightly inclining outward, the points of which were sharpened with a draw knife. Among these wires were stretched at the height of a foot and a half from the ground, so as to trip an advancing line of men, and torpedoes were also placed at proper positions.

The enemy were digging their approaches under cover of cotton bales, which they rolled over in front of them as they advanced. On the 25th of June, Corporal Skelton, of the First Mississippi, volunteered to go out and destroy this cotton.

The first time he made the attempt he reached the cotton, but could not fire it with a burning brand which he carried. He, therefore, returned within the lines, and getting a port fire from the artillery went forth again, set the cotton bales in a blaze and returned unhurt. For this courage and devotion he was complimented by General Gardner in an order of the day.

About dusk next evening, Lieutenant McKennon, of the Sixteenth Arkansas, with thirty men of his regiment, who volunteered to accompany him, went out and captured, at the point of the bayonet, an earthwork on the Clinton road, which was being made at some distance from our lines. They took an officer and several men prisoners, and brought them safely within our works with their guns and a number of sand bags, out of which they had emptied the earth.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

An event of great note among the besieged was the arrival, during the night of the 26th, of Captain R. S. Pruyn, of the Fourth Louisiana regiment, with dispatches from General Johnston to General Gardner,

and full news from the outer world for the garrison, the latter being immediately published in newspaper form and circulated among our men. Captain Pruyn was one of those who had been sent out with dispatches by General Gardner during the siege, and the only one of them who returned.

He had floated down the river supported by a dozen canteens well corked and tied together to form a life preserver, with his dispatches secured in an India rubber army pillow. As he passed the *Richmond*, the current carried him uncomfortably close to her, and he distinctly heard a voice, probably that of the officer of the watch to one of the sailors, exclaim : "Look out sharp for that object and see what it is."

In returning, Captain Pruyn took a somewhat similar route. After getting into Pointe Coupée he made his way through the enemy's position on the river opposite Port Hudson, crawling on his hands and knees nearly a quarter of a mile through an open space, where he saw them all around him, and then taking to the water he swam across and was picked up in front of one of our batteries.

HOT WORK AT THE POINT.

The marine battery having been finished, the enemy started to dig a ditch straight up to our bluff on the extreme right, by running it along the river bank. This was discovered as early as the 22d, but the enemy did not make much progress, although from our position we could not materially interrupt them in the prosecution of their work. At four o'clock on the afternoon of the 26th of June, a terrific fire was concentrated on this point, which was kept up until dark, the fleet taking a prominent part.

The *Richmond* came up and poured in her broadsides two or three times, but did not maintain her position. During the firing our flag was shot down four times, the staff being shattered to pieces every time, and the bunting torn to shreds. Each time it was raised by Lieutenant Schirmer, of de Gournay's artillery, who was himself killed at the last attempt to replace it.

AT BATTERY ELEVEN.

The enemy now paid their special attention to our lower point where stood Battery 11, which could hardly be termed a "citadel," as it was an ordinary breastwork and enclosure of earth. From the 25th to 30th the concentration of fire on this place was fearful,

though our loss was not as heavy as could have been expected, because we kept there no more men than were actually required to hold it, in the event of an assault, until reinforcements could be thrown in. Our parapet there was breached every day, but our men would repair the damage every night, although under constant fire of shells, grape, and cannister.

While superintending these repairs, Lieutenant James Freret, of the engineer corps was badly wounded. The enemy worked their way steadily up until they had effected a lodgment on the end of the same bluff with us, and not more than thirty yards from our work. Their sharpshooters were crowded around this battery, keeping up a constant fire even when they could see no one to shoot at.

Holding this extreme point at Battery No. 11, under such tremendous fire, was extremely exhausting to the men there. Captain J. Watts Kearney had defended the post until the muzzle of his piece had been split and a trunnion shot off. The companies of Miles's Legion, the three of Maxey's brigade, under Captain C. W. Cushman, and a detached company under Lieutenant Wilkins, had all done severe duty here and lost heavily in officers and men. The detached company from Natchez, Mississippi, was left without an officer, Lieutenants Wilkins and Chase being killed, and their only other officer wounded. Captain Charles R. Purdy, of the Fourth Louisiana, also lost his life here.

On the night of the 28th General Gardner sent Colonel O. R. Lyle to hold the position with one hundred men of the Eighteenth and Twenty-third Arkansas regiments, which they did for several days until they were again relieved by Captain Cushman, who volunteered to perform the service with his three companies. Colonel Lyle's men succeeded on the 29th in burning the cotton bales which the enemy were using as sap-rollers to protect their approach. On the same evening they attempted to storm our works here and got up very close, throwing hand-grenades among us by scores, but they were driven back to their ditch.

We had a small detachment of men from Colonel de Gournay's command who were provided with 12-pounder and 24-pounder shells to use as hand-grenades. The fuse had to be lighted while in the hand, and the shell then immediately hurled over the parapet. A wooden gutter was put outside our work during the night, to enable us to roll heavy shells down among the foe. The interchange of these compliments was kept up with considerable spirit.

As it was expected that the enemy were undermining the point, no

more men were kept in the work there than were considered sufficient to hold it, in case of an assault, until we could throw in reinforcements, which were held in readiness close at hand during night and day. At six o'clock on the evening of the 30th the enemy made a very determined effort to carry our work by assault. While our men were eating their supper, with their guns lying beside them, a storming column swarmed out of the enemy's ditch only a short distance from our position, and made a dash upon us, gaining our exterior ditch, from which they drove the few men who were surprised there. A detachment of the Eighth Wisconsin, Fourth Wisconsin, and Fifth Michigan undertook to scale the parapet, but the first six men who got inside paid their lives as the entrance fee, and our men held their own until our reinforcements, coming in at a full run, attacked the troops in our ditch with such fury and impetuosity that they were immediately driven out.

We kept a large force in the battery that night, but the attack not being resumed, as we anticipated, the reserve was withdrawn before daylight.

The engineers having decided that the point would undoubtedly be blown up by the enemy, the line of our fortifications was continued across to the river behind Battery 11, so that when that was destroyed the enemy would find as strong a work still confronting them.

The exterior lunette, commanding a projecting ridge to the left of Battery 11, was also made the object of a concentrated fire, which razed to the ground a rifle-pit in front of it. This position was held at the time by Major Merchant, with a section of Boone's battery, and a detachment from Colonel de Gournay's command acting as infantry, the latter being afterwards relieved by Miles's Legion.

All this while the enemy were making slow but steady approach toward Colonel Johnson's position and that of the First Mississippi; at the latter place, expecting the point of the salient angle to be undermined and blown up, Lieutenant Dabney built a rifle-pit across the base of the angle, so as to present a new line of defence if the outer one was lost.

As a counter-mine, a gallery was run out at some depth under ground, the prosecution of which was voluntarily assumed by Captain Girard.

After working his gallery about half-way to the enemy's ditch, he could distinctly hear their workmen making slow progress with a gallery toward us. On account of the close proximity of their

shaft, Captain Girard was obliged to work with great caution and silence, and the enemy kept quietly on. Getting immediately underneath their ditch our gallery was extended a short distance.

Shortly after midnight of the 3d of July, our train was fired, and a tremendous explosion followed, apparently, however, without loss of life.

At the same time the approaches to Fort Desperate were checked by the fire of the Arkansas marksmen there, who, perched up in their sharpshooting tower, could fire down into every part of the enemy's ditch.

EATING MULE-MEAT.

The last quarter ration of beef had been given out to the troops on the 29th of June.

On the 1st of July, at the request of many officers, a wounded mule was killed and cut up for experimental eating.

The flesh of mules is of a darker color than beef, of a finer grain, quite tender and juicy, and has a flavor something between that of beef and venison.

Some horses were slaughtered, and their flesh was found to be very good eating, but not equal to mule. Rats, of which there were plenty about the deserted camps, were also caught by many officers and men, and were found to be quite a luxury.

Mule meat was regularly served out in rations to the troops from and after the 4th of July.

The stock of corn was getting very low, and besides that nothing was left but peas, sugar, molasses and salt.

That a large quantity of peas was left on hand was probably accounted for by the fact that most of the troops would not have them on any consideration.

The sugar and molasses were put to good use by the troops in making a weak description of beer, which was constantly kept at the lines by the barrel full, and drank by the soldiers in preference to the miserable water with which they were generally supplied.

On the 1st of July, some of the splendid Parrott guns of the Indiana regiment were taken across the river and put in battery there. They now maintained a constant fire upon our batteries every day, to which we occasionally replied, and at times with effect. They dismounted altogether three of our guns, splitting a rifled 32-pounder on the 5th of July; knocking off the trunnion of an 8-inch howitzer

on the morning of the 6th, and permanently disabling a rifled 24-pounder on the evening of the same day. This artillery practice was probably equal, if not superior, to anything which has ever been accomplished of the kind, the distance being from one thousand to fourteen hundred yards.

Our guns on the river side were now reduced to seven, and the lower batteries were screened with brush, while the upper guns only engaged the Parrotts. We had been obliged to mask most of our guns on the land side for some time back, so many of them having been disabled. Every extra gun-carriage in the place had been used up, and those in service were all patched and repaired as much as they could be. There were a number of broken guns or pieces of ordnance without carriages, which were fastened upon blocks and put in masked positions where they could be used in cases of emergency. Most of them were crammed with bags containing a motley assortment of old bullets, nails, pieces of horseshoes, bits of iron chain, etc., which were to be fired in the face of a storming party, it being of little consequence whether the disabled guns were good for another discharge or not.

On the evening of the 3d of July, a long line of troops was discovered bivouacking in line of battle opposite our left centre, and every one was confident that before daylight we would be attacked on every side, but the day wore on and everything was going on as usual, the sharpshooting commencing as soon as the fog lifted.

AN APPROACHING STRUGGLE.

The approach of the enemy to Battery 11 was slow enough to cause us to doubt, at last, our previous suppositions that they intended to blow up the point. They had been engaged since the 3d on a work of which, at first, we could not understand the nature, but as it gradually rose in height it became evident to us that it was to be an elevated mound—was to be used as a tower for their sharpshooters to fire down into our work.

This point of land, running out beyond our natural line of defence to within one hundred yards of a high ridge held by the enemy, flanked on its weaker side by the fleet, and almost entirely unsupported by any other fortification, had always been considered a weak point with us, and it could not be permanently held without a loss that would be severely felt by our weakened garrison.

THE FALL OF VICKSBURG.

During the forenoon, on the 7th of July, the Federals called out to our men in many places that Vicksburg had been surrendered to General Grant on the 4th of July, with its garrison.

To give us greater assurance of the truth of their assertions, there was sent in to General Gardner, throught some of the pickets, an official copy of General Grant's dispatch to General Banks, announcing the capitulation of Vicksburg.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

That night a council of war was held at General Gardner's headquarters, which was protracted until 2 o'clock on the morning of the 8th. The situation of Port Hudson was well worthy of serious consideration by the chief officers of its garrison. It was sixty-one days since the commencement of the bombardment by the fleet; forty-eight days since the virtual beginning of the siege, and there had been forty-five days of actual investment, comprising two grand attacks, and twenty-four charges or attempts to storm our lines.

A fortified position, constructed for a garrison of twenty thousand men, after its abandonment had been ordered, had been held by less than one-third that force for a much longer period than could have been expected by our forces outside.

At 2 o'clock, on the morning of the 8th of July, General Gardner sent to General Banks, by flag of truce, for confirmation of the fall of Vicksburg, which was accorded him. (And yet General Banks in his report, page 149, says that Gardner stated that the surrender was not on account of the fall of Vicksburg.)

About 9 o'clock, the same morning, he dispatched Colonels J. G. W. Steedman and W. R. Miles, and Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall J. Smith as commissioners, to treat for the surrender of the post.

They did not return until afternoon, and then announced that the following unconditional surrender of the place and garrison had been agreed upon:

Articles of capitulation proposed between the commissioners on the part of the garrison of Port Hudson, Louisiana, and the forces of the United States before said place, July 8th, 1863.

Article I. Major-General F. Gardner to surrender to the United States forces, under Major-General Banks, the place of Port Hudson and its dependencies with its garrison, armament, munitions, public

funds, and material of war, in the condition, as nearly as may be, in which they were at the hour of cessation of hostilities, viz: 6 o'clock A. M., July 8, 1863

Article II. The surrender, stipulated in Article I, is qualified by no condition save that the officers and enlisted men composing the garrison shall receive the treatment due to prisoners of war according to the usage of civilized warfare.

Article III. All private property of officers and enlisted men shall be respected and left to their respective owners.

Article IV. The position of Port Hudson shall be occupied tomorrow, at 7 o'clock A. M., by the forces of the United States, and its garrison received as prisoners of war by such general officer of the United States service as may be designated by Major General Banks, with the ordinary formalities of rendition. The Confederate troops will be drawn up in line, officers in their position, the right of the line resting on the edge of the prairie south of the railroad depot, the left extending in the direction of the village of Port Hudson; the arms and colors will be conveniently piled, and will be received by the officers of the United States.

Article V. The sick and wounded of the garrison will be cared for by the authorities of the United States, assisted, if desired by either party, by the medical officers of the garrison.

Approved: W. R. Miles, *Commanding right wing.*
J. G. W. Steedman, *Commanding left wing.*
Marshall J. Smith, *Lieutenant-Colonel Heavy Artillery.*
Charles P. Stone, *Brigadier-General.*
W. Dwight, *Brigadier-General.*
Henry W. Birg, *Colonel Commanding Third Brigade, Grover's Division.*

Approved: Frank Gardner, *Major-General.*
Approved: N. P. Banks, *Major-General.*

COMBATANTS FRATERNIZING.

Soldiers swarmed from their places of concealment on either side and met each other in the most cordial and fraternal spirit. Here you would see a group of Federal soldiers escorted round our works and shown the effects of their shots, and entertained with accounts of such part of the siege operations as they could not have learned before.

In the same way our men went into the Federal lines and gazed with curiosity upon the work which had been giving them so much trouble, escorted by Federal soldiers who vied with each other in courtesy and a display of magnanimous spirit.

Not a single case occurred in which the enemy, either officers or privates, exhibited a disposition to exult over their victory, but, on the contrary, whenever the subject came up in conversation, it elicited from them only compliments upon the skill and bravery of the defence.

One of their surgeons came in during a heavy rain storm and brought medicines for our sick, repeating his visit the next morning, and bringing a large quantity of quinine, which he dosed out to the fever patients.

During the afternoon and evening of the 8th a large number of Federals were within our lines visiting at our camps, whither most of our men had repaired to pack up their little stock of clothing preparatory to an expected departure on the morrow.

The following order was published:

HEADQUARTERS PORT HUDSON, LOUISIANA,
July 8, 1863.

GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 61:

I. Nobly have the troops performed their duty in the defence of this position, continued from the 21st of May to the present date. The cheerfulness, bravery, and zeal displayed by the troops during the hardships and suffering of this long siege have never been surpassed, and every man can feel the proud satisfaction that he has done his part in this heroic defence of Port Hudson. The place is surrendered at the last moment it is proper to hold it, and after a most gallant defence in several severe attacks, in all of which the enemy have been signally repulsed. Let all continue, during the duties that still remain to be performed, to show that cheerful obedience which has distinguished them as soldiers up to this time.

II. The troops will be paraded at 6 o'clock A. M. to-morrow for surrender, in line of battle in the same order as they are now at the breastworks, with the heavy artillery on the right in the edge of the prairie, in the rear of the railroad depot, the left extending towards the town of Port Hudson. All officers and men will be in their places under arms.

By command of Major General Frank Gardner,

[Signed] C. M. JACKSON,
Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

Shortly after dark a train of wagons brought in a liberal supply of provisions for the garrison from the enemy's commissariat. They were isued to the troops during the night-time, and early the next morning our men enjoyed the first good meal they had partaken of for a long time.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 9th, our line was formed in the field back of the railroad depot, near the landing, every man not too sick to be confined in the hospital being in the ranks. As General Gardner rode along the line, with his staff, he was enthusiastically cheered by the men who had served so faithfully under him, and whose affection and confidence he had permanently gained during days and weeks of trial.

The enemy's column, marching down the road to the landing, approached the right of our line, preceded by General Andrews and staff.

When Brigadier-General Andrews approached, General Gardner advanced with his sword drawn and presented the hilt to General Andrews with the following words:

"Having thoroughly defended this position as long as I deemed it necessary, I now surrender to you my sword, and with it this post and its garrison."

To which General Andrews replied:

"I return your sword as a proper compliment to the gallant commander of such gallant troops—conduct that would be heroic in another cause."

To which General Gardner replied as he returned his sword, with emphasis, into the scabbard:

"This is neither the time nor place to discuss the cause."

The order was given along our line to ground arms, which was obeyed, and our men stood in line while the enemy had marched from right to left until they had formed in line before us, when they hoisted their flag upon the bluff, fired a salute, and the ceremony was over.

It was now announced to our men that they would be paroled—news that was received by them with great satisfaction, particularly as they had made up their minds already to a term of imprisonment.

ROSTER OF CONFEDERATE FORCES ENGAGED IN THE DEFENCE OF PORT HUDSON, MAY 21ST TO JULY 8, 1863.

Major-General Frank Gardner commanding.

Staff—Major T Friend Wilson, Adjutant-General; Captains Jackson and Lanier, Assistant Adjutant-Generals; Major Spratley, Chief Quartermaster; Captain Geo. Simpson, Inspector-General; Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall J. Smith, Chief of Heavy Artillery; Lieutenant-Colonel Jas. P. Parker, Chief of Light Artillery; Captain L. J. Girard, Chief of Ordnance; Lieutenant F. Y. Dabney, Chief Engineer; Colonel J. A. Jacquess, Captain A. Dupree, Aides-de-Camp.

Engineers—Fred. Y. Dabney, First Lieutenant and Chief Engineer; Stork and Jas. Freret, Second Lieutenants, Engineers; Butler, Assistant Engineer.

River Batteries—Lieutenant-Colonel MARSHALL J. SMITH *Commanding Right Wing in front of the village of Port Hudson.*

I.—One 30-pound Parrott, one 12-pound brass-rifled (removed), First Alabama regiment, Captain J. F. Whitfield.

II.—One 42-smooth, two 24-rifled siege, First Alabama regiment, Captain J. D. Meadows.

III.—One 42-smooth, one 32-rifled, First Alabama regiment, Captain R. H. Riley.

IV.—One 8-inch Columbiad, one 10-inch Columbiad, Twelfth Louisiana battalion artillery, Captain Seawell.

V.—One 10-inch Columbiad, one 42-smooth, one 32-smooth, First Alabama, Captain D. W. Ramsey.

VI.—Two 24-pound rifled, 12th Louisiana battalion, Captain Kean.

VII—Two 24-pound smooth and hot shot, First Tennessee battalion, Captain Waller; moved to land lines at Clinton road, Captain Lahey.

Left Wing—Lieutenant-Colonel DE GOURNAY *Commanding.*

VIII—Two rifled 24-pound siege, Twelfth Louisiana battalion—one moved to land lines at Slaughter's field—Captain Coffin.

IX—One 8-inch howitzer (Paixon), Lieutenant Rodriguez.

X—One 32-pound smooth, Lieutenant McDowell.

XI—One 20-pound Parrott, Lieutenant Watts Kearney and twenty-two men (Miles's Legion).

Land Line, Right Wing, Right Resting on Mississippi River—W. R. MILES, *Colonel Commanding.*

Miles's Legion, F. B. Brand, Lieutenant-Colonel commanding; J. T. Coleman, Major.

Infantry—Ninth battalion Louisiana infantry, Bowling R. Chinn commanding; battalion miscellaneous commands of Maxey's brigade, organized under Captain S. A. Whitesides (Fourth and Thirtieth Louisiana, Forty second, Forty-eighth, Forty ninth, Fifty-third and Fifty-fifth Tennessee, and Seventh Texas); detachment of De Gournay's battery, acting as infantry, Anderson Merchant, Major commanding.

Artillery—Boone's battery; two sections of Roberts's battery.

Centre, Right Resting on Advanced Work—W. N. R. BEALE, *Brigadier-General Commanding.*

Infantry—Twelfth Arkansas regiment, T. J. Reed, Colonel commanding; First Arkansas battalion, Jones, Lieutenant-Colonel commanding; Sixteenth Arkansas regiment, Provence, Colonel commanding; First Mississippi regiment, Hamilton, Lieutenant Colonel commanding—Johnson, Major; Twenty-third Arkansas regiment, O. P. Lyle, Lieutenant-Colonel commanding—Black, Major; one company of Forty-ninth Alabama regiment, Street, Major commanding.

Artillery—Abbay's battery, First Mississippi regiment, light artillery; two sections of Watson's battery; two 24-pounders, Captains Waller and Lahey, at Clinton road; one 24-pounder, Captain Coffin, at Slaughter's field.

Left Wing, Right Resting on Railroad—J. G. W. STEEDMAN, *Colonel Commanding.*

Order of June 12th—Fifteenth Arkansas, Ben. Johnson, Colonel commanding, 384 men, with full complement of officers On 27th May surrendered 92 muskets. Lost, May 27th, 71 killed and wounded, and 14 prisoners; afterwards, about 70 killed and wounded; First Alabama, Lieutenant-Colonel Locke, commanding; Eighteenth Arkansas, Parish, Lieutenant-Colonel commanding; Tenth Arkansas, Vaughn, Lieutenant-Colonel commanding; Ninth Louisiana (Wingfield's) battalion of cavalry, dismounted, Amacker, Cap-

tain commanding (only one company during siege, First Lieutenant Oct. Daliet commanding); Thirty-ninth Mississippi, W. B. Shelby Colonel commanding.

Signal Corps—Lieutenant STEVENS, *Commanding.*

Artillery—Seven pieces Herrod's battery, First Mississippi regiment light artillery; two 12-pound Blakely guns, Lieutenant Cook; two guns Watson's battery, Lieutenant Toledano; two small breech loaders, Whitworth, of Wingfield's battalion, Captain Sparkman.

CONFEDERATE LOSS.

May 20—Killed, wounded, missing and prisoners. Total, 89—Report of Miles.

May 27—Killed, wounded, missing and prisoners. Total, 225.

Surrendered.

"Banks's" report—6,408 men.

(Page 137), twenty pieces heavy artillery, 31 pieces light artillery, 30 pieces dismounted; 5,000 good muskets, and 5,000 not good; 32,000 pounds powder in magazine; 12,000 made up; 150,000 cartridges for small arms. Colonel Ben. Johnson, say about 3,000 active, and 1,250 sick and wounded—total, 4,250.

FEDERAL FORCES.

Nathaniel P. Banks, Major-General commanding (from General Banks's Campaign of Port Hudson).

Right—General Weitzel and General Grover. (Banks's Report, page 146).

Centre—General Augur, 3,500 men (Banks's Report).

Artillery—Seventeen 3 inch rifle, Rambridge, Hebrard, &c.; four 6-inch rifle, heavy; nine naval batteries, Dahlgren-Ferry; four siege mortars, Terry; twelve 8-inch siege howitzer-mortars, &c.; six 6-pounders, Sawyer; two 9-pounders, Dahlgren; eighteen 12-pounder howitzers, Napoleons, &c.; fifteen 20-pounder Parrotts; five 24-pounder Parrotts, and seven 30-pounder Parrotts.

Left—General T. W. Sherman.

Effective Force—"Banks's Report," pages 128 and 146—13,000 on May 27; March 14th, 12,000; J. Franklin Fitts (in "June Day,"

&c.), about 20,000 ; Orville Victor, about 18,000—about three times the besieged.

FEDERAL LOSS.

"Banks," page 146, May 27—Killed, 293; wounded, 1,549; missing, about 300—total, 2,142.

June 14—No correct report—Orville Victor says about 2,000.

An Address of the Chaplains of the Second Corps ("Stonewall" Jackson's), Army Northern Virginia, to the Churches of the Confederate States.

[The following paper, from the pen of Rev. B. T. Lacy, was adopted by the Chaplains' Association of Jackson's corps, and is worthy of a place in our records.]

DEAR BRETHREN: The relations which we sustain to the various branches of the church of Christ in our country, and the position which we hold in the army of the Confederate States, induces us to address you upon the important subject of the religious instruction of the soldiers engaged in the sacred cause of defending our rights, our liberties and our homes. The one universal subject of thought and of feeling is the war. The hearts of the people, with singular unanimity, are enlisted in the common cause. The object of special interest to all is the army. The political and social interests involved excite the patriotism and move the affection of all. There is little necessity for exhortation to love of country, or love to our sons and brothers, who are fighting and falling in our defence. These emotions, strong in the beginning, have become more intense from the heroic fortitude of our noble army, and from the wicked designs and infamous conduct of our enemies. The history of the past two years of the war has amazingly developed, and magnified the issues and strengthened and deepened the convictions under which the conflict began. Base, beyond all conception, must that heart be which does not swell with patriotic devotion to our dear and suffering country, which is not stirred with deep and righteous indignation against our cruel and guilty foes, and which is not melted with profound and tender sympathy for the privations of our soldiers and the afflictions of our oppressed fellow-citizens in the invaded districts. While these emotions may exist in some adequate measure, is the religious interest commensurate with the demand of the times? Is the church

as much alive to its duty as the State? Is the Christian as active and as earnest as the citizen? Duties never conflict. Our patriotism will be all the stronger and purer when sanctified by religion. The natural sympathies require the controlling influence and the plastic power of the love of Christ for their proper regulation. To the political and social must be added the religious element. To patriotism must be added the mightier principle of faith. Let love of country be joined to love of God—let the love of our suffering brother be associated with the love of our crucified Saviour—let the temporal interests be connected with the eternal. One duty should not be allowed to exclude another, nor one emotion crowd from the heart the holier presence of another. The church should clearly understand and fully estimate the relation which it sustains to the war, and the duty which it owes to the army. In an important sense the cause of the country is the cause of the church. The principles involved are those of right, of truth, and of humanity, as well as of law, of constitutional liberty and of national independence. In a sense equally as true, and even more important is the fact, that the church, to the full extent of its ability and opportunity, is responsible for the souls of those who fall in this conflict. Has she realized this solemn responsibility? Has she discharged her sacred duty? With the opportunities which we have for estimating the work to be done, and of observing what has been accomplished, we are constrained to say that she has not. Surely her whole duty has not been done. We tremble when we contemplate the results which may follow from such delinquency. To estimate correctly the work which the church is called to perform, we must consider the vast number of our citizens who now compose the armies. All the men of the country, below the age of forty, are in the field. To these must be added many manly boys below, and many patriotic men above the prescribed ages. The intellectual and physical strength of the entire country is assembled in martial array. The ratio of religious instructors assigned by the bill for the appointment of chaplains (a bill in some important respects still defective) is one chaplain for every regiment. How has this arrangement been seconded by the church and the ministry? How many of the five or six hundred regiments are now supplied with faithful pastors? We have not the means of determining the number engaged in the whole service, but we give you the result as to our own corps—a body of troops commanded by that sincere Christian, Lieutenant-General T. J. Jackson, who has given special encouragement to the work of supplying the

corps with chaplains—not one-half of the regiments of infantry are supplied. Some entire brigades have no chaplain at all. In the artillery attached to the corps the destitution is still greater. With these facts before us, is it too much to affirm that there are not two hundred chaplains now in the field in all our armies? At the same time will not the statistics of the different churches in the Confederate States show an aggregate of five or six thousand ministers of the gospel?

Ministerial brethren! ought this thing so to be? Church of the living God, awake from your lethargy and arouse to your duty. We are well aware of the pure and lofty patriotism of the Southern ministry. We know that your hearts are as truly and deeply enlisted in the cause of the country as ours; and we are also aware of the fact that a large number of chaplains are stationed at posts and laboring faithfully in hospitals, and many ministers of the gospel are serving as officers and as privates in the army. But how great is the destitution in the field? And how many of our soldiers are perishing without the bread of life?

There are no great difficulties in the way of obtaining an appointment for any suitable minister in any denomination of Christians. God has opened a wide and effectual door of access to the work. In the work itself there are no difficulties which zeal and faith cannot readily overcome. The chief obstructions are those which exist everywhere in the conflict between sin and holiness. There are no vices nor prejudices peculiar to the army which are any greater hindrances to the work of grace than those which are to be encountered in the cities and throughout the country. Our work is a hard work, and there are privations which must be endured. The fare of the chaplain is that of the soldier. The exposures and discomforts to be encountered are in striking contrast with the previous lives of most ministers of the gospel. The health of some has failed in the service, and some, indeed, have laid down their lives for their brethren, but to many the change of habits has been beneficial, and the feeble have come to endure hardness as good soldiers. The chaplain, however faithful, will at times be discouraged. Men will seem to take little interest in his preaching; profanity, card-playing and Sabbath-breaking, will be on the increase, his presence often will be no restraint upon vice, and when he has faithfully discharged his duty he may meet with censure and ridicule. In camp life there is an indolence of mind produced, and an aversion to serious thought. There is also a disposition to seek entertainment in all manner of foolish

talking and jesting. On the march, and on an active campaign, the attention is much absorbed, and time is often wanting for religious duties. The carelessness and open apostacy of professors of religion are here, as well as everywhere else—a great hindrance to the success of the gospel. The readiness with which chaplains have resigned their places, or absented themselves from their regiments, is a source of discouragement to the soldiers and to their brethren who remain. In the hasty opinions and sweeping judgments of many in and out of the army, the deficiencies of some have been unjustly attributed to others, and the failure of a few regarded as the failure of all. But these you perceive, brethren, are essentially the same difficulties, in a different form, which the minister of God must encounter everywhere in this sinful world. Our chief ground of discouragement, however, is in ourselves. With more faith in God, and more love for the souls of men, with more of the spirit of our blessed Lord, we should behold greater and more precious results.

If there are discouragements peculiar to our work, there are peculiar encouragements also. We believe that God is with us, not only to own and bless His word to the salvation of men, but that His blessing rests upon our cause and attends our armies. It is a high privilege and a great satisfaction to preach to soldiers to whom God has given such signal victories. The moral influence of a just and righteous cause is a happy introduction to, and a good preparation for the holier cause of religion. The objects for which our soldiers are fighting possess incalculable power in controlling the naturally demoralizing influence of war. We are thankful to God for the large number of Christian officers who command our armies and aid us in our work. The presence of so many pious men in the ranks gives us a church in almost every regiment to begin with. The intercourse and communion of Christian brethren in the army is as intimate and precious as anywhere upon earth. It is an interesting fact, that by this work ministers of the different denominations are brought into closer and more harmonious co-operation, thus promoting the unity and charity of the whole church, and greatly encouraging each other. Many of the greatest temptations to vice are excluded from the army. There is much time for profitable reflection. The near approach of death excites to serious thought. Religious reading is sought and appreciated. Many opportunities for personal kindness to the sick and the wounded on the battlefield and in the camp bind grateful hearts to faithful chaplains. In preaching the word, conducting prayer-meetings and Bible-classes,

by circulating the Scriptures and other religious reading, and by frequent conversation in private, we have ample opportunity for doing our Master's work and laboring for immortal souls. Our greatest encouragement, however, has been from the presence and power of the Holy Spirit among us. He who has led our armies to victory, conducting them, like the hosts of Israel, with the pillar of cloud and of fire by night and by day, has also encamped round about us, and the tabernacle of the Lord has been in the midst of our tents. We believe there have been more powerful and blessed revivals of religion *in* the army than *out* of it during the last two years. We know of a large church in which almost all the additions for more than a year have been of young men visiting their homes on furloughs from the army. At this very time a most interesting and extensive work of grace is in progress amongst the troops stationed in and around the desolated city of Fredericksburg. The evidences of God's love and mercy are thus brought into immediate and striking contrast with the marks of the cruelty and barbarity of man.

Brethren, do not these movements of the Holy Ghost indicate where God's ministers should follow, and in what work they should engage? Our work, though hard, is a pleasant work, and we feel it to be a precious and glorious work. Much more has been accomplished than has been made known abroad. Comparatively few publications have been sent out by the chaplains, but many earnest and faithful sermons have been preached, many copies of the Holy Scriptures have been put into the hands of the soldiers by chaplains and colporters, and much printed matter in the form of religious newspapers and tracts has been circulated and eagerly read; precious communions have been held, and souls have been added to the church of Christ, of such as, we believe, shall be saved. Eternity alone can disclose the extent of the blessed work which faithful chaplains have accomplished in our armies.

We have told you these things, brethren, that your interest might be increased in this cause and in ourselves, as identified with the cause. If we have only mentioned what was before familiar to you, we desire to stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance. We would respectfully, and in Christian love, submit the following suggestions for your consideration, earnestly beseeching your co-operation, your sympathy and your prayers:

Let the church humble herself before her Lord—let all Christians, of every name in our land, engage in acts of humiliation and of prayer. The frequent calls of our excellent and pious President to

this duty have been attended by evident tokens of the Divine favor. May the observance of the appointed day, which is now at hand, be followed by the signal blessing of Almighty God, and may the solemn day be kept holy unto the Lord by the army and by all the people. If ever a nation was called to prostrate itself at the foot of the cross, and to supplicate the mercy of God with strong crying and tears it is this. God, we believe, will deliver us from our enemies, but that deliverance must come in answer to prayer.

In order that our prayers may be heard, and our solemn days be not an abomination unto the Lord, we must put away sin from among us. There are sins, both of a national and individual character, which are rapidly engendered in a time like this—a spirit of recklessness and profanity—a disregard of the laws of life and of property—too great a reliance upon an arm of flesh—and it may be, under peculiar aggravations, a sinful feeling of malignant and bloodthirsty revenge has been indulged. But, more than all, a spirit of unhallowed greed, of unrighteous extortion. Ill-gotten gains will prove a curse to the individual, and injurious to the country. It is no time for amassing wealth. Can the true patriot, can the true Christian grow rich in the hour of his country's peril? If in any proper and legitimate manner, without injury to others, money is accumulated, give it to your country, give it to the poor, give it to the suffering families of the soldiers, send a chaplain to the army, and assist in the support of his family while he is engaged in the work. Let the church of Jesus Christ clear herself of this sin, and let not the hidden wedge and the Babylonish garment be found in her tents. By precept and example let the church seek to foster a generous and self sacrificing spirit among all classes of the people.

Brethren, send us more chaplains. The harvest truly is great, the laborers are few. We send abroad to the churches the Macedonian cry, Come and help us. The work is an earnest, a pressing work. Now is emphatically the accepted time for the army. The cause will not brook delay. A series of battles, which may speedily follow the opening of the campaign, will sweep away thousands of our brave comrades and friends—thousands of your own sons and brothers. Then come while it is called to-day. Come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and escape the curse of Meroz.

We especially appeal to the churches in their organized capacity, and ask of conventions, conferences, presbyteries and associations, to set apart men of the best talent and largest experience unto this

work. Such a call, coming with the potential authority of a church of God, would doubtless decide many of the ablest ministers in the country to cast in their lots with us. We cordially and earnestly invite the venerable fathers of the church to visit the army and preach for a few days or weeks in the regiments. Such voluntary labors, in many instances, have been signally blessed. The churches should be willing to spare their pastors for this work, and seek temporary supplies from neighboring ministers; or, at least, all congregations might allow their ministers to visit the army for a time and labor for those who have gone forth in their defence. Have not the soldiers, who are away from their homes and churches, the right to claim a part of the time of their own pastors? But especially do we call upon the younger men in the ministry—and we call upon you, young men, because you are strong—come, take part in this sacred cause and this holy fellowship with us.

If the ministers of the gospel, below the age of forty, are exempted from ordinary military duty, are they not bound to serve their country and the army in the capacity of chaplains? Have you a right to stay away while this destitution exists? We urge no extreme or fanatical view. Let all the regiments be supplied, and still the vast majority of ministers will remain at home with their congregations. We plead only for that which is just and equal. And we feel that we but do this when we maintain that congregations should assist in the support of the families of chaplains while laboring in the army. Such an arrangement would give hundreds of excellent men to the work.

Brethren, pray for us. To know that we are constantly remembered at a throne of grace—in the churches and in the families—in the public and in the private devotions of the people of God—will greatly encourage our hearts and strengthen our hands. Prayer should be made without ceasing to the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in behalf of our cause, our country, our officers and our soldiers. Pray for us, that we may be faithful, and that our labors may be blessed in the conversion of souls.

We ask these things of you, dear brethren, because we believe that the final success of our arms is intimately connected with the fidelity of the church in fulfilling its duty to the army, and closely related to the religious character of the army itself. It was remarked by one of our distinguished and Christian generals, that "the only ground of apprehension to be felt is from the want of piety in the army. Were all the soldiers sincere Christians and praying men, in

a cause like ours, they would be invincible." In such an army there would be two distinct sources of success in addition to the ordinary elements of military power—the loftier courage derived from Christian faith, and the direct blessing of God in answer to prayer. If the want of faithfulness on the part of the church, the impiety of the army and the people, should prevent God's blessing, then the unfaithfulness of the church will have blasted our hopes, destroyed our country, and left a continent in ruins.

There should be no separation made between the army and the country, between the soldier and the citizen. The army is composed of the people, and the soldiers are citizens. At this very time the soldiers in the field are the only electors of representatives for many of the congressional and legislative districts. Those who achieve our independence are the same who must maintain it. The sole governors of the country, for one generation at least, will be the survivors of the army. Those who win the battles, must make, administer, enforce and obey the laws. If these be depraved and godless through the neglect of the church, and their want of moral integrity and elevation destroy the government, and bring upon the land the curse of God, then in vain the mighty sacrifice of treasure and of blood—in vain the army of our martyred dead—in vain the sacred gift bequeathed from bleeding sires to sons. Better never to have fought and won the victory, than afterwards to forfeit it and lose the blessing. This may be the last struggle for constitutional liberty which will be made on this continent. The progress of the race, the happiness of millions is involved. A grand responsibility rests upon our young republic, and a mighty work lies before it. Baptized in its infancy in blood, may it receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and be consecrated to its high and holy mission among the nations of the earth.

This, we fondly hope, will be the last year of this bloody war. But of that no one can certainly know. How ardently is a permanent and honorable peace desired! For this object united prayers should go up continually to the throne of God by night and by day. Weeping between the porch and the altar, Zion should lift up her voice without ceasing unto her Saviour and her God. This war must be regarded by all Christian men as a chastisement from the hand of God on account of our sins. The object of all chastening is purification. War, pestilence and famine, when they came upon God's ancient people, were designed to turn them from their sins, and to bring them back to his love and service. When that result was ac-

complished the chastisement was removed. Has the church in our afflicted land learned aright the chastening lessons of her God? Have the rulers and the people, like those of Nineveh, repented before the judgments of the Lord? In some hopeful measure this undoubtedly has been the result. We believe that in humility, in sincerity of faith, in thankfulness for mercies, and in prayerfulness, there has been improvement. Men have been called to sacrifice self for principle, and freely has the sacrifice been made by millions. A tenderer charity, and a larger benevolence than ever before, open the hands and fill the hearts of many.

A higher estimate has been placed upon *truth* and upon *right* by a people resisting unto blood, striving against sin. We may indulge the hope that the results which God designed are following from the war. And when they are accomplished the war will cease. The coming of peace will be insured, and will be hastened by our fidelity in duty and our devotion in prayer.

But, brethren, our great argument with you is the salvation of the souls of men, the salvation of our sons and brothers, the salvation of our dear soldiers. We plead for those who are ready to lay down the life that now is. Shall they lose also the life which is to come? If the sacrifice of the body is demanded shall that of the soul be made? If time is forfeited must eternity be lost?

The great object for which the church of God was instituted upon earth is the same as that for which the Son of God died upon the cross—THE GLORY OF GOD IN THE SALVATION OF MEN.

We urge you, then, by this last and greatest of all considerations, to aid us in this blessed work by your presence, your sympathies, your contributions and your prayers.

March 24th, 1863.

Ewell at First Manassas.

BY CAPTAIN GEORGE F. HARRISON.

I have read, with painful surprise, in Vol. XIII SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS, the article headed, "General Ewell at First Manassas." I cannot conceive how General Beauregard could utter such a reflection—even entertain such a thought—as he has put on record in the *Century Magazine* in regard to General Ewell, damning him with the faint praise of obedience to "technical orders," and

plainly imputing to him blame for not moving *without* orders—more especially right in the teeth of his own letter of unqualified exoneration. It seems to me a most singular doctrine to come from such a master of the art of war as Beauregard, that it was the duty of a brigade commander to *initiate* such a battle as that momentous one was *intended* to be, merely because the plans were communicated to him the night before, and he was directed to hold himself in readiness to move at 7 o'clock next morning, upon receipt of further orders. General Fitz. Lee's vindication of General Ewell is conclusive, by his simple statement of the facts; but not more so than General Beauregard's own letter to Ewell, written four days after the battle, beginning with: "*I do not attach the slightest blame to you*"; and ending with: "*I am fully aware that you did* ALL *that could have been expected of you*," etc. What that same letter convicts its author of—even on the point of "technical" rule—this deponent *saith* not.

There are probably scores of men of that brigade now living, who can corroborate General Lee's testimony. I should not think it necessary to state my own vivid recollections of the occurrences of that memorable day, but that it so happened that by a circumstance which took place several months afterwards, the correspondence between Beauregard and Ewell, now published for the first time, came into my possession. There were two companies of cavalry serving with Ewell's brigade on that day—viz: the Governor's Guard, Captain Cabell, and my own, the Goochland Light Dragoons. My impression is, that the whole brigade—five thousand strong—was drawn up, ready to move, by *seven* o'clock in the morning. The cavalry were in the saddle, and in line, and continued so for two hours. I had opportunities of witnessing General Ewell's intense anxiety and excitement at not reciving the expected orders to advance. At last we did advance—if I am not mistaken, about 9 o'clock—merely in consequence of informal, but reliable information, that the order *had* been issued. As well as I remember, our position was some half a mile from the Union Mills ford. The road was narrow, winding and precipitous. The cavalry could only march by twos. I need not say that it required several hours for the whole brigade to get over. Three roads diverged from the ford, the centre one leading towards Centreville. We took the left one—I presume more directly towards the main body of the enemy. We proceeded perhaps a mile. I was told that the head of our column encountered the enemy's pickets. At that juncture came the order to return. We reached

our original camp-ground about 3 or 4 o'clock, and took up the line of march for the battlefield, on the extreme left, hearing from time to time, as we proceeded, reports of the heavy pressure and fearful carnage upon our left. We arrived on the ground after sunset, when the enemy were hastening, not slowly, "on to"—Washington, and the hills reverberating with the shouts of victory. We had scarcely halted, when, in consequence of a report that the enemy were flanking us by way of Union Mills, our two companies of cavalry were ordered to hasten back to that point, each trooper with an *infant en croupe*. But I imagine there was not a Yankee this side the Potomac who would not have been amused (or scared) at the idea of *his* crossing Bull Run at that crisis.

In the month of October, circumstances led to my resignation and return home. Before I left, General Ewell sent for me to his quarters. "Captain," said he, handing me some papers, "I learn that some of the newspapers in the far South are imputing responsibility to *me* for the failure of our army to make the attack at Manassas as contemplated. Now, of course, I can publish nothing at this time. But you are going home, through Richmond, and may, sooner or later, hear the subject discussed. Have an accurate copy made of this correspondence between General Beauregard and myself, and take it with you, that you may have it in your power to vindicate me." I promptly complied with his request, and preserved the paper. It was *verbatim et literatim* as now published in the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS. After the war a published call was made by the Society for all such matter, and I sent this copy of the correspondence to the person indicated as the appointed recipient, possibly the present secretary.

In the light of what *did* happen, I suppose I am not singular in saying, that I never think of the mysterious failure of these orders to *three* brigades to reach them, followed by the *one* countermanding Ewell's advance, without a thrill in every nerve—

1. Had they been duly delivered, of course the whole battle of Manassas *must* have been fought on the east side of Bull Run—that stream *in our rear*. Would the panic and rout have been more or less, or equally likely to have resulted? If they *had*, what would have been the *finale?* If *not*, ditto? But—

2. Given the failures, had General Ewell *not* been recalled when that panic-stricken army rolled back upon itself, what would have been the effect of five thousand fresh troops attacking it in flank and rear? And may not one venture to ask, *why* should not that have

been the *plan?* Was it not *exactly* that which saved us at Chancellorsville? And something like it at Second Manassas? In both instances, with far greater difficulty of accomplishment, and with more to discourage. Far be it from a tyro like me, to presume to criticise Johnston and Beauregard's wisdom. But surely if the latter can tickle his fancy with what *would* have happened if Jackson or Desaix had been in Ewell's place, or if Ewell had taken upon himself the responsibility of inaugurating that battle without orders, in the face of the fact that the chiefs had had a whole night in which to reverse or modify their plans, surely *we* may be excused for imagining what would have been the effect, after Ewell *did* act upon the order as soon as he knew it had been sent, *if they had let him alone.* If it was "too late" for him to go on, it needed but a glance at the hour and the distance to see that it was too late for him to withdraw and reach the battlefield in time to be of any use. All honor to General Beauregard. Doubtless, many will join me in the sentiment, that had his splendid abilities and wise counsels been better appreciated, the "Cause" might *not* have been "lost." But he has done injustice to one of the most able, noble, self-sacrificing, and patriotic generals who went down with that cause, and the best excuse *I* can make for him is, that in the light of subsequent events, he has dwelt upon what *would* have been the result if he had entrusted his orders to responsible officers instead of, to use his own words, "the worst set of GUIDES and COURIERS I ever employed;" or, when it was "too late" for General Ewell to render any assistance on our left, he had *let him alone* until the wish has begotten the thought—that with a Jackson on our right, "the movement would not have balked." Better judges than I am—Jackson himself to begin with—know that there was "Jackson" enough in Ewell for any *duty.*

The Secession of Virginia.

BY J. WM. JONES.

[The following, written in the *New York Examiner*, in reply to a so-called historical statement of Mr. Rossiter Johnson, is put in our records at the request of a number of gentlemen whose opinions we respect.

It is, of course, not a full treatment of the question, but merely a *hit back* at Mr. Johnson's misrepresentations.]

I am willing to believe that Mr. Johnson has tried to be fair, and has presented the case as he understands it. But as a Virginian born and reared on her soil, familiar with her history, and proud of her traditions, I especially desire to enter my protest against the account he has given [see the *Examiner* of November 12th] of "The Secession of Virginia."

The statement that Virginia's Governor (John Letcher) "was an ardent disunionist" exactly contradicts the fact. Governor Letcher, up to the issuing of Mr. Lincoln's proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand troops to coerce the seceded States, was *an ardent "Union" man*, as were a majority of the people of Virginia. Indeed, his attachment to the Union was so strong—and his opposition to secession so emphatic and outspoken—that the secessionists distrusted him, and their chief organ, the Richmond *Examiner*, was filled with abuse and denunciation of "our tortoise Governor," "the submissionist," "the betrayer of the liberties of the people," etc. Governor Letcher was in fullest accord with the *Union leaders* of the Virginia Convention, and refused every suggestion to call out troops to capture the navy-yard at Portsmouth, Fort Monroe, or Harper's Ferry until after the Convention had passed the ordinance of secession. But he was, in all of his sympathies and feelings, *a Virginian*, did not believe in the right of the General Government to coerce a "Sovereign State," and promptly responded to Mr. Lincoln's call for Virginia's quota of the seventy-five thousand troops that no troops "would be furnished for any such purpose"—"an object" which, in his judgment, "was not within the purview of the Constitution or the laws." "You have," said he to Mr. Lincoln, "chosen to inaugurate civil war."

But the most remarkable statement in Mr. Johnson's article is as follows:

"Virginia's fate appears to have been determined by a measure that was less spectacular and more coldly significant. The Confederate Congress at Montgomery passed an act forbidding the importation of slaves from States outside of the Confederacy. When Virginia heard that, like the young man in Scripture, she went away sorrowful; for in that line of trade she had great possessions. The cultivation of land by slave-labor had long since ceased to be profitable in the border States—or at least it was far less profitable than raising slaves for the cotton States, and the acquisition of new territory in Texas and Missouri had enormously increased the demand. The greatest part of this business (sometimes estimated as high as

one half) was Virginia's. It was called the 'vigintal crop,' as the blacks were ready for market and at their highest value about the age of twenty. As it was an ordinary business of bargain and sale, no statistics were kept; but the lowest estimate of the annual value of the trade in the Old Dominion placed it in the tens of millions of dollars. After Sumter had been fired on and the Confederate Congress had forbidden this traffic to outsiders, the Virginia Convention again took up the ordinance of secession (April 17th) and passed it in secret session by a vote of 88 to 65."

Now, I have to say in reply to this:

1. The Confederate Congress at Montgomery *passed no such act* "forbidding the importation of slaves from States outside of the Confederacy, and absolutely nothing of this character whatever. I have before me an official copy of The Statutes at Large of the Confederate States of America—a book, by the way, which I respectfully commend to Mr. Johnson for his careful study—and it contains no such act or resolution.

2. Even if such an act *had been passed*, it would not have had the slightest effect upon the action of Virginia, for it is a slander alike upon the character of her people and the motives which impelled her to secede and join the Confederacy, to represent her as a cold, calculating, negro-trader, only influenced by the hope of gain in raising negroes for the Southern market. It is not true that "raising slaves for the cotton States" was an "ordinary business of bargain and sale," worth annually "tens of millions of dollars to Virginia." The truth is that the average Virginia planter would mortgage his plantation and well nigh ruin his estate to support his negroes in comparative idleness before he would sell them; that very few negroes were ever sold except under the sternest necessity; that the negro trader was considered a disreputable member of society; and that "raising slaves for the market" is a romance of Abolition invention which fully served its purpose in the bitter controversies of the slavery agitation, but which an intelligent writer should now be ashamed to drag forth again. When Robert E. Lee said, "*If the millions of slaves at the South were mine I would free them with a stroke of the pen to avert this war,*" he but voiced the sentiments of nine-tenths of the people in Virginia. The truth is that our grand old Commonwealth has a record on this question of which she need not be ashamed. The first slaves introduced in Virginia were brought and forced upon her colonists against their protests—and from that day all that were brought to her soil came in ships of Old or

New England. When the Federal Constitution was adopted Virginia favored the immediate abolition of the slave-trade, and the time for its abolition was extended twenty years on the demand of Massachusetts and other New England States, and when the slave-trade was abolished Virginia voted for its abolition, while Massachusetts voted for its continuance. After giving with princely liberality, to the General Government for the common domain, the Northwest Territory, out of which the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan Wisconsin, and a part of Minnesota were afterwards carved, Virginia consented with surprising readiness to making this *free* territory. And there can be but little doubt that the sentiments of her leading statesmen would have prevailed, and Virginia would have adopted emancipation measures, but for the fact that, after finding that slavery would not pay with them, the Northern States (after *selling* their own slaves and pocketing the money) began a system of warfare upon slavery which tended to consolidate and perpetuate the pro slavery sentiment in the State.

3. The real reason of the secession of Virginia was that she considered that Mr. Lincoln's proclamation had "inaugurated civil war," and she had simply to choose whether she would *take sides with the North or with the South in the great conflict.*

If you could give me space to go into the details I could abundantly show that in all of the bitter controversies of the past the voice of Virginia had been on the side of the Union—that she had been ready to make any sacrifice, save honor, to preserve the Union which her sons had done so much to form and to perpetuate.

After other Southern States had seceded she still voted overwhelmingly against secession, called the "Peace Congress" which assembled at Washington, sent her commissioners to Mr. Lincoln after his inaugural, and on bended knee begged for peace and Union But she was equally emphatic in claiming that a State had *the right to secede*—that she had *expressly reserved that right* when she entered the original compact—and that the General Government had no right to coerce a State desiring to secede. This she had declared over and over again by the most solemn enactment, and her commissioners made her position clear to the authorities at Washington. Two days, therefore, after Mr. Lincoln's call for her quota of troops to subjugate the seceded States Virginia passed her ordinance of secession and bared her breast to receive the coming storm.

Equally untrue to the facts of history is the attempt of Mr. Johnson to make it appear that the people of Virginia were not then in

favor of secession—that "the Governor turned over the entire military force and equipment of the State to the Confederate authorities"—and that a vote against secession was "impossible," because, at the time of the popular vote, "the soil of Virginia was overrun by soldiers from the cotton States." *The Convention*, and not the Governor, formed the alliance with the Confederate States—the election was one of the fairest ever held in America—and while the vote stood 125,950 in favor of ratifying the ordinance of secession to 20,373 against it (most of these last being cast in Northwest Virginia, where Federal bayonets *did* influence the vote)—yet there were no soldiers at the polls, no sort of intimidation was used, and men voted freely their honest convictions. The simple truth is, that *Mr. Lincoln's proclamation* caused the immediate secession of Virginia, and so dissipated the "Union" sentiment of the people, that Hon. John B. Baldwin (the Union leader of the Convention, and one of the ablest, purest men the State ever produced) but voiced the general sentiment when he wrote a friend at the North--who had asked him the day after the proclamation was issued: "What will the Union men of Virginia do now?"—"*We have no Union men in Virginia now*, but those who *were* 'Union' men will stand to their guns and make a fight which shall shine out on the page of history as an example of what a brave people can do after exhausting every means of pacification."

Yes; old Virginia clung to the Union and the Constitution with filial devotion. The voice of her Henry had first aroused the colonies to resist British oppression. The pen of her Jefferson had written the Declaration of Independence. The sword of her Washington had made good that Declaration. The pen of her Mason had written the Constitution, and her great statesmen had expounded it. Through long, prosperous, and happy years her sons had filled the presidential chair, and her voice had been potential, in Cabinet and Congress, in shaping the destinies of the great republic to whose prosperity she had contributed so largely.

But now there had arisen "another king that knew not Joseph"—the very fundamental principles of the Constitution were, in her judgment, subverted—civil war, with all of its horrors, had been inaugurated, and she must choose on which side she would fight. She did not hesitate; but knowing full well that her soil would be the great battlefield, she took up the "gage of battle" and called on her sons to rally to her defence. From mountain-valley to the shores of her resounding seas—from Alleghany to Chesapeake—from the

Potomac to the North Carolina line—the call is heard and there rush to arms at the first tap of the drum—not Hessian or Milesian mercenaries, not a band of negro-traders coolly calculating how much they could make out of a "Southern Confederacy"—but the very flower of our Virginia manhood, as true patriots as the world ever saw, worthy sons of sires of '76.

And they *did* "make a fight" which illustrates some of the brightest pages of *American* history, and of which men at the North as well as men at the South are even now beginning to be proud. Aye! and the day will come when the story of the partisan will rot into oblivion, and "the men who wore the gray," alike with "the men who wore the blue," will have even justice at the bar of impartial history.

The "Stonewall Brigade" at Chancellorsville.

BY GENERAL WILLIAM TERRY.

It has recently come to my knowledge that Captain Landon, in a memorial address at Raleigh, North Carolina, made the statement that in the battle of Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, a certain famous brigade behaved in a most cowardly manner, and refused to advance when ordered to do so. I have no defence to make for that brigade, nor do I know them.

Captain Landon did not name the brigade to which he referred, but I am informed that he stated afterwards that he referred to the "Stonewall Brigade."

This is a total mistake, and does the grossest injustice to as brave a body of men as ever carried a musket.

So far as the part taken by that brigade in that engagement is concerned, I am entirely familiar with it, as I commanded the Fourth Virginia infantry, one of its regiments, and therefore know, from personal observation, what I write. I need not go over the history of General Jackson's flank movement and its brilliant results. This is familiar to all intelligent readers. It is sufficient to say that night-fall found Jackson covering the old plank road and facing east toward the Chancellorsville House. In the night, after Jackson had been wounded, the "Stonewall Brigade" was moved forward and placed in line of battle in the woods on the left of the plank road. As I never saw

the ground in daylight, when my attention might have been called to distances, I will only say, I think we were some three-quarters of a mile in front of the Chancellorsville House.

The brigade remained in this position during the night. With daylight, artillery firing commenced, and very soon furious infantry firing was heard on the right of the plank road. During the night the enemy had constructed some temporary breastworks on the right of the plank road, from which they were driven in the attack referred to.

Soon after, the "Stonewall Brigade" was moved from the left to the right of the plank road, and moved some distance to the right; then moved by the front, and again direction was changed to the right. About this time Brigadier-General Paxton, commanding, was mortally wounded—for we were under fire all this time. A word of explanation here will serve to explain what followed. The Second Virginia infantry was on the right of the brigade; my regiment was the second in line, with the Fifth, Twenty-seventh and Thirty-third to my left, but their order in line I do not now remember. The order given us was to follow the movements of the regiment on the right of the brigade. After crossing the plank road some distance, then moving by the front, and again changing direction to the right, we were brought near the temporary breastworks from which the enemy had been driven in the early morning, and behind which were then lying the troops who had captured them. I did hear then the name of the brigade in our front, who had participated in the morning attack, but I do not now remember it. (I hope this article will fall under the eye of some member of that command, and that they will remember it.) As I have stated, we had now approached near the breastworks, and were moving by the right flank. In the left company of the regiment to my right the command was given, "By the left flank, march." This I promptly gave to my regiment, and it was repeated to the three regiments to my left. I have never heard any explanation of the order given to the company to my right, and have no doubt there was some mistake; but at the instant I had no reason to question it, and I promptly obeyed. The result was that the company to my right, my regiment and the three regiments to my left moved by the front over the troops and breastworks into the woods beyond; and, moving forward some one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards, we became engaged with the enemy. I naturally supposed that we were supported on the right and left in this advance, but it turned out that only the left company of the Second Virginia

and the other four regiments of the brigade were engaged. We became exposed to a very heavy concentrated fire. I quickly took in the situation. I saw we could not drive the enemy, and that we were suffering a terrible loss of life. I ordered the men to retire behind the breastworks.

The regiments to my left, following my movement, also fell back.

To show the terrific fire to which we were exposed, I will state that I went into that fight with three hundred and fifty muskets, and in less than ten minutes I had one hundred and sixty men killed and wounded.

We had remained behind the breastworks some time, when General J. E. B. Stuart, who, upon the fall of Jackson and the wounding of A. P. Hill, had been called to the command of Jackson's corps, rode in front of the line where the "Stonewall Brigade" was, and called for it. They responded, they were there—Stuart ordered an advance. The order was given, and I state positively, after recent conversations with men and officers of the Fourth Virginia infantry, that notwithstanding the terrible ordeal through which they had only a short time before that passed, every man, not wounded, sprang to his place in ranks. There being now a continuous line of battle and properly supported, the enemy gave way and were driven with but light resistance for more than half a mile, and the plateau of the Chancellorsville House was carried. I need not, for the purpose of this article, pursue this branch of the subject further.

Some days after the battle of Chancellorsville I was informed that General Ramseur, in his official report of the battle, stated that he had passed over the Stonewall brigade; I immediately called on Colnel Funk, Fifth Virginia infantry, senior Colonel of the brigade, and in temporary command, General Paxton being dead, and informed him of General Ramseur's report and suggested that he at once call on General Ramseur and try to get his report corrected, so far as it related to the "Stonewall Brigade." He promised me to do so. With that I was content. I gave the matter no further thought, feeling satisfied that full justice would be done.

To my utter astonishment, near twelve months afterwards, I learned that Colonel Funk had never called on General Ramseur, and no correction of his report had been made. I immediately procured from the officers of my regiment, who were in the engagement, and then with the regiment, the following certificates, a copy of which, in my own handwriting, is now in my possession, the original was forwarded to General Ramseur:

"FOURTH VIRGINIA INFANTRY, May 3d, 1864.

"We, the undersigned, officers of the Fourth Virginia infantry, 'Stonewall Brigade,' do certify that we were engaged in the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3d, 1863, and that no troops passed through or over this regiment, and especially do we deny that any troops passed over us near the breastworks; some troops may have passed, moving by the flank, while the 'Stonewall Brigade' was moving by the flank from the left to the right of the plank road.

"(Signed): John E. Roberts, Captain, Company F, Fourth Virginia infantry; George M. Hanson, Lieutenant, Company A, Fourth Virginia infantry; B. D. Fretton, Lieutenant, Company A, Fourth Virginia infantry; T. P. Campbell, Lieutenant, Company D, Fourth Virginia infantry; P. Hagan, Lieutenant, Company H, Fourth Virginia infantry; Thomas J. Kirk, Lieutenant, Company G, Fourth Virginia infantry; J. B. Caddell, Lieutenant, Company C, Fourth Virginia infantry; Jas P. Kelly, Lieutenant, Company C, Fourth Virginia infantry; Samuel H. Lyle, Lieutenant, Company I, Fourth Virginia infantry; John B. Jones, Lieutenant, Company I, Fourth Virginia infantry; S. S. Slusser, Lieutenant, Company L, Fourth Virginia infantry; H. I. Keister, Captain, Company L, Fourth Virginia infantry; Jas. N. Bosang, Captain, Company C, Fourth Virginia infantry; Wm. Wade, Adjutant, Fourth Virginia infantry; Joseph McMurran, Sergeant-Major, Fourth Virginia infantry."

"Early in the morning of the 3d May, 1863, the skirmishers of the 'Stonewall Brigade' were deployed some one hundred and fifty yards in the front of the brigade and about parallel with the breastworks on the right of the plank road. When the brigade moved by the flank to the right of the road, the line of skirmishers moved also to the right, many of them crossing the road, and remained there some time awaiting orders.

"HAMIL. D. WADE,
"*Captain Commanding Skirmishers.*"

I certify that the within are the only officers of the Fourth Virginia infantry who were in the battle of Chancellorsville, 3d May, 1863, who are now with the regiment, and that the facts stated by these officers (except the statement of Captain Wade, who was in command of the skirmishers, of which I have no personal knowledge, but whom I fully endorse as a gentleman of veracity) are true, and I further state that my colors at no time during the engagement

advanced without my regiment, nor was my regiment ordered forward at any time that it did not promptly respond.

May 3d, 1864.

WM. TERRY,
Colonel Fourth Virginia Infantry.

The above is a true copy of a paper forwarded to Brigadier-General Ramseur May 4th, 1864.

WM. TERRY,
Colonel Fourth Virginia Infantry.

Feeling deeply interested in this matter, I went to General Ramseur's headquarters. We talked it over. He told me that in riding along the breastworks, to the right of and near the plank road, he saw a line of battle lying behind the works, and a few steps in rear were men at about the intervals of skirmishers. He asked several of these men as he passed, to what command they belonged, and they replied, to the "Stonewall Brigade." General Ramseur very naturally concluded that the troops behind the works was the "Stonewall Brigade," and these, no doubt, were the troops that he subsequently passed over. I do not know to what command they belonged. There must be men living who can answer, should they ever see this article. I then explained to General Ramseur the position of our skirmishers in the morning and the orders that Captain Wade had. It was then perfectly apparent to General Ramseur that the men that he spoke to, standing at intervals, were some of the skirmishers of the "Stonewall Brigade," who had crossed from the left to the right of the plank road, and who had halted in rear of the troops behind the breastworks. General Ramseur expressed himself as perfectly satisfied that he had made a mistake and that he would correct his report.

This was on the 4th May, 1864, and the battle of the Wilderness commenced on the 5th. All who were engaged or took an interest in the movements of the army, will remember how active the campaign of 1864 was. Readers will remember General Grant's flank movement from the Rapidan to reach Richmond. After second Cold Harbor General Early was detached with his corps. He met Hunter in front of Lynchburg, and drove him back into West Virginia. Early then moved down the Valley; fought the battle of Monocacy and advanced even to the defences of Washington city. He then retired into Virginia, and over into the Valley. Many small affairs took place in the Valley between the armies of General Early and

General Sheridan. The armies were constantly in motion. I will not go into details of this service. Those who desire full and accurate information are referred to histories on the subject. Although in the same corps, it so happened that I did not meet General Ramseur from 4th May, 1864, until the evening of 18th October, 1864. At that time General Sheridan was on the left of Cedar creek, that empties into the Shenandoah a short distance below Strasburg. General Early, who was then at Fisher's Hill, determined to attack. Preparatory to the movement, all the general officers were summoned to headquarters on the evening of the 18th of October. After the business for which we had been summoned had been disposed of, I spoke to General Ramseur of his report of the battle of Chancellorsville, so far as it concerned the Stonewall brigade. At this time I was in command of it. He said the campaign had been so active since May that he had not been able to correct his report, but that he would certainly do so as soon as the exigencies of the service would permit. I never saw General Ramseur again. The battle of Cedar Creek was fought the next day, and General Ramseur was killed. Had he lived there would never have been any occasion for this article.

General Ramseur's papers may be in the hands of some person, if so they will do me a favor if they will try to find the original of the certificates that I have copied above in relation to the battle of Chancellorsville.

In writing this article I have but one object in view, viz: to vindicate the "Stonewall Brigade" against most unjust aspersion. And under the circumstances, without for a moment even suggesting an invidious comparison, I hope I may be permitted to say, that after four years of service with them, having seen many troops under fire, I never saw a braver, better body of men than the "Stonewall Brigade." I will not say more, I cannot say less.

This statement is submitted to the public.

In corroboration of the foregoing, the following extract is taken from the report of General Rodes of the battle of Chancellorsville. General Grimes's brigade was a part of Rodes's division:

"Ramseur, after vainly urging the troops in possession of the first line of entrenchments to move forward, obtained permission to pass them, and, dashing over the works, charged the second entrenched line in the most brilliant style. The struggle at this point was long and obstinate, but the charge on the left of the plank road at this time caused the enemy to give way on his left; and this, combined

with the unflinching determination of his men, carried the day and gave him possession of the works. Not being supported, he was exposed still to a galling fire from the right, with great danger of being flanked. Notwithstanding repeated efforts made by him and by myself in person, none of the troops in his rear would move up until the old Stonewall brigade arrived on the ground and gallantly advancing in conjunction with the Thirtieth North Carolina regiment, Colonel Parker, of Ramseur's brigade, which had been detached to support a battery, and was now on its return. Occupying the works on the right of Ramseur, and thus relieving him when his ammunition was expended, the Stonewall brigade pushed on and carried the Chancellorsville heights—making the third time that they were captured. They, in turn, were forced to fall back, but recaptured several of the prisoners and one of the flags taken from Colonel Hall."

Several Incidents of "Christ in the Camp."

BY J. WILLIAM JONES.

[We have been writing a series of papers on "Christ in the Camp; or, Religion in Lee's Army," which will soon be issued in book form, and which give a most important phase of the history of our grand old army. We cannot comply with requests received from several respected sources to put all these papers into this volume, but we give from them several incidents which may serve as specimens of the abundant material on hand for this interesting chapter of our history.]

On the night before the last day's battle at Second Manassas occurred one of the most touching episodes of which I heard. Colonel W. S. H. Baylor [I ought really to call him *General*, for Stonewall Jackson and R. E. Lee had both recommended his promotion, and his commission had actually been made out when news of his lamented death reached Richmond], one of the most widely known and loved young men in the State, was in command of the famous old "Stonewall Brigade," which had the year before won its name and immortal fame on these historic plains. Sending for his friend, Captain Hugh White—son of the venerable Dr. William S. White, of Lexington, Stonewall Jackson's old pastor, and himself a theological student—who commanded one of the companies in the brigade,

"Will" Baylor (as we used familiarly to call him) said to him: "I know the men are very much wearied out by the battle to-day, and that they need all of the rest they can get to fit them for the impending struggle of to-morrow. But I cannot consent that we shall sleep to-night until we have had a brief season of prayer to thank God for the victory and preservation of the day, and to beseech His protection and blessing during the continuance of this terrible conflict." Hugh White entered at once into the proposal, Rev. A. C. Hopkins (then chaplain of the Second Virginia Infantry, now pastor of the Presbyterian church at Charlestown, West Virginia, and one of those faithful chaplains who was always found at the post of duty even when it was the post of hardship or of danger) was found in the bivouac near by and gladly consented to lead the meeting. The men were quietly notified that there would be a prayer meeting at brigade headquarters as soon as they could assemble, and nearly the whole of this brigade and many from other brigades promptly gathered at the appointed spot. It was a tender, precious season of worship, there in line of battle and in full hearing of the enemy. Colonel Baylor entered into it with the burning zeal of the young convert—he had found Christ in the camp only a short time before—and Captain Hugh White, with the ripened experience of the Christian of long standing, and many of the participants realized, with Jacob of old, that the place was "none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven." In the great battle which followed the next day, when the Confederate line was pressing grandly forward and driving everything before it, Will Baylor, with the flag of the Stonewall brigade in his hands and the shout of victory on his lips, fell in the very forefront of the battle and gave his brave, noble, young life to the land and cause he loved so well and served so faithfully. Hard by and about the same moment Hugh White was shot down while bearing the flag of his own regiment and behaving with most conspicuous gallantry, and those two young men who mingled so lovingly in the prayer meeting of the night before had entered through the pearly gates, were walking golden streets, and were wearing fadeless crowns of victory—

> "That crown with peerless glories bright
> Which shall new lustre boast,
> When victors' wreaths and monarch's gems
> Shall blend in common dust."

Major Robert Stiles, of Richmond, in an address delivered in 1869

before the Male Orphan Asylum of Richmond, related an incident which I will not mar by condensing, but give in his own eloquent words :

"One of the batteries of our own battalion was composed chiefly of Irishmen from a Southern city—gallant fellows, but wild and reckless. The captaincy becoming vacant, a backwoods Georgia preacher named C. was sent to command them. The men, at first half amused, half insulted, soon learned to idolize as well as fear their preacher captain, who proved to be, all in all, such a man as one seldom sees, a combination of Praise-God Barebones and Sir Philip Sidney, with a dash of Hedley Vicars about him. He had all the stern grit of the Puritan, with much of the chivalry of the Cavalier, and the zeal of the Apostle. There was at this time but one other Christian in his battery, a gunner named Allan Moore, also a backwoods Georgian, and a noble, enthusiastic man and soldier. The only other living member of Moore's family was with him, a boy of not more than twelve or thirteen years, and the devotion of the elder brother to the younger was as tender as a mother's. The little fellow was a strange, sad, prematurely old child, who seldom talked and never smiled. He used to wear a red zouave fez that ill befitted that peculiar sallow, pallid complexion of the Piney-woods Georgian; but he was a perfect hero in a fight. 'Twas at Cold Harbor in '64. We had been all day shelling a working party of the enemy, and about sunset, as adjutant of the battalion, I was visiting the batteries, to arrange the guns for night-firing. As I approached C.'s position, the sharpshooting had almost ceased, and down the line I could see the figures of the cannoneers standing out boldly against the sky. Moore was at the trail, adjusting his piece for the night's work. His gunnery had been superb during the evening, and his blood was up. I descended into a little valley and lost sight of the group, but heard C.'s stern voice: 'Sit down, Moore, your gun is well enough; the sharpshooting isn't over yet. Get down.' I rose to the hill. 'One moment, Captain. My trail's a hair's breadth too much to the right;' and the gunner bent eagerly over the handspike. A sharp report—that unmistakable crash of the bullet against the skull, and all was over. 'Twas the last rifle shot on the lines that night The rushing together of the detachment obstructed my view; but as I came up, the sergeant stepped aside and said, 'Look there, Adjutant.' Moore had fallen over on the trail, the blood gushing from his wound all over his face. His little brother was at his side instantly. No wildness, no tumult of grief. He knelt on the earth, and lifting

Moore's head on to his knees, wiped the blood from his forehead with the cuff of his own tattered shirt sleeve, and kissed the pale face again and again, but very quietly. Moore was evidently dead, and none of us cared to disturb the child. Presently he rose—quiet still, tearless still—gazed down on his dead brother, then around at us, and breathing the saddest sigh I ever heard, said just these words: 'Well, I am alone in the world.' The preacher captain instantly sprang forward, and placing his hand on the poor boy's shoulder, said solemnly but cheerfully, 'No, my child, you are not alone, for the Bible says, 'when my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up,' and Allan was both father and mother to you: besides, I'm going take you up, too; you shall sleep under my blanket to-night.' There was not a dry eye in the group; and when, months afterwards, the whole battalion gathered on a quiet Sabbath evening, on the banks of the Appomattox, to witness a baptism, and C. at the water's edge tenderly handed this child to the officiating minister, and receiving him again when the ceremony was over, threw a blanket about the little shivering form, carried him into the bushes, changed his clothing, and then reappeared carrying the bundle of wet clothes, and he and the child walked away hand in hand to camp—then there were more tears, manly, noble, purifying tears; and I heard the sergeant say, 'Faith! the Captain has fulfilled his pledge to that boy.' My friends, hear the plea of the orphan: 'I am alone in the world.' How will you answer it? What will you do with it? Will you pass my noble Georgian's pledge to 'take him up?' Will you keep it as he kept it?"

We were blessed with a comparatively quiet Sabbath at Cold Harbor in June, 1864, and the chaplains generally availed themselves of the opportunity to hold frequent services. I preached four times that day to very large and deeply solemn congregations. The service at sundown was especially impressive. It was held on the very ground over which the grand charge of the Confederates was made on the memorable 27th of June, 1862, and was attended by an immense crowd. It was a beautiful Sabbath eve, and all nature seemed to invite to peace and repose. But the firing of the pickets in front, the long rows of stacked muskets, the tattered battle-flags which rippled in the evening breeze, and the very countenances of those stern veterans of an hundred battles, who now gathered to hear the Gospel of Peace on the very ground where, two years before, they had joyfully obeyed the order of their iron chief to "sweep the field with the bayonet"—all

told of past conflicts, betokening impending battle, and stirred the souls of preacher and hearer to an earnestness seldom attained. There were earnest faces and glistening tears, and when, at the close of the sermon, those desiring the prayers of God's people were invited to come forward, there were over two hundred who promptly responded, a number of whom professed faith in Christ before leaving the ground.

In that long line of nearly forty miles of entrenchments, extending from north and west of Richmond to Hatcher's Run and Five Forks, below Petersburg, the opportunities for preaching and other religious services were varied. Some parts of the line were subjected to almost constant fire from the enemy, and the men could never assemble outside of the "bomb proofs," but other parts were sufficiently distant from the enemy's lines to allow the men to assemble even outside of the trenches A large number of comfortable chapels were erected—more would have been built but for the scarcity of timber—and where the men could not assemble in crowds, there were precious seasons of prayer and praise and worship in the "bomb proofs."

Let me try to picture several scenes as specimens of our daily work along the Petersburg lines. One day I went to Wise's brigade, stationed in the trenches near the Appomattox, at a point where the lines of the enemy were so close that it was almost certain death to show your head above the parapet. As I went into the lines I saw what I frequently witnessed. An immense mortar shell [the men used to call them "lamp-posts"] would fly overhead, and some ragged "gray jacket" would exclaim, "That is my shell! that is my shell!" and would scarcely wait for the smoke from its explosion to clear away before rushing forward to gather the scattered fragments, which he would sell to the Ordnance officer for a few cents a pound (Confederate money) to help eke out his scant rations. Entering the trenches I soon joined my gallant friend, Major John R. Bagby, of the Thirty-fourth Virginia regiment, who accompanied me down the lines as we distributed tracts and religious newspapers, and talked with the men concerning the great salvation.

There was a good deal of picket firing going on at the time; the minnie balls would whistle by our ears, and (forgetful of Dr. Dabney's application of the doctrine of "Special Providence") I found myself constantly *dodging*, to the no small amusement of the men. At last we came to a man who was the fortunate possessor of a frying-pan, and the still more fortunate possessor of something to

fry in it. As we stood near, a minnie struck in the centre of his fire and threw ashes all around. He moved about as much as I should have done to avoid smoke, and went on with his culinary operations, coolly remarking: "Plague take them fellows. I 'spect they'll spile my grease yet before they stop their foolishness." Soon after the Major looked at his watch and proposed that we should go into one of the "bomb-proofs" and join in the noonday prayer-meeting. I am afraid that some other feeling besides a devotional spirit prompted me to acquiesce at once. But when we went in we found the large bomb proof filled with devout worshippers, and it proved one of the most tender, precious meetings I ever attended. If I mistake not, Rev. John W. Ryland (then orderly sergeant of the King and Queen company) led the singing, and they sang, with tender pathos that touched every heart, some of those old songs which dear old "Uncle Sam. Ryland" used to sing, and which were fragrant with hallowed memories of "Bruington." [I wonder if "Uncle Sam." is not now singing, with Richard Hugh Bagby and other loved ones, some of those same old songs, for surely they were sweet enough for even the heavenly choir.]

I might write columns about those services in the trenches, but I can find space now for only one other incident. In the summer of 1864 I preached a good deal in Wright's Georgia brigade, where we had a precious revival, and a large number of professions of conversion. The brigade was stationed at a point where the opposing lines were some distance apart, and I used to stand on a plat of grass in front of the trenches, while the men would gather close around me, or sit on the parapet before me. One night, with a full moon shedding its light upon us, we had an unusually large congregation and a service of more than ordinary interest and power. A large number came forward for prayer; there were a number of professions of faith in Christ, and at the close of the service I received nine for baptism, and had just announced that I would administer the ordinance in a pond near by at 9 o'clock the next morning, when the "long roll" beat, the brigade formed at once, and in a few minutes were on the march to one of the series of bloody battles which we had that summer. Several days later the brigade returned to its quarters, and I went back to resume my meetings and look up my candidates for baptism. I found, alas! that out of the nine received three had been killed, two were wounded, and one was a prisoner, so that there were only three left for me to baptize.

Letters and Times of the Tylers.

A REVIEW, BY JUDGE WM. ARCHER COCKE, FLORIDA.

The above work by Lyon G. Tyler, son of John Tyler, President of the United States, is in two large volumes. As the title imports, it is biographic and historic, embracing the philosophic bearing of those political questions which were prominent in the constitutional and practical administration of State and Federal government.

The two distinguished men forming the subject of the work, father and son, were of the State of Virginia. The name is historic in England, as in America; the American branch claiming descent from the celebrated Wat Tyler. Biographically the work begins with John Tyler, Judge of the United States District Court of Virginia, the father of the President. The position occupied by the colony, and subsequently State of Virginia, in the early and revolutionary history of the country, is not only national, but forms a beautiful picture in that political philosophy which adorns our constitutional forms and principles of government, and should address itself to the admiration of the enlightened patriot of every country of this age, as it excited and propelled the minds and hearts of those who acted in establishing those principles of constitutional and moral freedom which now blesses the subsequent generations basking under their mild and soft, yet strong and brilliant rays.

Judge Tyler was elected Governor of Virginia in the year 1808. He was three times elected to that office, and subsequently appointed, after his resignation as governor, Judge of the United States District Court, under a commission from President Madison. This was the second appointment he had received to the Federal Bench, which he retained until his death.

The selection of letters, judiciously made by the careful writer of the work under consideration, between Judge Tyler and Presidents Madison and Jefferson, forms a very interesting personal, biographic, and political feature of the work, and illustrates the combination of those elements in the literature, as well as the philosophy of the times, and its history. Judge Tyler not only enjoyed the friendship of such men as Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, and Roane, but was very much admired by them, not only for his high order of talent, but for those exalted moral qualities which constitute the great necessary virtues which render public men truly useful in official

life, and without which there is no greatness that can be of much value to a community, or nation. Talent is oftener a curse than a blessing, either individually or officially. Without the benefits resulting from pure Christianity with its moral power raising the man to his proper position and influence, for morality, in its highest tones, is and always will be, the true basis, as well as the light and life of national happiness and permanent success. This makes high-toned honor and incorruptible virtue a *sine qua non* in official station.

"The most important public measures connected with the memory of Judge Tyler were the *resolution*, whose passage through the Legislature he secured in 1786, convoking an assembly of the States at Annapolis for the purpose of amending the articles of confederation—that assembly being the immediate precursor of that which met at Philadelphia in 1787 and framed the Federal Constitution; the *Literary Fund*, which was established on the recommendations of his message in 1809; and the *revision of the laws*, which he supported as speaker of the House of Delegates and as Governor of the State with the ardor of a reformer."

The Legislature of Virginia passed a highly complimentary resolution on Judge Tyler's character. An obituary written on his death, by Judge Spencer Roane—who ranked with Pendleton and Marshall as one of the first jurists of the nation—gives expression to a tone of moral life that should pervade official station, and is worthy of record in the philosophic literature of the age, and should be a national motto for every period. He remarks in reference to Judge Tyler's character: "It is less a tribute of justice to the memory of the deceased than an act of utility to the public to hold up the mirror of his virtues. The present and future generations have a deep interest in the subject, and thousands of useful men and virtuous patriots yet unborn may be formed upon the model of his example." The example of incorruptible virtue in public men should ever be held up as a mirror to the rising generation and the polar star for official duty to every public officer.

The work continues with the times and biographical sketches and political history of the State of Virginia and national politics, and brings to the attention of the reader John Tyler, the son of the Judge and future President of the United States.

John Tyler was born in 1790; graduated at William and Mary College in 1807; in 1809 was admitted to the bar; two years later was elected a member of the Legislature, and re-elected for five suc-

cessive years. His career along the pathway of an honorable distinction was rapid. In 1816 he was elected to Congress, and was twice re-elected. Ill health induced him to resign before the expiration of his term. In 1823 and the two following years he was elected a member of the Legislature, and in 1825 was chosen Governor of the State by the Legislature. The next session he was re-elected unanimously, by the Legislature, Governor.

Tyler was a cultivated man with a refined taste in literature. On the death of Thomas Jefferson he was requested to deliver, in Richmond, Virginia, a funeral oration, which he did on the 11th of July, 1826. It is a beautiful eulogy, and will compare favorably, in literary style and in pure sentiments and sound political philosophy, with any of the very many pronounced on the life and services of the distinguished statesman, Thomas Jefferson.

His official life was almost continuous. In March, 1827, he succeeded John Randolph as United States Senator, having been elected over Mr. Randolph by a decided vote. In 1833 Tyler was re elected.

The writer of the work now under consideration presents a very accurate and interesting history of the rupture of the great Republican party of the Jeffersonian school, which, in 1824, had been split in many factions, but which, at this period, was combining under what was known as the Democratic and National Republicans. Tyler was opposed to the United States Bank policy, to internal improvement by the General Government, and to the protective tariff policy. In the Jeffersonian application of Democrat, Tyler was a Democrat; but when the Whig party took its rise, Tyler co-operated with them, and was never, in the Jackson sense, a Democrat, but a decided Whig.

The history of the rise of the Whig party, occasioned by the violent Federal measures and principles of the Jackson Democratic party, which was in no sense Democratic, is very fairly presented by the writer of the "Letters and Times of the Two Tylers." It was characterized by the exhibition of the talent of such men as Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Tyler, Leigh, Archer, Badger, Berrien, Preston, White, Prentice, Reverdy Johnson, and many others, determined to resist the violent measures of Andrew Jackson as President of the United States. We will not enter into a discussion of the many points on which the Whig party acted. It is known, historically, how Federal the so called Democratic party of the Jackson school became, and, in truth, the Whigs were more Democratic than the professed Democrats. It was under that influence that Mr. Webster

said the Whigs had, in England, been a party opposed to power, and asked, in one of his speeches against the Jackson party, what shall we call ourselves? We are Whigs; and it was on the floor of the Senate that he gave the name *Whig* to what was truly the American Democratic party. This is history, and it is well treated in biographical notices and on philosophic principles as history, free from mere political bias, by the writer of the work under consideration.

Tyler had approved the choice of Adams in preference to Jackson, by the House of Representatives, but perceiving in the very first message of Adams "an almost total disregard of the federative principle," he took steps in the Senate with the opposition to Adams, which was composed of the followers of Jackson, Crawford, and Calhoun. He made, during the debate on Clay's tariff resolutions in 1831-'32, a three days' speech, of much force, against a tariff for protection, yet he advocated a tariff for revenue, with incidental protection.

"He voted against the tariff of 1832, and sympathized deeply with the sufferings of South Carolina, but did not approve either the expediency or the principle of nullification; condemning also, in even severer terms, the principles enunciated in the celebrated proclamation of President Jackson, which attacked, not alone nullification, but also the right of secession and the sovereignty of the States. Mr. Tyler's vote was the only one cast against the 'Force Bill' on its final passage, and he was mainly instrumental in securing the passage of the Compromise Tariff of 1833, whose principle he suggested to Mr. Clay, its patron."

In 1833 '34 he sustained Clay's resolutions of censure upon President Jackson for the removal of the deposits, which he thought an unwarrantable exercise of power, though he considered the bank unconstitutional.

In relation to the famous expunging resolution, introduced by Mr. Benton into the Senate, to relieve President Jackson of a just censure, passed on him some years before, Mr. Tyler—receiving instructions from resolutions adopted by the Virginia Legislature, to vote for those resolutions—resigned his seat and returned home. Mr. Tyler may be considered a firm and decided Whig. In 1836, as a Whig candidate for the Vice-Presidency, he obtained the votes of Maryland, Georgia, South Carolina, and Tennessee. In 1838 he was a member of the Legislature from James City county, and fully co-operated with the Whig party.

In relation to the Whig party, in its position to the second term of

Jackson and the opposition to the election of Martin Van Buren, Calhoun truly remarked: "It is also true that a common party designation (Whig) was applied to the opposition in the aggregate. But it is no less true that it was universally known that it consisted of two distinct parties, dissimilar in principle and policy, except in relation to the object for which they had united the National Republican party and the portion of the State Rights' party, which had separated from the Administration on the ground that it had departed from the true principle of the original party." This reflects in several instances the views expressed above in this sketch, and will sustain us in views subsequently to be taken in relation to the elements composing the Whig party in its organization and action during the Van Buren administration.

In May, 1835, Van Buren was unanimously nominated by the Democratic National Convention for President, and was inaugurated March 4th, 1837. The country, for some years a prey to the most violent pecuniary embarrassments, was now involved in a crisis of unprecedented severity; commerce and manufactures were prostrate. The President called an extra session to meet in September, 1837. This extra session "witnessed," to quote the language of our writer, "the *debut* in Van Buren's message of the new system of finance," Vol. I, page 584. It also witnessed, as he observes, a split in the ranks of the Democratic party. This faction called themselves conservatives, among which were some men of great virtue and ability—Rives, Tallmadge and Legree being of that party. But what is also remarkable Calhoun, Tazewell, Gordon, Troup and many others of the Whig party, who had been bitter opponents of the Jackson measures, co-operated with the Democrats on the specie platform of the sub-treasury. We will not trace out at this time the history of the sub-treasury. It was a scheme used as a substitute for a national bank, and its very existence depended upon and practiced daily all of the essential features of banking, except lending money on good security.

In the Whig National Convention, on December 4th, 1839, Harrison was nominated for the Presidency and Tyler for Vice-President. Van Buren, as the representative of the Democratic party, was nominated without opposition by a national convention of May 5th, 1840.

The contest between Harrison and Van Buren was conducted with more absorbing interest and public excitement than ever before exhibited in the United States in any political canvass. The financial distress which had overshadowed the country during Van Buren's

administration, with charges of official corruption and defalcations of public officers, were alleged with force and truth by the orators and press of the Whig party—much glory and mere party excitement in the log-cabin songs and processions which may, and doubtless did, excite the illiterate and ignorant voter—yet there were sufficient valid political reasons to sustain the citizens in the overwhelming triumph that wafted Harrison and Tyler into office with a strong Congressional delegation to sustain them. Van Buren received only sixty electoral votes, while Harrison had two hundred and thirty-four.

The death of Harrison occurring one month after inauguration, the administration devolved on Tyler, who became President. The Administration was very much perplexed by a dissent in the party on the bank question. The writer of the work under consideration does not enter into the history of this administration with much fullness or minutiæ.* The details of it are sufficiently known, however, and the work is devoted, in this particular, chiefly to the party quarrel with the President on the bank question, and the true position he occupied on it. The compiler of the Letters and Times of the Tylers considers the Whig party guilty of great duplicity on the bank question, and accuses Clay of apostacy. We think it clear that President Tyler acted consistently with his uniform views on the bank question, and did not violate any principle set forth in his message of June 1, 1841. It was, however, thought by the Whig members that the President would sign a bank bill, drawn as it was attempted in conformity to this message, in consequence of this belief. Ewing sent in a bill for the incorporation of the "Fiscal Bank of the United States." The bill of Ewing finally passed Congress with a slight alteration concerning branch banks.† It was sent to the President, by whom it was returned with a veto declaring the act unconstitutional, and stated the points on which he so held. This occasioned great excitement. It was, however, on this veto message that another bill was prepared with a view and desire,

*I do not know what Judge Cocke means by lack of "details." I was afraid I had gone too much into them. The Bank Question takes 180 pages and the other questions—the *Exchequer*, the Loan Bill, Bankrupt Bill, etc., are treated at much length in chapter V.—AUTHOR.

†The bill that passed Congress, which Judge Cocke describes as "slightly" altered from that of Ewing, walked right over the *constitutional difficulty*. If the difference was only "slight," why did not Mr. Clay accept Ewing's bill as it stood? The President implored him to do so. Volume II, page —. The fight turned wholly on the branch banks and Mr. Archer's time.

as alleged, to meet the objections of the first bill and to conform to the opinion of the President. It is said it was privately submitted to him *and approved by him and his Cabinet*, "but it is clear from the evidence that the President never at any time gave his consent to any particular form of bill, and tried all in his power to get the bill, when introduced in the House, conformed to his view of the subject. Yet every amendment looking to the consent of the States was voted down by the Whigs."

Soon after this, the Cabinet, with the exception of Webster, resigned. The second veto message of the bank bill explained the reasons actuating the President for the course taken, but it was unsatisfactory to a large portion of the Whig party. The members of the Cabinet resigning their seats were Ewing, Bell, Badger, Granger and Crittenden. They reflected severely on the President. Granger's letter was not published, but it was understood that he agreed with the other members who had resigned. Webster did not sustain the President, yet he expressed no censure at his course, and in his letter to the *National Intelligencer* said he saw no reason for a dissolution of the Cabinet, and had confidence in the hope that the President would co-operate with the Legislature in overcoming all difficulties in obtaining a bank bill that would not be objectionable. We refer to the letter of Webster in the *National Intelligencer* of September 13, 1840. The President, in his second veto, was sustained by some of the first statesmen of the day, among whom may be mentioned Rives and Wise of Virginia.

The compiler of the work under consideration presents in the second volume a full history of this question, with a statement from the President of the reasons sustaining his course We think the President not only acted in strict honor on this great occasion, but was consistent; and yet, while we do not agree with many leading statesmen of that day in denouncing the President, we also differ from the writer in attaching duplicity to the leading members of the Whig party, or apostacy to Clay in his connection with the bank bills. The men on each side of this excited contest were of an honor and integrity that would never have stooped to anything reflective on their character. The cordial union of Webster and the President, and the Cabinet he appointed, consisting of Forward, McLean, Upshur, Wickliff, Legare, Gilmer, Calhoun and Mason, is strong proof of his honor and integrity, and we are pleased to think that John Tyler, President of the United States, outlived every slander and abuse uttered against his name and character, and that the voice of those

by whom he was well known to the day of his death, and the historic page, alike concur in one belief of his untouched honor. The statement of the President, published in the work before us, which was, however, well known in the history of the bank question, is in every respect satisfactory. Vol. II, pages 66, 98.

An excited contest arose on the tariff bills [the two first tariff bills had the protective land distribution clause] sent to the President; two had been vetoed on his known constitutional objections to protection under such laws, yet a third bill was passed by Congress, which, notwithstanding its protective features, was signed by the President. The history of this bill is peculiar and interesting, to which reference is made, Volume II, pages 180–1. The President signing it under the conviction that protection was, under it, only incidental, it was, however, a *protective* bill.*

The most brilliant event of Tyler's administration, it may be said, of any event since the war of 1812, was the annexation of Texas. Tyler acted with great wisdom and skill, and deserves great credit for the success that attended his efforts. The event belongs to American history, above and beyond the application or touch of politics, as a gem in American statesmanship that will retain its brilliancy on the historic page as long as American history is read. The work we are noticing gives due praise to Tyler, but does not go *minutely*† into the history of annexation; indeed, it would take many pages to do it justice, yet, as far as the writer goes, he is fair, just and accurate. We cannot go into the history of the event, and the many interesting circumstances attending annexation. It is part of our public history, and should be read carefully by every one interested in American statesmanship. Bitter war had existed between Mexico and Texas. Negotiations were pending between Santa Anna and General Houston for an armistice, when President Tyler made proposals to the President of Texas for annexation to the United States. The proposition was favorably received, a treaty was signed by the Texan commissioners and Mr. Calhoun, Secretary of State, April 12th, 1844; in June of the same year it was submitted to the Senate

* The title of the bill declared it for "revenue," and the President had no authority to look behind the title and pass upon its protective features. That power belonged exclusively to the Legislature. Hon. John Randolph Tucker told me two years ago that the Democrats in Congress would gladly agree to get back to the tariff of 1842.—THE AUTHOR.

† My account is the longest, the fullest and most minute account that has ever been given of this subject of annexation.—L. G. T.

of the United States, and rejected. This proceeding occasioned the ill will of Mexico, and met with great disapproval from France and England, they being opposed, without any right or reason, to the United States extending its territory over Texas. Public opinion in the United States was divided on the subject, some of our most eminent men opposing annexation because it might involve us in war with Mexico, and others because it was unconstitutional.

After much debate, and different plans were discussed in Congress in relation to this important measure, involving many questions of constitutional and national law, it was brought to a successful termination. *Joint Resolutions*—a most significant term, which, from being a political phrase, became an expression of dignity in our constitutional history—were introduced for the annexation of Texas. After much debate they passed the House of Representatives, January 25th, 1845, by a vote of 120 to 98. In the Senate, after a month's delay and opposition, they passed by a vote of 27 to 25, with an amendment, which was concurred in by the House the next day by a vote of 132 to 76. It is due to history, and the statesmanship of President Tyler, to observe that the joint resolutions, on his suggestion, were introduced into the House by J. L. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, and George McDuffie, of South Carolina, in the Senate. Thus it is shown, as appears also by the vote in each House, that it was based on a statesmanship above sectional or party considerations.

President Tyler approved these resolutions for annexation on March 1, 1845, three days before his term of office expired, thus concluding his administration, in what Thomas Ritchie, editor of the *Enquirer*, expresses as a "blaze of glory." In the entire history of the annexation question, the proceedings present John C. Calhoun, whose fame requires no praise wherever his name is known, as one of the most prominent statesmen connected with successful termination and triumphant progress amidst the opposition of able men of both parties and different sections.

Among other great questions settled by the Tyler administration may be mentioned the Northeastern boundary question by treaty with Great Britain, Webster being Secretary of State, and while Mr. Tyler did not secure the confidence of either party sufficient to obtain a re-election, his administration was marked by honesty, ability, and brilliant success, that will ever make it a model in American history. The foreign relations, alike with the home affairs, were conducted with marked ability and success.

The work of Lyon G. Tyler very properly belongs to an elevated branch of literature, embracing the science of government in its con-

stitutional, diplomatic and practical administration. Such subjects address themselves to the highest order of our intelligent and cultivated citizens. The work also presents a very beautiful feature of American literature in the elegant and eloquent addresses delivered by President Tyler; and also a very interesting feature, on which our literature will ever smile and brighten, is the many very tender, yet tastefully written family letters, which attract our attention as in every respect delicately illustrating the social refinement in which a cultivated literature may well delight.

The work continues its historical and biographic account of the events occurring during the life of President Tyler, embracing his connection with the action of the State of Virginia in her effort to avoid the late war against the Federal government, "his course in the Provisional Congress of the Confederate States, to which he was unanimously elected," and his election to the permanent Congress, of which he was a member, but in which he never occupied a seat; he died before it ever assembled. Though he had been the subject of severe party temper during his Presidential term, it is due to history to say he outlived every unkind feeling ever expressed against him, and when overtaken by death, the unanimous voice of praise and affection from the press and public bodies, and distinguished men with whom he had served, united in one brilliant stream of admiration for nearly a lifetime of official service, and deep regret at the loss of one so capable and so spotless in the discharge of every duty. "Mr. Tyler was never a sectionalist. His views were broad and far-reaching, and the State rights that he advocated meant the equal rights of all the States. On the slavery question he occupied the old Virginia position. Slavery was a great political evil, but it was one that required time for its obliteration. When the agitation ensued in Virginia, on Nat. Turner's rebellion, he introduced a bill in the United States Congress to abolish the slave trade in the District, and in 1857, when the immediate abolition programme of the North had driven many of the Southern people to advocating slavery as a blessing, he wrote a public letter denouncing the attempt of the Southern Convention at Knoxville of Southern fire-eaters to reopen the slave trade."

We differ with the author of this work in his views of some men of great distinction, to whom frequent allusion is made, as well as to the spirit of the Whig party under which they acted, and also as to the motives attributed to Henry Clay and some of his political associates and allies. It is a work of ability and refined literary taste,

written in a high and pure sense of justice, and deserves a conspicuous place in Southern and we also think in our national literature, for many of the leading events which distinguished the active career of John Tyler were national, and have become entwined in the historic literature of our people and age, and were above sectional or party considerations or influence.

It is a very beautiful and excellent feature in the history of the highest official stations in the United States—not excepting that of President—that they have been graced by men, not only of exalted talent, but of very extensive learning, scholarship and literary acquirements and taste, manifested in writings that have become embodied in the history of the country. This may be said of Adams, father and son, each President of the United States; of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, distinguished for their writings, and also of Buchanan and Tyler. The same is true of cabinet officers from Hamilton, of Washington's administration, down through many administrations, embracing such learned authors and men distinguished in literature and science as are rarely found connected with official station. Among them may be found Rodney, Gallatin, Wirt, Calhoun, Rush, Kendall, Woodbury, Poinsett, Paulding, Webster, Legare, Walker, Bancroft, Marcy.

It is also a striking truth that each branch of our national Congress has been elevated by many members distinguished for science, literature and authorship. With the United States there is in learning and science—and all the beautiful accomplishments of literature, as in the constitutional forms of government—a true republicanism that admits to favor the deserving and meritorious of all classes, and this constitutes its national nobility reflective of virtue, learning and cultivated talent. In most of the European governments we have seen at different periods some genius incarnate itself in a man. France has had its Richelieu, its Voltaire, its Napoleon, and so has other countries; and, for the time being, these incarnated geniuses made all other talent gravitate to it as controlling even the very current of national thought. Happily such is not the case in the United States. Here every grade of learning and talent has its powers, unimpaired by social or public stamp, and rises and develops its light and strength in any department to which it can truly and justly apply itself. True genius and cultivated talent—with virtue and moral principle ever incorruptible—can, like the rising sun, seek and obtain their own latitude until they reach their meridian with ever increasing light, force, purity, and beauty.

General George Burgwyn Anderson—The Memorial Address of Hon. A. M. Waddell, May 11, 1885.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Twelve centuries and a half ago, when the Kentish Queen, accompanied by Paulinus, went into Northumbria to convert King Eadwine to Christianity, and when the wise men of that kingdom were assembled to consider the new faith thus offered to them, an aged Ealdorman, rising and addressing his sovereign, in a burst of poetic inspiration, exclaimed: "So seems the life of man, O King, as a sparrow's flight through the hall when you are sitting at meat in winter-tide, with the warm fire lighted on the hearth, but the icy rain-storm without. The sparrow flies in at one door, and tarries for a moment in the light and heat of the hearth-fire, and then, flying forth from the other, vanishes into the wintry darkness whence it came. So tarries for a moment the life of man in our sight; but what is before it, what after it, we know not. If this new teaching tells us aught certainly of these let us follow it." They did follow it, and then dawned upon our ancestors, though dimly, the first faint rays of the sun of civilization, whose noonday beams now glorify the earth. And yet, to this hour, as from the beginning, the mystery of life and death remains, profound and impenetrable even to the piercing eye of Faith. We know, although we seldom ponder the wondrous truth, that all the living inhabitants of the world are absolutely insignificant in numbers when compared with the countless myriads of those who have preceded and those who will follow us, and that, therefore, the individual man is but the most infinitesimal molecule in the universe of God; but the "new teaching" which King Eadwine heard soothes and sustains us with the belief that just as at the hour when the daylight dies and darkness overshadows one part of our globe, the splendors of the noon break upon the opposite hemisphere—so when our brief term of life ends here we emerge into the effulgence of an eternal day. That term, as said the aged Ealdorman, is but a sparrow's flight through a banquet hall, but beyond the portal, instead of wintry darkness, dwells the light. As the first of American poets has beautifully said:

> "There is no death; what seems so is transition:
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life elysian
> Whose portal we call Death."

Still many of us draw near the portal with fear and trembling, as

if the words of Gray's elegy were to be literally fulfilled and we were to be—

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid."

Base thought! degrading superstition! which dishonors the mind and heart that harbor it, and which is equally at war with every analogy that can be drawn from nature and every precept of the Divine Law. So far from being true, the doctrine that death is only another name for annihilation is but a dreadful nightmare, a torturing dream of the impossible, the very capacity to conceive which is evidence of the immortality of the soul.

No, they still live who die, and we who are only a little later in going to our rest—for "our little life is rounded with a sleep"—will meet them again in the morning. Else what purpose is to be served by commemorating them and recalling their virtues or their services in the cause of truth, country or humanity? "What profiteth us if the dead rise not?"

When you resolved that each of your future memorial addresses should be devoted to the life and services of some one distinguished North Carolina soldier of the late war, I hailed your action as a wise departure from the established custom, and as a work which would result in the accumulation of a series of biographical sketches which must prove valuable as a contribution to the war history of the State.

I am here to-day, in compliance with your invitation, to attempt to pay a tribute to the memory of as noble a gentleman, as knightly a soldier, as true a man, and as devoted a son of North Carolina as any who ever lived. And I esteem myself fortunate in that I may best perform this duty by a simple recital of the leading events of his life.

I do not know how others who had a similar duty to perform have felt while discharging it, but I have never been able on such occasions to divest myself of the thought that the subject of my discourse, if not in some sense present, was in some way conscious of the event, and this feeling has a saddening effect, suggesting as it does how pitiful the language of eulogy must sound to one who has put off the burden of the flesh, and from beyond the veil smiles mournfully at the vanity of human ambition. Nothing would be less acceptable, hardly anything would be more offensive, to him of whom I am about to speak, if conscious of my words, than such an offering on this occasion; and knowing this I shall best evidence my respect for his memory by uttering only the language of soberness and truth. He, doubtless, had in common with every human being not utterly

ignoble, the one universal ambition—the desire to be remembered after death. Dead even during life is the man in whom it has ceased to exist as an incentive to high achievement. Perishing, too, is that Commonwealth in which the people no longer care to preserve and perpetuate the memory of those who have served it with distinction and passed from earth. But no one whom I ever knew would have been less willing to enjoy unmerited honors in life or after death—for no one disdained shame and falsehood more than he. Truth and manliness were his distinguishing characteristics, and to them in whomsoever found he was ever ready to do reverence.

Near the town of Hillsboro', in the county of Orange, which has been the residence of as many, if not more, distinguished citizens than any county in the State, George Burgwyn Anderson was born on the 12th day of April, in the year 1831, and was the oldest son of the late William E. Anderson, Esq., and his wife, Eliza Burgwyn. In his early years he exhibited the intellectual and moral traits which, in their full development, adorned his manhood, and attracted the admiration, and commanded the respect of all who knew him. A better illustration of the adage, that the child is often father to the man, than his case furnished, is seldom to be found. Gentle and modest in disposition, respectful and obedient to authority, he was at the same time lively and spirited among his companions, but always studious and attentive to his duties, scrupulously honorable, strictly conscientious, and absolutely fearless in the maintenance of what he believed to be true and right. These qualities, in combination with intellectual gifts of a superior order, gave him a precedence among his schoolmates, which he afterwards sustained at college and at West Point, so long as he cared to do so. While at the State University he divided the first honors of his class with three others, and received the unqualified commendation of all his professors, including the distinguished president. In the year 1848, when seventeen years old, he received—what he ardently aspired to—a cadetship at the Military Academy, and going to West Point he was very soon recognized as a youth of uncommon promise, and—as one of his classmates, who afterwards became a distinguished general in the United States army testified—was "not only one of the brightest intellects, but the very superior mind of his class." At the first examination, six months after he entered, his number was two in a class of ninety-four members, but his taste for literature, and his desire to be a generally well informed man of the world, tempered his ambition to excel in a knowledge of the text-books; and as he devoted much of his time to general reading, and

a liberal share of it to pleasant society, his number, when he graduated in 1852, was nine; but this was in a class of forty-one graduates, and was therefore a high standing, and entitled him to select the arm of the service which he preferred. He selected the Dragoons, and rendered his first service at the cavalry school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where he remained for six months, at the expiration of which time he was detailed to assist Lieutenant Parke, of the engineers, in surveying a route for a railroad in California. When this duty was completed, he was ordered to his regiment, the Second Dragoons, then stationed at Fort Chadbourne, Texas, and there was associated with a group of officers who afterwards became distinguished generals on both sides in the war between the States. Having been promoted to a first lieutenancy, and the regiment having been ordered, in the fall of 1855, to Fort Riley, Kansas, he commanded his company in the march across the plains to the latter fort from Fort Chadbourne. While stationed at Fort Riley, in the spring of 1856, the Kansas prelude to the great tragedy, in which he was destined to lose his life, began to stir the passions of the people of both sections of the country, and he had an opportunity of seeing and reflecting upon the inevitable tendency of events, as illustrated by the career of a notorious horse-thief and murderer, who was afterwards canonized as a sainted hero and martyr. It is natural to suppose that the experience thus acquired was not without its effect upon one who was of an ardent temperament, anxiously observant of the drift of public affairs, and intensely Southern in his feelings.

About this time another saint in Utah was also engaged in defying the laws (as his successors still are), and an expedition under the command of Albert Sidney Johnston was sent to that Territory to vindicate the supremacy of the Federal authority and the rights of civilization and decency. The Second Dragoons was a part of the force detailed for this service, and Lieutenant Anderson served on the expedition as adjutant of the regiment. Remaining there until the fall of 1859, he was detached and sent to Kentucky, where, on the 8th of November of that year, he was united in marriage to Miss Mildred Ewing, of Louisville, and was soon thereafter stationed in that city as a recruiting officer. There he remained—in the enjoyment of what were, doubtless, the happiest days of his life—until the demon of civil war stamped his foot for the first time in our land in April, 1861, when, knowing full well what that meant and how dire would be the need of North Carolina for all her true sons, and especially those with military knowledge and experience, he immediately

resigned his commission in the United States army, and, promptly returning to his native State, tendered his sword in her defence, being the first of her sons then in that army to perform that act of filial devotion. That sword was already consecrated by the blood of a brilliant young officer, who had drawn his first breath on the banks of the Cape Fear and had yielded his last in a desperate charge at Pueblo de Taos in Mexico—his brave and accomplished uncle, Captain John Henry King Burgwyn, who, on that fatal field, ended a career which, by the common consent of his superiors, would, if not untimely closed, have placed him at the head of his profession. Like his gallant and gifted nephew, that heroic son of North Carolina found his last resting place in the soil he loved so well, for although the victim of

"A petty fortress and a dubious hand"

in a foreign land, more than one thousand miles from the western-most border of his native State, his mortal remains—under the protecting care of a paternal love, like that of the historic Ormond, who "preferred his dead son to all the living sons in Christendom"—were brought back to North Carolina and now lie beneath a memorial shaft at Wilmington. He was of a good and ancient lineage, and, dying as he had lived, a brave and chivalric gentleman, bequeathed to his family with his stainless sword a spotless name.

When George Anderson became an officer in the army in which his uncle had served, he buckled on that sword, and when the trying hour which separated him from that service came, with fervent love and that inexorable sense of honor and duty which was the all controlling motive of his whole life, he turned to North Carolina and reverently laid it at her feet. It was an offering gladly accepted, and he was immediately commissioned Colonel of the Fourth regiment. There was an eagerness among the companies already organized to get under his command, and, therefore, some of the officers without commands who had been assigned to him (of whom I was one) were displaced, and, perhaps, fortunately for them, the regiment was soon completed and took its departure from Raleigh.

Not having seen George Anderson since he was a school-boy, and never seeing him afterwards, the recollection of his appearance at that time is very distinct to me. I can see him now as he greeted me that May morning in 1861, when I reported to him here in Raleigh—a splendid specimen of vigorous manhood; tall, erect, brown-bearded, deep-chested, round-limbed, with a musical voice and a smile as gen-

tle and winning as ever beamed from a human face. Indeed, that smile can never be forgotten by any one who enjoyed his friendship. It was that indescribable illumination of the countenance by which the tenderness of a brave soul reveals itself and captivates the beholder—the benevolent, frank, gladsome smile which marks a lovable nature. And surely if any man ever possessed such a nature—a soft, gentle, refined, winning, and almost womanly spirit—it was he. Yet not Richard of England, nor Arnold Winkelried could look more unquailing in the face of death.

Completing its organization and equipment at Garysburg, his regiment proceeded to Manassas, but not in time for the battle of the 21st of July. Colonel Anderson was soon afterwards made commandant of the post there and superintended the construction of the defensive works in the vicinity. The best possible evidence of the extraordinary esteem in which, even at this early period of his career, he was held by his superior officers, is to be found in an incident related to me by Major John W. Dunham, who was then his adjutant-general. Major Dunham vouches for the truth of the statement and that the incident happened within his own personal knowledge at that time. It was this: that although only a colonel, Anderson was sent for by General Joseph E. Johnston, the general in command of that army, and was requested by him to give his opinion as to the movements of the army in view of the operations of the enemy. General Johnston then and frequently afterwards expressed great confidence in his judgment and skill. Colonel Anderson remained in command at Manassas until the place was evacuated in March, 1862, and while there, was, on several occasions earnestly recommended for promotion by his commanding officers, Generals D. H. Hill and Joseph E. Johnston, but this expected and well-merited distinction was not conferred on him, but was withheld until it was forced from the government by his splendid conduct at Seven Pines on the 31st of May, the first serious engagement in which he participated and in which he commanded a brigade.

The battle of Seven Pines was a bloody baptism for Colonel Anderson's regiment; indeed, it was almost unparalleled in its terrible destructiveness to that command, for of the twenty-seven officers fit for duty all except one were either killed or wounded, and of the five hundred and twenty men in the ranks, eighty-six were killed and three hundred and seventy-six were wounded, leaving only fifty-eight out of the five hundred and twenty unhurt—a record which is the best evidence of the perfect discipline and splendid courage exhibited

by that glorious regiment in its first hard fight with the enemy. During this engagement Colonel Anderson seized the flag of the Twenty-seventh Georgia regiment and dashed forward holding it aloft. His men seeing it as the "anxious squires" on Flodden Field saw

"The stainless Tunstall's banner white,"

rushed madly after him,

"And such a yell was there
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth
And fiends in upper air."

Before their resistless sweep the stubborn foe reeled and fled, and the colors which Anderson bore were planted on their breastworks.

Such men were worthy of being commanded, as they were, by the bravest of the brave, and the cordial thanks and commendation of a division commander, who was not given to laudation of any one, caused the immediate recognition of Colonel Anderson's merits by the President, who, being on the field, at once promoted him, and his well-won commission of Brigadier-General was forwarded and received by him on the 9th day of June, 1862.

The brigade assigned to him were all North Carolinians, being composed of the Second, Fourth, Fourteenth and Thirtieth regiments—as fine a body of troops as ever trod the perilous edge of battle, and one which afterwards achieved as brilliant a reputation as the most brilliant in the Army of Northern Virginia. To say this is to exhaust the vocabulary of praise in behalf of any military organization that has yet appeared on earth. Then came the Seven Days' struggle around Richmond, in each of which the brigade took an active part and the young Brigadier won new laurels as a most gallant and efficient officer. In the last of these engagements, the terrible work at Malvern Hill, General Anderson, while leading a desperate charge, received a wound in the hand In August the army commenced the first invasion of the enemy's territory after having fought several battles concluding with the second battle of Manassas, where Pope was ruined and a splendid victory won ; but General Anderson's brigade was not engaged in any serious fight previous to the actual invasion of Maryland. At the battle of South Mountain, however, where General D. H. Hill's division was left by General Lee to oppose the passage of General McClellan's army

until Jackson could capture Harper's Ferry and come to Lee's assistance, General Anderson's command, in common with the other brigades of the divison, was subjected to one of the most trying ordeals of the war. That one division, alone and unaided (until late in the afternoon when Longstreet arrived) stood as firm as the everlasting hills which surrounded it, and resisted the assaults of the larger part of McClellan's whole army, which was hurled against it all day in successive masses. Here, as usual, Anderson distinguished himself, and received the highest encomiums for his dauntless courage and skill. The enemy were exceedingly anxious to force the passage of this mountain gap and by overtaking Lee and bringing on a decisive engagement, relieve their beleaguered friends at Harper's Ferry, who numbered more than eleven thousand men, with thirteen thousand small arms and seventy-three cannon. But the heroic defenders of the pass, though but a handful in comparison with the immense and thoroughly equipped force assailing them, and though subjected to very heavy losses from first to last, yielded not an inch of their ground until nightfall, and then, their purpose being accomplished, retired unmolested to take their place in the ranks of death at Sharpsburg.

The historic battle of Sharpsburg or Antietam—"this great battle" as General Lee called it in his report—occurred on the 17th day of September, three days after the fight at South Mountain, and D. H. Hill's division, with Anderson's brigade on its right, wearied and worn out by continuous marching and fighting, took position in the centre of the line on the left of the Boonsboro road. Longstreet was on the right, and Jackson, who had captured Harper's Ferry with its little army and all its supplies, occupied the extreme left. McClellan and Lee at last stood face to face.

General McClellan said, before the Committee of Investigation on the Conduct of the War: "Our forces at the battle of Antietam were: total in action, eight seven thousand one hundred and sixty-four."

General Lee, in his report, says: "This great battle was fought by less than forty thousand men on our side"—that is to say, that the Confederates were outnumbered by more than two to one. The first assault was made on the Confederate left, where Jackson was posted, and the unequal struggle between the six thousand men under him and the eighteen thousand of the attacking columns was one of the most desperate and sanguinary of the war, as the list of casualties abundantly proves, but the enemy were repulsed.

They then attacked the Confederate centre and right with the same overwhelming numbers, and, after temporary success, were again repulsed.

It was during the attack on the centre that General Anderson received the wound which, though not suspected at the time, proved to be a mortal one. "He occupied," said his adjutant-general, the late Major Seaton Gales, "a prominent position on slightly rising ground, immediately in rear of his command. While thus exposed, and displaying the most splendid conduct, animating his men by his example and directing them by his cool and collected orders, he was struck in the foot, near the ankle-joint, by a minnie ball, and fell. He was at once carried, with difficulty and danger, to an improvised hospital in the rear, and the wound examined and pronounced severe, but not serious. No one dreamed that one of the truest and bravest men that ever lived had the wound of death upon him."

He was taken into Virginia, and when the army fell back he was brought—with his brother and aide-de-camp, Captain Walker Anderson, who was also wounded at Sharpsburg, and was afterwards killed at the Wilderness—to Raleigh, arriving in the latter part of September. His wound was a most painful one, and he suffered great agony for two weeks after reaching here. Finally amputation was decided upon, but it was too late. He sunk under the operation, and on the morning of October 16th, 1862, in the thirty-second year of his age, his brave soul bade farewell to earth. His death was regarded as a public calamity, not only by his companions-in-arms, whom it deeply afflicted, but by the people of the State, who were proud of him as a North Carolinian. A very large assemblage of the citizens of Raleigh gathered to give expression to their grief and to testify their respect for his memory; and when the bells of the city announced the funeral hour, his mortal remains, followed by sorrowing friends, a military escort and a large concourse of citizens, were borne to your beautiful cemetery and tenderly and reverently laid beneath the sod where his monument now stands.

Thus in its early prime ended a life consecrated to duty and crowned with honor. It ended ere disaster and final ruin befell the cause for which he died, and while the banner of the Confederacy still proudly floated triumphant in every breeze. He never saw that banner lowered to the foe, and his proud spirit was spared the humiliations to which his surviving comrades were afterwards subjected. Doubtless, if he had lived through all the bitter years after the war, and until now, when a new generation has sprung up and the all-

curing hand of time has done its work, his talents and character would have asserted themselves in the achievement of success; but it is very doubtful whether he himself would not have preferred the lot which befell him—duty gloriously done, and in manhood's early prime a hero's grave—to the long, hard struggle of a crippled Confederate soldier for the means of subsistence, even if eventually successful. Unless it be "the whole of life to live"—to enjoy merely the pleasures or suffer the evils of animal existence—who is prepared to say that one who, in the vigor of early manhood, falls fighting in defence of his home is less fortunate or more to be commiserated than his surviving comrades?

More than twenty-two years have passed since the solemn procession that followed George Anderson's remains entered the gates of that silent city, and during those years the whole face of our civilization has been changed, and the impossible of that day has become the actually realized of this. The government for which he fought and died was long since numbered with the dead empires, and the one against which he bore arms has, with its vast powers constantly centralizing in the hands of an all-absorbing national legislature, become the richest and most powerful on the earth. The State whose loyal and adopted son he was, though stripped of the sovereignty in which, with her sisters, she once robed herself, has long since put off the habiliments of mourning and clad in a new vesture, with renewed hope and courage, is moving majestically onward to a grand destiny. Will she not, my friends, add to her honor by preserving memorials of her sons who, in the dark days of her trial and sorrow, went out to meet her enemies and died in her defence? In every civilized land such memorials are to be found in greater or less number and are at once a source of just pride with the people and of admiration and respect with the stranger who visits them. And yet I ask where are the memorials which North Carolina has erected to her heroes and statesmen of either the remote or recent past? In all her wide domain, during the hundred years of her existence as a State, and with all her glorious record, there is to be found just one—the Caswell monument, at Kinston. There is not and never has been any other, and this one was not erected exclusively by the State. Go to the capitol at Washington and enter the old hall of representatives, now the hall of statuary. There is a place reserved in it for two statues from each State, and these places are being rapidly filled by the marble and bronze images of distinguished soldiers and statesmen. Look around for North Carolina's contribution. It is not there. Go to

any other State capital, and if its public grounds do not contain some statue or monument in commemoration of its great men, its legislative halls at least are hung with portraits of its Governors. Then come back to Raleigh ; go into your own State capitol ; see at the base of the rotunda those four empty niches ; pass through the corridors ; enter the legislative halls and look around ! No monument, no statue, no bust, not even a portrait to remind you that North Carolina ever produced one man that she thought worthy of remembrance.

Surely if her gratitude to, or appreciation of, her dead soldiers and statesmen is to be measured by the number of memorials which she has established in honor of them, then it is safe to say that such a sentiment does not exist. Does not the memory of men, like George Burgywn Anderson and his comrades, deserve to be perpetuated otherwise than by such memorial marbles as private affection may erect ? And has not the time arrived when, however justly it could heretofore have been set up in answer to such a demand, the plea of poverty by the State must cease to be respected ? The sentiment which prompts these questions is the same which inspired the last Legislature to make some provision for the disabled soldiers of the State, and the widows of those who died in her defence—a sentiment alike jealous of the honor of North Carolina, and tenderly grateful to her heroic sons.

My task is done. In the outset I disclaimed any intention of doing more than giving a recital of the leading events in the life of General Anderson, and expressed the belief that I could best evidence my respect for his memory by uttering only the language of soberness and truth. This I have endeavored to do in all sincerity. The subject was worthy of a nobler strain. If true manliness and an exalted sense of duty ; if the strictest integrity, and the most scrupulous regard of the rights of others; if a chivalric sentiment towards woman, and a delicate sense of personal honor; if a commanding presence and cheerful spirit ; if dauntless courage and gentle manners ; if a brilliant intellect and extensive knowledge ; and, finally, if patriotic service, ending in painful wounds, heroic suffering and death—if all these combined constitute a theme worthy of commemoration by orator or poet, then the duty assigned me to-day might well have been entrusted to the most gifted of men, and the people of North Carolina would have a juster estimate of the life and services of George Burgwyn Anderson.

Chickamauga.

BY MAJOR W. W. CARNES.

EDITORS CONSTITUTION,—Your special correspondent's account of the battle of Chickamauga, written from the scene of that conflict, under date of March 15th, 1883, is very interesting reading, but, while written in a spirit of fairness, it is evidently not the production of one who regards the subject from a Southern point of view.

Want of accuracy on some points of little historic importance is to be expected in any account by one person, though an actor therein, of a two days' battle, but there are grosser inaccuracies in the well-written narrative of your correspondent which should not go uncorrected—notably, his statements as to the numbers engaged.

An editorial paragraph in your Sunday issue, calling attention to the account of the battle of Chickamauga therein published, says it is desirable, for the truth of history, to have the statements of the actors in such scenes while yet living.

Acting upon the implied invitation contained in said paragraph, I venture to present to you some recollections of the battle of Chickamauga, in which I will include certain comments on the account given by your correspondent.

I cannot hope to make my contribution as readable as that of Mr. Burr, but I shall endeavor to be accurate. I was an actor throughout this bloody battle, being, then, a captain of artillery in Cheatham's division; and while I do not claim to possess any accurate knowledge of what occurred beyond my immediate view, it happened that I was so situated as to see about as much of the operations on the field as any one man. Where I write of matters beyond my own knowledge, I shall be guided by the official reports.

Your correspondent is mistaken in saying that most of Bragg's army had crossed the Chickamauga during the night of September 18th, and was moving into position shortly after daylight on the 19th. As far as the writer can learn, only the cavalry and two divisions of infantry had crossed. Other portions of the army crossed at different points after sunrise on the 19th, and still other considerable bodies of our troops were not brought over till late in the day, and did not appear on the field of battle at all.

Cheatham's division crossed at Hunt's ford long after sunrise on the 19th, and was not moved to the front till several hours later. My

recollection is that a demonstration was made near Lee & Gordon's mill while troops were being crossed further to the right.

The first fighting on our side in the battle of the 19th was by Forrest's cavalry, which was reinforced by Walker's division, and these two commands did all the fighting on our right until after midday. As Cheatham's division was moving rapidly to the right to support Walker, we passed by a large body of troops so much better dressed than any in our army, that there was a general inquiry as to what command they belonged to. We learned with surprise that this was a portion of Hood's division—Benning's brigade—and this was the first intimation we had of the arrival of reinforcements from Virginia.

When we arrived on the battle ground Walker had been driven back. Our division was thrown forward, rather on Walker's left, and attacked that portion of Thomas's corps which had overlapped Walker's left flank. Cheatham's men drove the enemy rapidly till it was found they held their ground behind a line of temporary breastworks of logs and rails. From this line our men would recoil, followed by fresh Federal troops, and so the tide of battle ebbed and flowed for quite awhile. Your correspondent correctly describes it as a desperate and stubborn fight. He is entirely wrong, however, in his account of a conflict between the troops of Cheatham and Sheridan. These two commands never fought face to face at all, Sheridan being further to our left, in front of Hood. From time to time during the fight we could tell when fresh troops were thrown against us by the way they opened fire, but our men met and repulsed each successive assault.

Your correspondent mentions that up to this point the divisions of Brannan, Baird, Johnson, Palmer, Van Cleve and Reynolds, were all sent forward, and "each in turn, although fighting stubbornly, was driven back by the force of the attack from masses of fresh troops," whereas, as a matter of fact, up to that time the only Confederate forces opposed to them had been Forrest's cavalry, and Walker's and Cheatham's divisions of veteran troops. Holding the field against such odds, our losses were necessarily very heavy, and as a specimen of the mortality, I will state that the loss in my own battery, of four guns, was forty-nine horses killed, and forty-one men killed and wounded.

The superior number of Thomas's troops enabled them to overlap our front and attack us in flank, through a considerable interval between our left and Hood's right, and Cheatham's division was finally forced to fall back, leaving on the field the guns of my own battery,

which had been advanced well up to the front with Cheatham's left brigade (Wright's), and could not be retired after the horses were killed.

Just at this time Stewart's division came to our aid. His right brigade covered the ground which had been occupied by Cheatham's left, and recapturing the lost battery, drove back the enemy vigorously. The fighting then extended along Stewart's whole front (after 2 P. M.) to Hood's troops on his left, and for awhile the hottest of the fight was here. Thomas continued to press our right, under Cheatham and Walker, but our men held their ground on a slight eminence, repulsing the advance with artillery and musketry, and finally upon the arrival of Cleburne's division, after sunset, a general advance was ordered. The whole Federal force was swept from the ground over which we had fought during the day, and driven in confusion till dark. After Cheatham's troops were forced back, the writer, leaving the remnant of his company with the first lieutenant, rode towards the right of the division in search of General Cheatham, to report the loss of his guns. Meeting first General Preston Smith, that officer on learning my mission, said I was just the man he wanted. That the captain of his battery, Scott, was sick at Lafayette, and the first lieutenant having been seriously wounded, he had only one junior-lieutenant with the battery. "So," said he, in his usual bluff way, "if you want work to do, young man, stop right here, and I'll give you plenty of it." Accepting the offer, I took command of Scott's battery, under General Smith, until that gallant general was shot after dark. Our command had halted in line in the forest after the last advance, and General Smith, with his staff, riding a short distance in front, discovered a small body of detached troops, whose answer to a challenge showed them to belong to the enemy. When called on to surrender they fired a straggling volley, which killed General Smith and an officer on his staff. Having safely passed through the dangers of the thickest fight he met his death, when least expected, after the battle had ceased. Now, as to the numbers engaged in this fighting on the 19th of September, the Confederates had in action, all told, not quite thirty-two thousand men, of which the five thousand of Cleburne's division came on the field near dark. The reports of the Federal generals show that they had in action nearly forty-six thousand men, of which number thirty thousand were opposed to Walker, Cheatham and Forrest, and nearly sixteen thousand in front of Stewart and Hood. The Confederate loss in the day's engagement was estimated at six thou-

sand—a very heavy loss, taking into consideration the fact that the battle was a series of engagements by divisions coming up in succession, and that none of the troops were under fire all day.

But at the close of the day our troops were in good spirits, and confident of success on the morrow.

Early on the morning of the 20th, Cheatham's division was in line ready for orders to advance and waiting for the battle to begin on the right. Every one was asking what caused the delay and all were impatient to move forward, well knowing from the sounds that had reached our ears during the night, that the Federal troops were felling trees and fortifying, and thus every minute's delay was enabling them to strengthen their position. I was still in command of Scott's battery attached to Smith's brigade (now under Vaughan) and I well remember that for nearly two hours I sat on my horse in front of the battery with drivers mounted ready to move forward at a moment's notice. It was a bright, sunshiny morning, calculated to suggest to one's mind far pleasanter things than war and bloodshed. While waiting, the writer remembers that with the scenes of the terrible conflict of the previous day still fresh in mind he had far more time than he wished to contemplate the probability of a repetition of the same that day, and the possibility of a less fortunate termination for himself. Who was to blame for this delay is a question that has never been definitely settled. General Bragg laid the blame on General Polk, and General Polk, I believe, claimed that the fault was partly General Bragg's in failing to give proper orders, and partly due to the tardiness of General D. H. Hill, who, after making a late start from bivouac, waited to ration his men. Whoever was at fault, it was a grievous error, and one that cost many a man's life, but I know that the officers of Polk's corps were never willing to accept that view of the matter which laid the blame entirely upon General Polk. He was a grand old man. There were doubtless better generals than he, but none more conscientious or less liable to the charge of permitting his own ease or convenience to interfere with duty. My recollection is that it was near ten o'clock before an advance was ordered, and it was then discovered that Stewart's division had been extended too far to the right and was in front of Cheatham's line. This necessitated further delay here, Cheatham being halted where he stood, was held in reserve.

While waiting here, Captain Scott, who had left his sick bed at Lafayette, came up with an order from General Polk directing me to turn over the command of his battery to Captain Scott and to re-

port to General Polk for staff duty. From this time until the arrival of our army at Missionary Ridge I served on General Leonidas Polk's staff. I found staff duty by no means the sinecure so many of us had been disposed to consider it, and being kept actively moving here and there with orders, I was an eye-witness to much of the movement and fighting on the right wing of our army. Our right beyond Cheatham was formed in a single line throughout, I think. At least I can remember no point on a large extent of this wing, along which I repeatedly rode with orders, where a second line in reserve was seen. The distance covered by the right wing, from Longstreet's right to the point where Polk was to overlap and flank Thomas's left was probably too great to admit of doubling the lines, but I remember that it seemed to me, young soldier as I was, that in such formation we would hardly be able to drive an equal or superior force from a chosen position behind breastworks. The Federal left wing had built strong field works of trees cut down during the night, and from their extreme left this line of works extended back at almost a right angle from the front, so as to protect their flank. Our troops advanced with spirit and did not make the attack in detachments as intimated by your correspondent. The works were first struck by the left of Breckenridge's division, and immediately afterward by the right of Cleburne's division. Breckenridge's right brigades swung around the angle of the works, where, with the efficient support of Forrest's cavalry on their right, they made a bold dash at the enemy's flank and rear, but large numbers of troops were thrown against them, checking their advance and finally driving them back. Behind their works the Federals seemed to have men enough to keep the front line of pieces always loaded, as a continuous stream of fire met our men at every charge. As our brigades were driven back they were rallied to the charge again, and thus the fight soon assumed that shape not inaptly described by Captain Howell: illustrative of the falling of a baulky team. The strongest part of the field works were afterwards found to be at and near the angle on the Federal left, and here the fire of small arms and artillery was so constant and deadly that it seemed a hopeless task to carry it by assault with a single line. The gallant Kentuckians under Helm, and Lucius E. Polk's brigade on their left, made desperate assaults upon this strong position, and stubbornly held their ground for some time in the face of a fire of artillery and musketry, before which it seemed impossible for a man to live. But they were forced back with heavy loss, General Helm being among the killed.

After being repulsed from every attack, our troops were withdrawn beyond the fire of the enemy, and for a considerable period after noon there was almost a cessation of fighting on our right. During this time our troops were being rearranged and put in shape for another general assault, and, while staff officers were sent hither and thither with orders, Generals Polk and D. H. Hill held a consultation. This consultation lasted some time, and of the fact that it was not harmonious the writer happened to be a witness, in this way: Having been sent to General Cleburne for certain information desired by General Polk, I found the two Lieutenant-Generals still in consultation on my return, and, riding up to within a respectful distance, I dismounted and awaited General Polk's pleasure as to receiving my report. The General saw me waiting, and very soon he rose from the log on which they sat, and, as he turned towards me, I heard him say to General Hill, with considerable warmth of manner, "Well, sir, I am sorry that you do not agree with me, but my decision is made, and that is the way it shall be done," or words to that effect. I never heard what was the point at issue between them, but soon Polk's staff-officers were all busy with orders for carrying out the plan he had in mind. I remember that, when forming to renew the assault, a delay was made while Cleburne's division was moved so as to fill up a considerable gap in our line, nearly opposite the angle of the works, which gap had been left open as our reformed commands had closed in to the right. The order to General Cleburne was sent by me, and, as was often General Cleburne's habit, he chose to ride first over the ground to be occupied, unaccompanied by any of his staff, only directing me to go with him to point out the left of the line on which it was desired to form. On our return, as he was riding along in his usual slow, imperturbable fashion across the angle between our lines, I noticed that he was getting uncomfortably near the enemy's position, and as I, feeling constrained to follow, rode in his rear, ventured to suggest that he was within shot-range of their guns. He neither noticed my remark nor changed his course, till suddenly he was startled by the "zip!" "zip!" of the minnie balls and the sharp rattle of infantry fire opened on us, when he turned to the left and dashed quickly out of range in the timber, but all too slowly for my impatient desire to lengthen the distance between the enemy and the party whom official courtesy forced to be the rear man in this retreat. Major Richmond, of Polk's staff, was missing early that afternoon, and we afterwards found that he had been shot while making a short cut across this very angle. While we had this cessation of fire

on our right, we could hear the sound of brisk fighting on the left of Bragg's line, and these sounds showed us that our troops under Longstreet were driving back Rosecranz's right. The troops of Thomas had ample opportunity to hear it, too, and doubtless understood it as we did.

The weakening of their right to reinforce their left, which had been so desperately assaulted, placed the Federal right wing in a condition to be more easily handled by General Longstreet's command, and right gallantly did the veterans from the Virginia army, assisted by their western brethren, drive back their right and break their centre. This was doubtless the turning point in the battle. Besides routing their right, Longstreet's success no doubt had a demoralizing effect on Thomas's men, who, while they did not know the extent of the disaster on their right, could not fail to understand from the sounds which reached their ears during the period of waiting at their end of the line, that the Confederates had the best of the fight. But your correspondent's account would appear to give all the credit to General Longstreet, and leave upon the mind of his readers the impression that having broken up the right of Rosecranz's army, Longstreet changed front to the right and drove Thomas from his strong position on the left. This is not distinctly claimed for General Longstreet, but the inference is clearly conveyed to the mind of the reader, not only by what your correspondent states in his account of the battle, but from the language which he quotes as from the mouth of General Longstreet himself. As an eye-witness to the disposition of the troops, and of the final charge which drove Thomas from his defences, I wish to correct that impression and state what did occur on our right. In the new arrangement of the lines on this wing, a portion of Cleburne's command was to the right of the angle in the Federal works—Lucius E. Polk's brigade being placed, if I remember correctly, somewhat to the right of where Helm had made his assault. Preparatory to the assault a heavy artillery fire had been concentrated on the strongest point of Thomas's defences. In replying to our artillery and in repelling minor attacks of our infantry the writer noticed that the Federal artillery used solid shot from their smooth bore guns, and recognizing the significance of this, as an artillery man, he called General Polk's attention to the fact that they had probably exhausted their most effective ammunition. As they also showed a disposition to spare their infantry fire except when forced, we concluded that their supply of ammunition of all kinds was getting short. The ordnance wagons being driven close up in

rear of our lines our own cartridge-boxes were fully replenished, and everything being in readiness orders were given to press the enemy so as to engage his attention along the whole line, but to make no general assault till we could hear the result of an effort to be made to break through the defences in front of Lucius Polk's brigade. As I had been several times over the ground, I was sent with the orders directing the assault by Brigadier-General Polk, and was instructed to return with information as soon as assured of its success. Riding by the side of General Lucius Polk, I witnessed the splendid charge of the veterans of his brigade up the ridge held by Thomas. I never witnessed a more enthusiastic and intrepid charge, and it carried everything before it. What seemed to be a heavy skirmish line behind logs was quickly destroyed and forced back on a front line of log breastworks, and such was the impetuosity of the attack that our men rushed up to and over these works driving the troops there, in utter confusion, back on the main line. Here General L. E. Polk said to me: "Go back and tell the old general that we have passed two lines of breastworks, that we have got them on the jump, and I am sure of carrying the main line" At the top of my horse's speed I rode to where General Leonidas Polk waited in a small glade, near Breckenridge's left. As I was seen approaching, Breckenridge, Cheatham and other commanders present drew up on horseback around General Polk, who immediately on receiving my report said to those officers: "Push your commands forward, gentlemen, and assault them vigorously along the whole line."

Away went generals and staff at full speed, and when the order to advance reached our troops, who were expecting it, the stirring Confederate yell arose and swelled to a full chorus along the whole line as our men rushed to the charge.

General Thomas had probably drawn a large portion of his force to support his extreme left, in order to prevent our driving him back there and cutting him off from Chattanooga—leaving a weaker force to hold the position behind the works, whose strength he had seen tested earlier in the day. Whether the determination of General Polk to attack the works in front of Cleburne was based upon this supposition I know not, but it proved a fortunate decision for us. As our troops advanced they encountered the heavy force on Thomas's extreme left, and our right was roughly handled. But by this time Lucius Polk had broken through the line of works, and as the Federal line found itself attacked, right and left, in flank, as our

troops passed through this opening, they broke from the line and fled precipitately. A considerable portion of Thomas's force on his left, where Liddell had been repulsed, may have retired in comparative order, but as his troops fell back from what was their original front they were attacked in flank by our men who had charged over the works, and with the victorious shouts of Longstreet's wing sounding in their ears from one side, answered by the prolonged yells of our wing on the other, the greater portion of the Federal army was soon broken into a disorganized and panic-stricken mass of fugitives. Such, at least, was their condition in front of the troops with which I passed over their field works. I have read accounts of this fight from the Federal side, and some from Confederate officers who were with our left wing, in which it was stated that Thomas withdrew his forces about dark. In our front they withdrew before the charge of our troops over the breastworks, and the quantity of small arms and accoutrements scattered in all directions, limber-chests, caissons, and pieces of artillery abandoned where they had been jammed in between trees and saplings in rapid flight, bore conclusive testimony to the character of their withdrawal.

Darkness and the near approach of the two wings of our army towards each other made it expedient to stop the pursuit of the fugitives.

Your correspondent magnifies the number of men in Bragg's army. In one place he says Bragg lost "two-fifths of his 70,000 men." Further on he mentions his asking General Longstreet, "Why did Bragg bring on the battle of the 19th with only 55,000 men, when he knew that you were on your way to reinforce him and he would have 70,000 next day?" So he states our force on the 19th as 55,000 men, and 70,000 on the 20th. I have heretofore stated the number engaged on our side on the 19th as less than 32,000, and General Longstreet could have informed him that our whole effective force never exceeded 55,000 men, and deducting at least 6,000 lost in Saturday's fight, we had only about 49,000 men in the engagement of the 20th of September. The official reports of the Federal commanders show their force on that day to have been 53,550 men. Take into consideration also the fact that this force was behind breastworks; some of which were of a very formidable character, and it will be easily understood, by every one familiar with such matters, that we fought against great odds.

It is probable that Bragg's loss in killed and wounded was heavier

than that of Rosecranz. Fighting at such disadvantage our troops suffered severely in the desperate charges against entrenched lines, and there were points in open spaces in front of their works where an active person might have crossed a considerable extent of ground on the dead bodies of our men, which lay like fallen timber in newly cleared land. I do not remember that I ever saw an official report of our loss, but I remember hearing it stated at headquarters as about 17,600.

There is no doubt of the fact that the fruits of our hard-earned victory were thrown away by the failure to follow it up promptly. Our troops were eager to advance, and could not understand the delay on the battle-ground all next day. Finally, when we did move, it was not directly on Chattanooga. Had the victory been followed up, as advised by General Longstreet and General Forrest, there is little doubt but that we would have taken Chattanooga at once, and, probably, have broken up Rosecranz's army.

I was sent forward with communications to General Forrest on Missionary Ridge, and heard him express the opinion that he could drive the wreck of Rosecranz's army into or across the Tennessee river with the cavalry force of our army alone. No one chafed at our inactivity more than this hard-fighting cavalry general, and more than once he sent back messages to General Bragg, urging the importance of pushing the defeated enemy.

Becoming interested in the subject, under the influence of the "old-soldier" habit of talking over past battles, I have written more than I intended at the start. I regret that I have had to make so frequent use of the pronoun "I," but I trust I have not done so in a way to indicate a want of proper modesty. I regret that a want of experience in the *role* of newspaper correspondent makes it almost a necessity for me to write in the first person. The details as to my personal services in different commands in this engagement, are given to show that I was so situated as to be able to see very much of the operations of our troops, and those points, of which I have written minutely, are indelibly fixed in my memory as an actor or eye-witness in the scenes.

Macon, Ga., April 5th, 1883.

Letter from President Davis on States' Rights.

The Jackson (Miss.) *Clarion* prints the following letter:

"BEAUVOIR, MISSISSIPPI, June 20, 1885.

"*Colonel* J. L. POWER, *Clarion Office:*

"DEAR SIR,—Among the less-informed persons at the North there exists an opinion that the negro slave at the South was a mere chattel, having neither rights nor immunities protected by law or public opinion. Southern men knew such was not the case, and others desiring to know could readily learn the fact. On that error the lauded story of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was founded, but it is strange that a utilitarian and shrewd people did not ask why a slave, especially valuable, was the object of privation and abuse? Had it been a horse they would have been better able to judge, and would most probably have rejected the story for its improbability. Many attempts have been made to evade and misrepresent the exhaustive opinion of Chief-Justice Taney in the 'Dred Scott' case, but it remains unanswered.

"From the statement in regard to Fort Sumter, a child might suppose that a foreign army had attacked the United States—certainly could not learn that the State of South Carolina was merely seeking possession of a fort on her own soil, and claiming that her grant of the site had become void.

"The tyrant's plea of necessity to excuse despotic usurpation is offered for the unconstitutional act of emancipation, and the poor resort to prejudice is invoked in the use of the epithet 'rebellion'—a word inapplicable to States generally, and most especially so to the sovereign members of a voluntary union. But, alas for their ancient prestige, they have even lost the plural reference they had in the Constitution, and seem so small to this utilizing tuition as to be described by the neutral pronoun 'it!' Such language would be appropriate to an imperial Government, which in absorbing territories required the subjected inhabitants to swear allegiance to it.

"Ignorance and artifice have combined so to misrepresent the matter of official oaths in the United States that it may be well to give the question more than a passing notice. When the 'sovereign, independent States of America,' formed a constitutional compact of union it was provided in the sixth article thereof that the officers 'of the United States and of the several States shall be bound

by oath or affirmation to support this Constitution,' and by the law of June 1, 1789, the form of the required oath was prescribed as follows: 'I, A B, do solemnly swear or affirm (as the case may be) that I will support the Constitution of the United States.'

"That was the oath. The obligation was to support the Constitution. It created no new obligation, for the citizen already owed allegiance to his respective State, and through her to the Union of which she was a member. The conclusion is unavoidable that those who did not support, but did not violate the Constitution, were they who broke their official oaths. The General Government had only the powers delegated to it by the States. The power to coerce a State was not given, but emphatically refused. Therefore, to invade a State, to overthrow its government by force of arms, was a palpable violation of the Constitution, which officers had sworn to support, and thus to levy war against States which the Federal officers claimed to be, notwithstanding their ordinances of secession, still in the Union, was the treason defined in the third section of the third article of the Constitution, the only treason recognized by the fundamental law of the United States.

"When our forefathers assumed for the several States they represented a separate and equal station among the powers of the earth, the central idea around which their political institutions were grouped was that sovereignty belonged to the people, inherent and inalienable; therefore, that governments were their agents, instituted to secure their rights, and 'deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, whence they draw the corollary that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it,'" etc. What was meant by the word 'people' in this connection is manifest from the circumstances. It could only authoritatively refer to the distinct communities who, each for itself, joined in the declaration and in the concurrent act of separation from the government of Great Britain.

"By all that is revered in the memory of our Revolutionary sires, and sacred in the principles they established, let not the children of the United States be taught that our Federal Government is sovereign; that our sires, after having, by a long and bloody war, won community-independence, used the power, not for the end sought, but to transfer their allegiance, and by oath or otherwise bind their posterity to be the subjects of another government, from which they could only free themselves by force of arms.

"Respectfully, JEFFERSON DAVIS."

Letter from Hon. James P. Holcombe to Secretary Benjamin.

[Private.]

MONTREAL, CANADA EAST, *June 18, 1864.*

Hon. JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, *Richmond:*

MY DEAR SIR,—I expect to finish my business in Canada in time to reach Halifax early in August, whence, if no instructions meet me imposing other duties, I shall proceed directly to Bermuda, and from that point into the Confederacy. Whilst the condition of the country makes the probability of a speedy reunion with my family most welcome, I would cheerfully protract my stay abroad if I could thereby really advance any public interest. Disqualified for all military service by physical infirmities, there is no wish so near my heart as to render aid in some other form to the cause of our country. It has been frequently suggested to me, by those whose opinions were entitled to respect, that my studies in international law might be turned to some good account in England. Almost every weekly steamer brings us tidings of some novel question of neutral duty or belligerent right which has just sprung up, involving interests of deep importance to the Confederacy. Some admirable articles have appeared in the *Index* on points of public law, but its circulation is so limited that we cannot keep the public mind properly informed, without addressing it through other organs. Cases are also frequently occurring like that of the *Chesapeake* and the *Gerrity*, in which some more active agency than the pen may be required. As I have no desire in the premises except to find a place in which any capacity I may possess for usefulness can be profitably employed, any view of the suggestion which may be taken by you will be entirely satisfactory to me. Whilst I think there are valuable results to be more promptly secured by labor in this section, sooner or later some action must be taken by foreign governments on this question, and it seems to me that, in this connection, the public opinion of England is a matter of great consequence to us.

Hoping that the enemy will be completely foiled in their new base of operations as in their old ones,

I am, very truly yours, &c.,

JAMES P. HOLCOMBE.

Correspondence between Governor Vance, of North Carolina, and President Jefferson Davis.

[General Sherman's friends, in their vain efforts to extricate him from the web of mendacity, which he has woven for himself in his controversy with Mr. Davis, have been the occasion of the publication of a number of the letters of the great Confederate chief. But they all tend to brand Sherman's slander and make clearer President Davis's position. The following are worth preserving :]

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
Raleigh, December 30, 1863.

His Excellency, President DAVIS:

MY DEAR SIR,—After a careful consideration of all the sources of discontent in North Carolina, I have concluded that it will be perhaps impossible to remove it, except by making some effort at negotiation with the enemy. The recent action of the Federal House of Representatives, though meaning very little, has greatly excited the public hope that the Northern mind is looking towards peace. I am promised by all men, who advocate this course, that if fair terms are rejected, it will tend greatly to strengthen and intensify the war feeling, and will rally all classes to a more cordial support of the government. And although our position is well known, as demanding only to be let alone, yet it seems to me that for the sake of humanity, without having any weak or improper motives attributed to us, we might with propriety constantly tender negotiations. In doing so, we would keep conspicuously before the world a disclaimer of our responsibility for the great slaughter of our race, and convince the humblest of our citizens—who sometimes forget the actual situation—that the government is tender of their lives and happiness, and would not prolong their sufferings unnecessarily one moment. Though statesmen might regard this as useless, the people will not, and I think our cause will be strengthened thereby. I have not suggested the method of these negotiations or their terms. The effort to obtain peace is the principal matter. Allow me to beg your earnest consideration of this suggestion.

Very respectfully yours,

(Signed) Z. B. VANCE.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, *Richmond*, January 8, 1864.

His Excellency, Z. B. VANCE,
Governor of North Carolina, Raleigh, N. C.:

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 30th ult. containing suggestions of the measures to be adopted for the purpose of removing "the sources of discontent" in North Carolina. The contents of the letter are substantially the same as those of the letter addressed by you to Senator Dortch, extracts of which were by him read to me. * *

Apart from insuperable objection to the line of policy you propose (and to which I will presently advert), I cannot see how the mere material obstacles are to be surmounted. We have made three distinct efforts to communicate with the authorities at Washington, and have been, invariably, unsuccessful. Commissioners were sent before hostilities were begun, and the Washington government refused to see them or hear what they had to say. A second time I sent a military officer with a communication addressed by myself to President Lincoln. The letter was received by General Scott, who did not permit the officer to see Mr. Lincoln, but who promised that an answer would be sent. No answer has ever been received. The third time, a few months ago, a gentleman was sent whose position, character, and reputation were such as to insure his reception, if the enemy were not determined to receive no proposal whatever from this government. Vice-President Stephens made a patriotic tender of his services in the hope of being able to promote the cause of humanity, and although little belief was entertained of his success, I cheerfully yielded to his suggestion, that the experiment should be tried. The enemy refused to let him pass through their lines or to hold any conference with them. He was stopped before he even reached Fortress Monroe on his way to Washington. To attempt again (in the face of these repeated rejections of all conference with us), to send commissioners or agents to propose peace, is to invite insult and contumely, and to subject ourselves to indignity, without the slightest chance of being listened to. No true citizen, no man who has our cause at heart can desire this, and the good people of North Carolina would be the last to approve of such an attempt, if aware of all the facts. So far from removing "sources of discontent," such a course would receive as it would merit the condemnation of those true patriots who have given their blood and treasure to maintain the freedom, equality and independence which

descended to them from the immortal heroes of King's Mountain and other battlefields of the Revolution.

If, then, proposals cannot be made through envoys because the enemy would not receive them, how is it possible to communicate our desire for peace otherwise than by the public announcements contained in almost every message I ever sent to Congress. I cannot recall, at this time, one instance in which I have failed to announce that our only desire was peace, and the only terms which formed a *sine qua non*, were precisely those that you suggest, namely, "a demand only to be let alone."

But suppose it were practicable to obtain a conference through commissioners, with the Government of President Lincoln, is it at this moment that we are to consider it desirable, or even at all practical? Have we not just been apprised by that despot that we can only expect his gracious pardon by emancipating all our slaves, swearing allegiance and obedience to him and his proclamations, and becoming in point of fact the slaves of our own negroes? Can there be in North Carolina one citizen so fallen beneath the dignity of his ancestors as to accept or enter into conference on the basis of these terms? That there are a few traitors in the State who would be willing to betray their fellow-citizens to such a degraded position in the hope of being rewarded for treachery by an escape from the common doom may be true. But I do not believe the vilest wretch would accept such terms for himself.

I cannot conceive how the people of your State, than which none has sent nobler or more gallant soldiers to the field of battle (one of whom it is your honor to be), can have been deceived by anything to which you refer in the recent action of the Federal House of Representatives. I have seen no action of the house that does not indicate by a very decided majority the purpose of the enemy to refuse all terms to the South except absolute, unconditional subjugation or extermination. But if it were otherwise, how are we to treat with the House of Representatives? It is with Lincoln alone that we could confer, and his own partisans at the North avow unequivocally that his purpose, as his message and proclamation was to shut out all hope that he would ever treat with us on any terms If we will break up our government, dissolve the Confederacy, disband our armies, emancipate our slaves, and take an oath of allegiance binding ourselves to obedience to him, and to disloyalty to our own States, he proposes to pardon us, and not to plunder us of anything more than the property already stolen from us and such slaves as still

remain. In order to render his proposals so insulting as to secure their rejection, he joins to them a promise to support with his army one-tenth of the people of any State who will attempt to set up a government over the other nine-tenths, thus seeking to sow discord and suspicion among the people of the several States, and to excite them to civil war in furtherance of his ends.

I know well that it would be impossible to get your people, if they possessed full knowledge of these facts, to consent that proposals should now be made by us to those who control the Government at Washington. Your own well known devotion to the great cause of liberty and independence, to which we have all committed whatever we have of earthly possessions, would induce you to take the lead in repelling the bare thought of abject submission to the enemy. Yet peace on other terms is now impossible. To obtain the sole terms to which you or I could listen, this struggle must continue until the enemy is beaten out of his vain confidence in our subjugation. Then, and not till then, will it be possible to treat of peace. Till then all tender of terms to the enemy will be received as proof that we are ready for submission, and will encourage him in the atrocious warfare which he is waging.

I fear much from the tenor of the news I receive from North Carolina, that an attempt will be made by some bad men to inaugurate movements which must be considererd as equivalent to "aid and comfort to the enemy," and which all patriots should combine to put down at any cost. You may count on my aid in every effort to spare your State the scenes of civil war, which will devastate its homes if the designs of these traitors be suffered to make headway. I know you will place yourself in your legitimate position in the lead of those who will not suffer the name of the old North State to be blackened by such a stain. Will you pardon me for suggesting that my only source of disquietude on the subject, has arisen from the fear that you will delay too long the action, which now appears inevitable, and that by an over-earnest desire to reclaim by conciliation men whom you believe to be sound at heart, but whose loyalty is more than suspected elsewhere, you will permit them to gather such strength as to require more violent measures than are now needed? With your influence and position, the promoters of the unfounded discontents, now prevalent in your State, would be put down without the use of physical force if you would abandon the policy of conciliation and set them at defiance. In this course, frankly and firmly pursued, you would rally around you all that is best and noblest in

your State, and your triumph would be bloodless. If the contrary policy be adopted, I much fear you will be driven to the use of force to repress treason. In either event, however, be assured that you will have my cordial concurrence and assistance in maintaining with you the honor and dignity and the fair name of your State, in your efforts to crush treason, whether incipient, as I believe it now to be, or more mature, as I believe, if not firmly met, it will in our future inevitably become.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

(Signed) JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Recollections of Fredericksburg.—From the Morning of the 20th of April to the 6th of May, 1863.

BY GENERAL B. G. HUMPHREYS.

[The following are extracts from the "Mississippi State War Records," by General B. G. Humphreys, ex-Governor of Mississippi, and Colonel of the Twenty-first Mississippi regiment, Confederate States army.]

* * * * * During the winter of 1862–'3, General Burnside had been superseded by "Fighting Joe Hooker," who was making gigantic preparations, just across the Rappahannock, for the fourth "On to Richmond," and boasted that he had the "finest army on the planet," and would soon "pulverize the rebellion." General Lee was not idle. Though cramped by his limited means and resources, both in men and appliances of war, he stood firm and unawed by the mighty hosts that confronted him.

During the night of the 20th of April the Federals attacked some North Carolina pickets, drove in their reserves, laid down pontoon bridges, and crossed the river below Deep Run, near the Bernard house. The alarm was soon conveyed to Barksdale's pickets at Fernahough's house. The "long roll" and the alarm bell at Fredericksburg soon brought Barksdale's brigade into line. During that day General Lee ascertained through General J. E. B. Stuart that General Hooker was moving his main army to cross the Rappahannock and Rapidan, and fall on his left flank and rear through the Wilderness. General Lee immediately moved his main force, and confronted him at Chancellorsville, on the 1st of May. General

Early's division was left at Hamilton's station to watch the Federal General, Sedgwick, who was left in the command of thirty thousand troops in front of Fredericksburg. Barksdale's brigade was left at Fredericksburg to picket the Rappahannock, from the reservoir above Falmouth to Fernahough house, below Fredericksburg, a distance of three miles.

Sedgwick lay quietly in our front, and contented himself with fortifying his position below Deep Run, until the 2d day of May, when he commenced recrossing his troops at Deep Run and moving over the Stafford Heights, in full view, up the river, doubtless with the view of deceiving us into the belief that he was withdrawing from our front and going to support Hooker at Chancellorsville, by the way of the United States ford. The heavy artillery and musketry firing in that direction told but too plainly that a terrible battle was raging there. About the middle of the forenoon Barksdale, in obedience to orders from General Early, moved off with his brigade on the Spotsylvania Courthouse road to reinforce General Lee at Chancellorsville, leaving the Twenty-first regiment to picket the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, the entire distance of three miles. The pickets of the Thirteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth regiments were relieved by the Twenty-first, and the brigade moved off in full view of the enemy. The only instruction I received from General Barksdale was, "Watch your flanks, hold the picket line as long as you can, then fall back along the Spotsylvania Courthouse road, and hunt for your brigade." I cannot well describe my feelings when I found my regiment thus left alone, stretched out three miles long, with only a small river between us and thirty thousand well-armed and hostile men, purposely displayed to magnify their numbers, on Stafford's Height, with balloons and signal corps observing and reporting our weakness. The mass of the citizens of Fredericksburg were patriotically devoted to our cause, yet I knew that some of the citizens were unfriendly to us, ready and willing to betray us. My nerves were not much strengthened by a message I received from the facetious Colonel Holder, of the Seventeenth regiment, as the brigade marched off: "Tell the Colonel farewell; the next time I hear from him will be from Johnson's Island." Of course every man in the Twenty-first regiment felt his loneliness and danger, and was on the *qui vive*, watching front, flank and rear, with his gun loaded, his knapsack on his back, and rations in his haversack.

Immediately after the brigade disappeared behind Marye's Hill, my pickets at Fernahough house reported the enemy preparing to

advance from Deep Run. From a cupola of the Slaughter house I could see the enemy's line pouring over the pontoon bridges below Deep Run and moving toward our side of the river. I was now satisfied that the enemy's movement up the opposite side of the river in the morning was a feint; that an advance would be made on Fredericksburg, and that our sojourn in that city would soon be terminated. The enemy's pickets soon advanced from Deep Run, drove General Early's pickets back to the railroad and moved up the turnpike toward Fredericksburg. I immediately threw back the right of my picket line, composed of Company E, under Lieutenant McNeely, of Wilkinson county, and Company G, under Lieutenant Mills, of Leak county, and established it from the gas-house up Hazel Run to the railroad, with videttes along the railroad toward Hamilton station, connecting with General Early's pickets. The enemy's pickets continued to advance and engaged my pickets, but being supported by a line of infantry, failed to drive them from their position. It was now dark. Helpless and alone, the Twenty-first regiment, with four hundred muskets, was facing and resisting thirty thousand veterans. Of course we could not hold the city if the enemy advanced. We were ordered to "hold the city until forced out of it." If the enemy contented himself with amusing us in front there was nothing to prevent him from flanking the city during the night and placing it in his rear, and the Twenty-first regiment in the condition of "rats in a rat-trap"—nothing but the necessity that required him to lay down his pontoons that night in front of the city. This we could prevent unless driven from our rifle-pits; hence I was momentarily expecting a charge that would drive us from the city or relieve me of my sword and start me on my journey to Johnson's Island. I instructed the pickets, if forced, to fall back to the railroad and hold that line until the pickets on the river, between the railroad and the canal, could retire through the city, and all to retire toward Marye's Hill, holding the enemy in check as best they could. Shortly after dark a courier summoned me to report to General Harry Hays, at Marye's Hill, for instructions. He informed me that Hays's brigade was in the trenches on Marye's Hill, and that Barksdale's brigade and the Washington Artillery were returning to Fredericksburg. This news rolled off a mighty load from our watchful and wearied souls, and filled our hearts with joy and gladness. Instantly each man felt as big and as brave as "little David" confronting "big Goliath." Not a few compliments were paid to our returning friends and General Lee by our boys as the glad tidings

passed down the picket lines. "Bully for Barksdale! bully for Hays! bully for the Washington Artillery! bully for Old Bob!" was shouted from a hundred throats. "Old Bob's head is level," cried one; "old Bob will show Hooker that he still holds his trump card!" "Yes, old Bob has given the Yankees hell at Chancellorsville, and is coming to give them hell again at Fredericksburg," cried still another.

I lost no time in reporting to General Hays, and found General Barksdale with him at Marye's Hill. I informed him of the situation at Hazel Run, and my instructions to pickets, which were approved, and I was instructed to carry them out. Generals Hays and Barksdale seemed to doubt whether General Early intended to hold Marye's Hill, and left to have an interview with him at Hamilton station, and to receive his orders. I returned to the city to superintend the picket line at Hazel Run, where there was a desultory firing kept up from both sides. Sedgwick seemed to hesitate, and advanced with great caution and circumspection. Whether it was from observing the innumerable bivouac fires Barksdale had kindled on Lee's Hill to signalize his arrival and magnify his numbers—whether it was the confused and startling stories borne to him from Chancellorsville by Hooker's wires concerning the fiery charges of Stonewall Jackson—Slocum's routed column, and Howard's flying Dutchmen—or whether it was the stench of Lee's "slaughter pens" at Marye's Hill that annoyed his nostrils and weakened his stomach, the Rebels could only "reckon"—leaving the Yankees to "guess."

About midnight I went to Barksdale's bivuoac, on Lee's Hill, to learn the result of his consultation with General Early. I found him wrapped in his war-blanket, lying at the foot of a tree. "Are you asleep, General?" "No, sir; who could sleep with a million of armed Yankees all around him?" he answered gruffly. He then informed me *that it was determined by General Early to hold Marye's Hill at all hazards; but that his brigade and a portion of the Washington Artillery had to do it*—that General Early was confident that the advance from Deep Run towards Fredericksburg was a feint—that the real attack would be at Hamilton station, and that Hays's brigade had been ordered back to that place. Barksdale then instructed me, when the Twenty-first regiment was forced to retire from the city, to occupy the trenches from Marye's Hill across the plank road towards Taylor's Hill. The Eighteenth regiment, under Colonel Griffin, was ordered to occupy the road behind the stone wall at the foot of Marye's Hill; the Seventeenth and Thirteenth regiments from the

Howison Hill to the Howison House, and one of Hays's regiments still further to the right; the Washington Artillery to occupy the various redoubts along the hill. I told him that if the real attack was made at Marye's Hill, he did not have men enough to hold it. He replied with emphasis: "Well, sir, we must make the fight, whether we hold it or are whipped." I saw he was displeased with Early's arrangement, and I returned to the city to await events. About 2 o'clock a small rocket was seen by Lieutenant Denman, of Company G, Twenty-first regiment, thrown from the top of a building in the city, and immediately three signal guns were fired from the Lacy House, opposite the city. Soon afterwards the picket of Company F discovered a party of pontooners approaching stealthily to the point above the Lacy House (where the upper pontoon was laid on the night of December 11, 1862), and commenced laying down pontoons. Captain Fitzgerald opened fire upon them and drove them off, but drew down on his brave Tallahatchians a shower of shell and shrapnel from the Stafford Heights; at the same time a line of the enemy's infantry charged across Hazel Run upon Company E and Company G. Our brave boys gallantly struggled against the overwhelming odds, but were driven back to the railroad. Finding further resistance impossible, I ordered the pickets on the river, below the canal, to fall back through the city, as the enemy advanced, to Marye's Hill. I then crossed the canal at the factory; destroyed the bridge at that point, and withdrew the pickets from the river above and retired across the canal by the two bridges at the foot of Taylor's Hill. A party was left to destroy the two bridges, but the enemy had crossed at Falmouth, and following us so closely that the party was driven off just as they had stripped off the plank without destroying the frame-work.

I arrived at Marye's Hill before daylight, and found that portion of my regiment that retired through the city safe in the trenches to the left of the hill, having sustained a small loss. Just then I received orders from General Barksdale to report my regiment to him on Lee's Hill. I moved immediately, and when I reported to him he seemed much chagrined at the mistake made in transmitting his orders, and ordered me to move back rapidly to the position assigned me, as the enemy was advancing. I moved back double-quick all the way. As I crossed Marye's Hill, in the rear of Marye's House, I saw the enemy's line advancing to charge the Eighteenth regiment behind the stone wall. A heavy artillery fire was directed at the Twenty-first regiment, but we gained our position with only a few

wounded, among whom was that noble soldier and gentleman, Lieutenant Martin A. Martin, of Sunflower county, who was never able afterward to join his company. The Eighteenth regiment and the artillery, repulsed with great slaughter that and two other charges made in rapid succession, with small loss to our side. In the meantime Colonel Walton, of New Orleans, had placed one section of the first company of Washington Artillery (two guns) under Captain Squiers, in the same redoubts occupied by them on the ever-memorable 13th of December, 1862. One gun of the third company, Captain Miller, was placed in the position near the plank road, and two guns belonging to the fourth company, under Lieutenant Norcum, were placed in position near the extreme left of the Twenty-first regiment between the plank road and Taylor's Hill. The second company, under Captain Richardson, was posted near the railroad on our right ; Frazier battery and Carlton battery in rear of Howison House on Lee's Hill. One gun of Parker's battery was posted on the point known as Willis's Hill, under the command of Lieutenant Brown.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock the fog lifted so as to reveal the heavy masses of the enemy that had crossed at the various pontoon bridges laid down during the night. His troops could be seen in every portion of the city, and his lines stretching down the turnpike for a mile below the Bernard House. The position of the enemy seemed to justify the suspicions of General Early, that the real attack would be at Hamilton station, and that the attack at Marye's Hill was only a feint and a feeler. Soon, however the enemy's line could be seen moving up toward the city. At the same time a column was discovered moving from the city up the river towards Taylor's hill I sent a courier to General Barksdale, then on Lee's Hill, and he to General Early, then at Hamilton station, informing him of these movements of the enemy. To my mind it was now clear that Marye's Hill was to be the point attacked by the whole force of the enemy. From my observations of the topography of the country around Fredericksburg, I had long before regarded Marye's Hill as the weakest and most vulnerable position along the whole line occupied by General Lee on the 13th of December, 1862, for the simple reason that it is not a salient, but it is the only point on that whole line that a line of infantry can be massed within one thousand yards of the hills. At that point a line of infantry can be massed and masked in the valley between the city and the hill within four hundred and fifty yards, and at the railroad cut and embankment within six hundred yards

of the hill. It was the part of wisdom in Burnside to attack at that point. It is true he failed, but he would have failed at any other point. General Lee had a dozen other "slaughter pens" along his line that would have proved more disastrous than Marye's Hill. Besides, Marye's Hill, on the 3d of May, 1863, was a weaker position to defend than it was on the 13th of December, for the reason that the out-houses, plank-fences, orchards, and other obstacles to a charge, that existed at that time, were all removed or destroyed by the army during the winter, and nothing remained on the open plain to break the lines of an assaulting column. I could not doubt that the same acumen that prompted Burnside to attack that point would lead Sedgwick to renew it. I sent at the request of Colonel Griffin, who realized his perilous situation, three companies from the Twenty-first regiment—Company F, under the command of Captain Fitzgerald, Company C, under command of Captain G. W. Wall, and Company L, under the command of Captain Vosberg—to reinforce the Eighteenth. General Barksdale applied to General Pendleton, who had control of a large train of artillery on the telegraph road on Lee's Hill, not a mile off, and not in position, to send a battery to Taylor's Hill, to command the two bridges that spanned the canal. Instead of sending a battery from his train, that lay idle during the whole engagement, he ordered a section of the Washington Artillery from the redoubt on the plank road, where it was needed. Barksdale also applied to General Early to reinforce Colonel Griffin, but received none. General Hays was sent to Taylor's Hill with three regiments of his brigade. These three regiments, and the section of Washington Artillery, behaved nobly, and drove back the column that advanced against Taylor's Hill—if, indeed, the movement of this column was not a feint to draw off troops from Marye's Hill. While these movements were going on, the Federals sent a flag of truce to Colonel Griffin for the humane purpose of removing his wounded that had fallen in the assaults made in the morning. With that generous chivalry, characteristic of that battle-scarred veteran—not suspecting a "Yankee trick"—this truce was granted, and the enemy, with one eye on their wounded, and the other on our trenches, discovered that our redoubts were nearly stripped of their guns, and our infantry of the Eighteenth regiment stretched out to less than a single rank, along the line defended by Cobb's and Kershaw's brigades and thirty-two guns on the 13th of December, 1862.

The discovery emboldened him, and as the last wounded Federal was taken from the field, a concentrated fire, from thirty or forty

pieces of artillery posted in the city and on Stafford's Heights, was directed on Marye's Hill, and three columns of infantry seemed to rise out of the earth, and rushed forward with demoniac shouts and yells—one from a valley in front of Marye's Hill, one from the city on the plank road, and up the valley of Hazel Run. The Twenty-first regiment and Miller's gun repulsed the column on the plank road, and drove it back twice. The right wing of the Eighteenth regiment, the two guns of the first company, and Parker's gun on Willis's Hill, drove back the column that advanced up Hazel Run. The centre column that advanced from the valley, directly in front of Marye's Hill, moved steadily forward until it passed the point where it could be reached by Miller's gun, and proved too much for the left wing of the Eighteenth regiment, and three companies of the Twenty-first regiment, and, by an impetuous charge, broke through the battle-worn ranks of the ever-glorious Eighteenth, and overwhelmed the line at the stone-fence by jumping into the sunken road, and bayoneted and shot down many of our boys after they surrendered. Colonel T. M. Griffin, of Madison county; Lieutenant-Colonel W. Henry Luse, of Yazoo county, and Lieutenant J. Clark, of Jackson, were captured. Major J. C. Campbell, of Jackson, was wounded, but made his escape, and died in a few days. Lieutenant Mackey, of Madison county, was wounded, and died in Fredericksburg. Adjutant Oscar Stuart, of Jackson, Lieutenant H. T. Garrison, Lieutenant S. T. Fort, and William Cowen, were killed by drunken soldiers after they surrendered. One-half of the Eighteenth, and three companies of the Twenty-first, were killed or captured in the road. The enemy rushed forward up the hill, and taking advantage of a ravine, between Marye's Hill and the redoubt occupied by the first company of Washington Artillery, gained the rear of the company while in the act of pouring shell and cannister upon the mass advancing over the field before them. Many of the enemy were drunk, and shot down some of the artillerists after they surrendered. The first company lost two guns. Sergeant W. West, a gallant soldier, killed while placing his gun in position; Private Florence and others killed after surrendering. Captain Earnest and nine others wounded. Captain Squiers, Captain Edward Owen, and Lieutenant Galbreath, and about twenty-five others, were captured. Parker's Battery lost its gun and half the men.

The first intimation I had of the disaster at the stone-wall was from a sharpshooter's minnie-ball striking the vizor of my cap, and driving it back against and blinding for the time my left eye. This attracted

my attention to Marye's Hill, and though I could only "go one eye on it," I saw enough to satisfy myself that I was cut off from the brigade, with the enemy on my right flank. I attempted to change front, and form on the plank road facing Marye's Hill, but soon found that road enfiladed by a battery near Mary Washington's monument, which forced us to retreat. Lieutenant Price Tappan, of Vicksburg, and Frank Ingraham, of Claiborne county, both accomplished soldiers and gentlemen, were killed and left on the hill. Lieutenant Mills, of Leake county, lost his leg, and was captured. The third company of the Washington Artillery lost its gun and some of the men. The fourth company lost its two guns. Lieutenant De Russy was knocked down by a fragment of shell and badly contused. Privates Lewis and Maury killed, and several captured.

The whole story of the 3d of May, 1863, at Marye's Hill, was fully told, though not amiably expressed, by a noble son of Louisiana, who gallantly stood by his gun on the hill, until the last hope of holding it had vanished. Passing to the rear by some artillerists belonging to Pendleton's train, with his face covered with sweat and blackened with powder, and his heart saddened by defeat, he was asked, "Where are your guns?" He replied with irritation, "Guns! I reckon now the people of the Southern Confederacy are satisfied that Barksdale's brigade and the Washington Artillery can't whip the whole Yankee army."

* * * * * *

The rapid movement of the enemy, advancing over Marye's Hill and on Hazel Run, made me despair of reaching the brigade. My only hope was to reach the main army, then at Chancellorsville, engaged in a furious battle. When, however, I reached Gest's Hill on the plank road, I discovered the enemy had been checked by the Thirteenth and Seventeenth regiments, Frazier's battery from Georgia, Carloton's battery from North Carolina, and the second company of Washington Artillery, then on Lee's Hill. I saw that it was possible for my regiment to cross Hazel Run above Marye's Hill and rejoin the brigade, which move was made and accomplished. General Barksdale, as soon as he saw that Marye's Hill was lost, the Eighteenth regiment shattered, the Washington Artillery captured and the Twenty-first regiment cut off, ordered the Thirteenth and Seventeenth regiments to fall back to Lee's Hill. Adjutant Owen, of Washington Artillery, rallied the second company, under Captain Richardson, to the Telegraph road on Lee's Hill, and opened fire upon the blue mass on Marye's Hill. Barksdale rallied the rem

nant of the Eighteenth regiment and the three companies of the Twenty-first regiment, and posted the Thirteenth regiment on the right of the Telegraph road; the left wing, under Major Bradley, resting its left company under the brave Captain G. L. Donald immediately on the road; the right wing under Colonel Carter, Lieutenant-Colonel McElroy and the accomplished adjutant, E. Harmon, in rear of the redoubts on Lee's Hill occupied by Frazier and Carloton.

Colonel Wm. D. Holder, of Pontotoc, posted the Seventeenth regiment on the left of the Telegraph road, the right wing under the chivalrous Lieutenant-Colonel C. Fiser, of Panola county, and the left wing under the command of the brave Major W. R. Duff, of Calhoun county, and immediately engaged the advancing enemy. This timely and judicious disposition of our troops, and their stubborn daring, checked the enemy, and enabled me to reach the Telegraph road, with the Twenty-first regiment. The enemy, however, pushed forward his troops under cover of the brow of the hill and concealed by the smoke of the artillery, almost to the muzzles of the guns of the second company of Washington Artillery, shot down some of the horses, wounded several of the men and forced them to limber to the rear, leaving one gun.

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The ranks were rapidly wasting away under the deadly fire. General Sedgwick was pushing his blue lines over Marye's Hill and up the plank road. His serried lines were fast encompassing Lee's Hill, and it was apparent that the Thirteenth and Seventeenth would soon be enveloped and crushed. Barksdale yielded before the impending shock and ordered a retreat.

We fell back along the Telegraph road about two miles to the Mine road. It was now about the middle of the afternoon, and Barksdale's brigade of fifteen hundred Mississippians, and seven guns of the Washington Artillery, with less than two hundred Louisianians, and one gun of Parker's battery, with about twenty Virginians, had been struggling and holding back from Lee's flank and rear Sedgwick's army, variously estimated from eighteen to thirty thousand, from the time he advanced from Deep Run on the 2d to 1 o'clock on the 3d of May. At the Mine road we met General Early with his division, which had been lying all day at Hamilton station, expecting Sedgwick to move that way. General Early immediately formed line of battle on the main road and across the Telegraph road. The enemy did not pursue us. A few wagons, mistaking the road, fol-

lowed after us, but retired as soon as our artillery fired on them and they discovered our line. We remained in line of battle and bivouacked for the night. Sedgwick moved his main army directly on the plank road to get in the rear of General Lee, who, having received early notice of the loss of Marye's Hill, detached McLaws's division to meet him. General Wilcox, who had been guarding Bank's ford, and General Hays, who had been sent to guard Taylor's Hill, moved back and threw their lines across the plank road at Salem Church. Sedgwick endeavored to push through their lines about sundown, but was repulsed. It now being dark, no further advance was attempted, and both armies bivouacked for the night. At sunrise next morning, General Early, in obedience to orders received during the night from General Lee, moved his division and Barksdale's brigade down the Telegraph road toward Fredericksburg, and found no difficulty in taking possession of Marye's Hill. He ordered Barksdale to reoccupy the trenches at the foot of Marye's Hill and hold back any force that might attempt to advance from the city, while he moved his own division up the plank road to attack Sedgwick in the rear.

Let us now pause and look at the extraordinary position the various portions of the two contending armies found themselves in on the morning of the 4th of May, after six days' marching, fighting and counter-marching. A heavy force of Federals—about fifteen thousand—occupied Fredericksburg and Stafford Heights; Barksdale and Early, with their backs to each other on the plank road, with five thousand men, between Fredericksburg and Sedgwick; Sedgwick between Early and Lee, with twenty thousand men; Lee, with Anderson, McLaws and Wilcox, between Sedgwick and Hooker's main army, with twenty thousand men; Hooker's main army—ninety thousand strong—between Lee and Stuart; Stuart, now commanding Stonewall Jackson's corps, with twenty-five thousand men; all stretched along a straight road within a space of twelve miles. Who could foretell the result of this mighty, but unfinished contest? Who could estimate its vast complications? Stonewall Jackson was wounded, and lay languishing upon his litter; Longstreet and D. H. Hill were absent. Robert E. Lee alone, of all the master spirits of the struggling hosts, could comprehend the situation, and by his mastery over that situation successfully worked out the result, and illustrated his vast superiority over all the great captains that opposed him. With the genius that never deserted him in his greatest trials,

he boldly issued his orders. Barksdale was ordered to hold back any Federal force left in Fredericksburg, Stuart and Anderson were ordered to threaten Chancellorsville, while, in person, Lee advanced with McLaws and Wilcox and a portion of Anderson's division, composed of Posey's and Perry's brigades, to attack Sedgwick in front, while Early attacked in the rear. Sedgwick, finding himself attacked front and rear by fifteen thousand men, instead of being able to attack Lee in his rear, hurriedly and rapidly retired by his right flank toward Banks's ford, and recrossed the Rappahannock that night. Lee, thus relieved of the presence of Sedgwick, moved McLaws and Early toward Chancellorsville to support Anderson and Stuart, who had been threatening, but were now ordered to engage Hooker. Early on the 5th, Hooker, perplexed by his "Dutch entanglement," and alarmed by the failure of Sedgwick, declined the fight and retreated toward the Rappahannock and crossed at the United States ford. Thus, Lee, with an army of less than fifty thousand men, all arms—ragged, half-rationed, and badly equipped—successfully met an army of over one hundred and twenty thousand men, magnificently equipped, and on ground chosen by themselves and partly fortified. For five long days he maintained the unequal contest—skillfully foiled every effort of the enemy to gain his rear—drove Sedgwick from his flank—gained the rear of Hooker's ninety thousand men at Chancellorsville by the brilliant movement of Stonewall Jackson, and, by bold and gallant daring and heroic assaults, drove back the "finest army on the planet," routed and in disorder, beyond the Rappahannock.

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The loss of the entire brigade was six hundred and six officers and men; Washington Artillery, about seventy officers and men; Parker's Battery, about ten officers and men.

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The battle of Chancellorsville, fought from Fredericksburg to the Wilderness, along two almost parallel roads—the "Plank Road" and the "Old Turnpike"—is justly regarded one of the proudest achievements of Southern arms. Military critics are puzzled at the result. Lee knew with absolute certainty that Hooker had over 120,000 men. Hooker knew with equal certainty that Lee had less than 50,000 men. Hooker moved over 90,000 to Chancellorsville, and left Sedgwick in front of Fredericksburg with over 30,000. Why did Sedgwick cross a portion of his army over the river at

Deep Run on the 29th of April? Was the movement premature, or was it made to threaten and hold Lee at Fredericksburg until Hooker could slip through the Wilderness and fall upon the flank and rear of Lee's army? If so, why did Hooker halt at Chancellorsville, and commence fortifying on the 30th of April? After Lee moved up to Chancellorsville, and confronted Hooker on the 1st of May, why were Hooker and Sedgwick both inactive? They knew that Lee had divided his army. Hooker and Sedgwick each had an army—had they been Confederate soldiers—that could have vanquished either half of Lee's army, if that half had been any other than Confederate soldiers. Yet they both remained inactive until Jackson gained the extreme right flank of Hooker's army on the 2d with fully half of Lee's army, and drove back the right wing of Hooker's army upon his centre. Then Sedgwick began to move in earnest on the 3d of May, and Hooker remained on the defensive with his ninety thousand against forty-five thousand. From the number of men that Hooker knew Jackson had on his right flank, stirring up his Dutch, he must have known that Lee had but few left between him and Sedgwick. Yet Hooker remained defending his ninety thousand as best he could against Anderson's twelve thousand and Jackson's twenty-five thousand, and let Lee turn towards Fredericksburg with two divisions—eight thousand men—on the 4th of May, and in hearing distance of Hooker, drive Sedgwick, with his twenty thousand, across the Rappahannock; and on the 5th became alarmed for the safety of his ninety thousand, and precipitately recrossed the river. That didn't look to the Rebels like "pulverizing the rebellion" much.

Had Hooker been a Lee, and Sedgwick a Jackson, Sedgwick would have moved out of Deep Run with his 30,000, square across the plateau between Barksdale and Early during the night of the 1st of May, and presented himself on the hills on the Mine road; General Early would have been captured or routed back to North Anna, Barksdale would have evacuated Marye's Hill, and, perhaps, made his escape by the plank road and gained Lee, and Jackson would not have made his flank movement to Hooker's right flank. Still, then, nothing but action on the part of both Hooker and Sedgwick would have prevailed. If General Hooker had prudently remained at Chancellorsville, defending his ninety thousand men against half of Lee's army, now reduced by the loss of Early, Stonewall Jackson would have turned upon Sedgwick with the other half of

Lee's army and pushed him back across his pontoons at Fredericksburg, and returned toward Chancellorsville and struck Hooker on his left flank, drove in his left wing upon his centre, and Lee would have pushed the whole disordered mass through the Wilderness and across the Rapidan. But if Hooker had been a Johnston or a Longstreet on the morning of the 2d of May, with 90,000 men at Chancellorsville; and had Sedgwick been a Beauregard, a D. H. Hill, or a Hood, with 30,000 men on the hills back of Fredericksburg, a joint, active, closing-in movement would have been made upon Lee, and Lee would have been crushed upon the plank road, and that would have looked like "pulverizing the rebellion." But Sedgwick was not the real Beauregard, or Hill, or Hood; Hooker was not the real Johnston or Longstreet. Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson knew their men. They knew the vain and boastful Hooker, and the courteous and cautious, if not timid, Sedgwick, and upon that knowledge they ventured upon movements that puzzled military science, and by that partial prowess of the "Confederate soldier," that has placed the name of American above all the names of earth, they worked out a result at once glorious to the now prostrate and down-trodden South, and disgraceful to the numerical superiority of the domineering North. But it is easier to criticise than to convince or perform. The Confederate army is now dispersed, the rebellion is pulverized, and the problem is solved. One Dixie cannot whip ten Yankees, and it is no longer "loyal," and, perhaps, no longer safe, for an unpardoned "rebel and traitor" so called, to tell his thoughts, except in bated breath and whispers. The sun of the Southern Confederacy has gone down in blood forever. The bright orb of "The Union"—that child of destiny, conceived in treason to an established Government, and brought forth in rebellion against a lawful sovereign—is again arising in all its effulgent and aggressive grandeur and glory; and, having shaken from its name the incubus of constitutions and the heresy of rights "reserved to the States and to the people," now sheds its defiant but "rehabilitating" rays over all nations, tongues, and peoples. "It is finished."

Henceforth let treason become odious; let rebellion stink in the nostrils of the people; let the divine right of "The Union" to rule be acknowledged; let humble, submissive, and silent adoration be given.

The Maryland Confederate Monument at Gettysburg.

At a preliminary meeting to arrange for the dedication of the Maryland Confederate Monument at Gettysburg, held in Baltimore, Tuesday evening, November the 16th, 1886, General Bradley T. Johnson made a defence of Confederates from the charge of being "Rebels" and "traitors" well worthy of preservation in our records.

GENERAL JOHNSON'S ADDRESS.

We are often asked by persons quite friendly to us, why we persist in maintaining these Confederate societies, and why we every year make public demonstrations of our respect for the "Lost Cause," and our affection for our dead comrades and attachment to our living ones. I have been asked, "Why not let the dead Confederacy rest in peace? It is dead; it cannot be revived, and you are guilty of an anachronism when you seek to put life in the corpse." My answer is, the cause of the Confederate States was the cause of civil liberty, under constitutional forms, on this continent. Those who supported it in arms acted up to the best lights they had, and maintained their faith and belief at the risk of life and fortune. That cause never will be a "lost cause," for as long as freemen all over the world love liberty they will struggle for it, and, if need be, fight for it, and they will respect the people who dared, at such great cost, to stand in defence of it against overwhelming odds and irresistible force. By the conventions of Appomattox and Denham Station we agreed to "return to our homes and obey the laws in force there," but by those military treaties it was expressly agreed that we should retain our swords, and without that stipulation no surrender would have been made by either Lee or Johnston. The sword was the insignium of the soldier—the emblem of our right and the outward mark of the respect which we had won. It indicated our reserved right of self-defence, of our honor, of our property and our institutions.

The parole was the certificate given by the conquerors to the conquered of honorable service in honorable war.

As soon as peace returned the first question that met us was as to what was to be our position in the future development of the country.

Were we to live as unconvicted rebels and go down to dishonored

graves as felons who had vainly attempted to destroy the Union, the sole sanctuary and safeguard of liberty to mankind, and were we to transmit to our posterity the tainted blood of unhung traitors and our children bearing the burden of names branded with ignominy and crime? Or were we to be considered honorable soldiers of a war illustrated by the greatest gallantry, the highest chivalry, the brightest genius that the English-speaking race have ever exhibited?

Were we to be regarded by our contemporaries—the gallant soldiers of the successful side—as their equals in patriotism and purity of motive, and by succeeding generations as worthy of places beside the armies of the Union? These were not merely sentimental questions. They were pressing and vital ones, upon the answer to which our future welfare and happiness largely depended.

As outcasts we would rapidly degenerate into the outlaws of the community, and would be thrust aside as unworthy of respect and debarred an equal opportunity of earning the support of ourselves and those dear to us. As respected citizens of the State and the Union we would live happily among our people, would receive proofs of their confidence and esteem, and leave to our children the priceless heritage of honored fame and name. To Marylanders these questions were more vital than to those who had their own State organizations to justify them. We had no defence except the law of war as defined by and practiced under the law of nations. And it was of overwhelming necessity that our position should be ascertained to be that of soldiers, and not of rebels and traitors.

The question came home to me personally in a very pressing way. I was under indictment in the Federal and State courts for treason in committing acts of war in the Sharpsburg and Gettysburg campaigns. I knew perfectly well what the law was. The only doubt was as to how far the courts of the successful side would give the unsuccessful side the benefit of it. Rebellion is insurrection against lawful government, which is unlawful in itself, in which every one who assists, aids or abets it is equally guilty, and personally responsible to the law for his crime, and which has no legal consequences, and can have none, for it is against all law. After it is suppressed there only remain the criminal trial and the punishment. War is a status between nations, countries or parties. As soon as it occurs, it changes at once the relation of every person subject to either party; each one becomes bound to obey his own country, and ceases to be personally responsible for actions committed by command of its authority, civil or military. All the people on one side become

legally enemies to all those on the other side, and no connection or communication is lawful between them unless by permission of their respective authorities. All business ceases, all compacts are dissolved between them, and they are as if they existed on separate planets. Therefore if the war between the States was determined to have been rebellion, every citizen of the Confederate States who had aided it would have been guilty of treason and liable to the law for his actions.

All official acts done by civil officers of the Confederate government, or of the States, judgments of courts, protests of commercial paper, probate of wills—every act necessary in civilized society to be done by officials—would have been void, and everything would have been in chaos. But if that war was held to be civil war, with all the legal consequences of public war, then there was no treason and no penalty for it—no personal responsibility for acts of lawful war. All the transactions of the governments, city, county and State, would be recognized and affirmed, and society would go on undisturbed in the status of peace, which would ensue upon the cessation of war.

I prepared and delivered the first argument, I believe, which was delivered anywhere, at the October term, 1868, before the Court of Appeals of Maryland, to establish the position that the contest had been war and not rebellion, and had produced the legal consequences that result from war, and that, therefore, we had not been rebels nor traitors, and could not, under the law, be held responsible as such. The same views were afterwards pressed upon the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States in the proceedings against ex-President Davis by Charles O'Conor, and Mr. Davis was never tried.

Nor was any man ever tried anywhere in any Federal Court for treason. The law of the United States, as declared by the executive and judicial departments for eighty years, had settled the fact that resistance by any great body of people, controlling a large territory for a considerable time against the government which they were endeavoring to throw off, was war and not rebellion, and must be treated as war, with all the legal consequences of war. As O'Conor said, "Washington might have failed. Kosciusko did fail," but neither of them could have been treated, under the civilized code of nations, as traitors. The revolutions of the South American republics and of Greece were so treated by the Federal government. Mr. Webster, in his Bunker Hill oration, in 1825, had declared that the battle of

Bunker Hill marked the dividing line between rebellion and civil war, between treason and war.

"It created," he said, "at once a state of open public war. There could no longer be a question of proceeding against individuals as guilty of treason or rebellion." So Mr. Charles Francis Adams, the American minister to England, in June, 1861, wrote to his government that the recognition by the European powers of belligerent rights in the Confederate States relieved the government of the United States of responsibility for any misdeeds of the Confederates towards foreign persons or property. As soon as hostilities began, England and France recognized the Confederate States as entitled to rights of belligerents in lawful war. The Union government permitted flags of truce and exchange of prisoners, and for four years the status of war was self-evident, and admitted by all the world. As soon as the war began, the United States claimed and exercised the right of blockade, which, as it affects foreign nations, can only be exercised in a war. As soon as peace was restored, the civil courts in the Union were forced, by the inexorable logic of history, of law and of justice, to decide anywhere all sorts of questions, in all sorts of cases, that the war was a civil war, with all the legal consequences of public war.

The Supreme Court of Maine led off in deciding in an insurance suit between citizens of Maine, that a capture by the *Sumter* was a capture in war, and that Semmes's flag was a lawful flag, and not a piratical one. The Supreme Court of the United States also held in a suit against a Massachusetts Insurance Company, that the Confederate flag was a lawful one, and a Confederate capture on the high seas a capture in war.

The Federal courts everywhere have established the same proposition.

The Supreme Court, in numberless cases, has held that the war was a civil war, with all the consequences of public war. A New Hampshire man sued an Arkansas man, who pleaded the statute of limitation to a debt created before the war. The court held that the war stopped the running of the statute.

A New York man was sued on liabilities created during the war by a partnership, of which he was a member in Mobile. The court held that the war dissolved the partnership. In another case it has decided that a corporation chartered by the Confederate State of Alabama continued to exist after Alabama returned to the Union, and it exists now. Numerous attempts have been made to hold Confede-

rate soldiers civilly liable for damages for trespass committed during war, but the Federal courts and the Supreme Court have held that no such liability was incurred.

As a matter of historical fact and of legal truth, First Manassas destroyed whatever possibility there ever was of the war being treated as rebellion by the successful side, or of our ever being considered as traitors.

As soon as the struggle in arms for independence ended, this struggle of logic and reason for our recognition as honorable soldiers began, and we have established our position before the world and to the end of time.

We are faithful citizens of the Union and supporters of the Constitution, and we are so because we are recognized as equal citizens, with equal rights to respect and recognition.

We are making the South to blossom as the rose, and her increase in power, population, and wealth in the future will be simply incredible.

The census of 1900 will see Texas outvoting New York, and Alabama passing Pennsylvania in power. When people have lost everything save honor, as we had done in 1865, our first duty became to preserve that untarnished. The Union had power, wealth, art, poetry, the press, the histories, and the school-books to impress their story upon future generations. We had naught but our own invincible courage and endurance and self-respect, and we have never wavered in the assertion of our right to be respected. While, for years, the successful side were offering high rewards for those who would leave us, not five Confederate soldiers of renown have deserted. While, for twenty years, any men of reputation in the South who would join them would have received high place under the Federal government, we have not had ten renegades.

Even here in Maryland, where the Confederate soldier has not always been recognized as he should be, not ten can be found who have proved recreant to their comrades and their faith.

It seemed to some of us that the preservation of the moral, the self-respect of our people, was of vital necessity for recovery. If they were allowed to sink into the condition of conquered vassals, they would soon, in reality, degenerate into serfs. It was necessary that some organized efforts be made to preserve them from the moral consequences of conquest.

Accordingly, in the spring of 1870, I prepared the plan for the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, which plan was, that

a division should be organized in every State, and General Lee was asked to become its first president. He did not think the time auspicious for such an organization, and it was dropped.

At the great memorial meeting in Richmond, in October, 1870, presided over by ex-President Davis, when many great soldiers of the Confederacy were present, the Association was formed. This society was then organized as the Maryland Division of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Other similar societies arose all over the South, and I believe they have performed a large and noble part in keeping up the spirit of our people. It was the spirit kept alive by these societies and the organization and membership of the societies themselves which rescued Louisiana and South Carolina and Georgia, and which has just restored Virginia to the control of her own people.

I come now to answer more definitely the inquiry with which I started—Why do we continue these public exhibitions and demonstrations?

I answer, in order to show that we have power and the will to protect ourselves and our comrades.

The annual orations and banquets at which we meet are not meant solely to make a display or to gratify a sentiment. They have been intended to keep, and they have succeeded in keeping, alive that heartfelt sympathy which Maryland felt so deeply for us, and they resulted in the bazar and $31,000 as an endowment to take care of our people.

This fund is not sufficient. We have now so many on our pension list that our fund is absorbed before adequately supplying their necessities.

As time goes on, we have more needy and broken-down comrades. Some of them are already in the poor-house. Many are on the way there. Since 1865 we have been treated with chivalric courtesy and kindness by Union soldiers, and I have never heard of one of them acting toward our comrades otherwise than most generously. We have consistently voted pensions for them, for honorable soldiers deserve pensions. We cannot reasonably expect pensions for ourselves from the Federal Government, but it must commend itself to the sense of justice of honorable men that, while we contribute hundreds of millions to Union pensioners, our own loved comrades shall not be allowed to die the death of paupers and be buried in paupers' graves.

Our men here in Maryland are honest; they are sober, industrious

and trustworthy. Of the fifteen hundred men of the Maryland Line at Hanover Junction I cannot count ten that are worthless or broken down by dissipation or laziness. They are competent to fill many humble places in city, county, State and Federal governments. There seems to be a disposition to ignore them, to treat them as poor relatives, to keep them out of sight as a disgrace to the family. I do not ask that they be given places beyond their abilities, but I do insist that men who have proved their fidelity by dedicating their lives to defence of their faith shall be taken care of, and not allowed to die in the poor-house.

I will not stand it, and as long as I have strength I will appeal to the noble and generous of Maryland, and largely to the Union soldiers—for four years our enemies, for twenty years our friends—against this injustice, this ignoble, cowardly feeling that impels people to disregard us because we are poor.

We can show that we have power; and power always compels respect. For their exhibition of power I thank Company C. They compelled the restoration of Knox to his place.

I hope, therefore, that our demonstration for Friday to Gettysburg will be impressive from its size and earnestness. I have no sympathy with any attempt to revive the issues or rekindle the passions of the civil war. He has a bad heart and is a bad citizen in Maryland who would do so. I accord to the Union men of Maryland the highest patriotism and the noblest courage in defense of their opinions. I claim for my own people equality in every respect with them, and insist upon equal recognition and respect.

I reprobate all recrimination and recalling of the bitter words and harsh actions of the war. War is a rough business and deals in rough ways. All its bitter memories ought to be buried, and only those noble deeds remembered which are a credit to manhood.

I claim a share in the reputation won by Kenly, Phelps, Horn, and every Maryland soldier on every stricken field, and I will everywhere and at all times guard their honor as my own.

Let every laurel won by either side be the common right of all Marylanders, and future generations will recall with pride the achievements of the Maryland brigade of the Army of the Potomac in the Wilderness and before Petersburg, and the combat of the First regiment with the Bucktails, and its manual of arms before the batteries of Gaines Mills, and the desperate charge of the Second regiment, "the gallant battalion," at Cold Harbor and at Gettysburg; the fight at Cedar Mountain, where the First artillery charged and

drove back a line of battle, the only case on record of such a feat of arms; the reckless gallantry by which the Maryland line saved Richmond from Kilpatrick and Dahlgren's sack; and let them take equal pride and do equal honor to the memory of their ancestors who fought under McClellan and Grant, Hancock and Buford, or who followed Jackson and Ashby, and charged under Lee and Stuart. Let this be the common heritage of glory of our posterity to the remotest time, as long as honor is revered, chivalry is cherished, courage is respected among the descendants of the founders of free thought in all the world. The heart of the poet already feels the inspiration of noble deeds, and one of the tenderest singers of our time, himself a Union soldier of repute, has even now embalmed the memory of Stonewall Jackson in immortal verse:

"And oft when white-haired grandsires tell
Of bloody struggles past and gone;
The children at their knees will hear
How Jackson led his columns on."

THE MONUMENT DEDICATED.

The monument was dedicated on Friday, November the 19th, and we clip from the Baltimore *Sun* of the next day the following account:

Twenty-three years after the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg by President Lincoln, the first monument, marking the position of a Confederate command on the battlefield of Gettysburg, was dedicated yesterday, a beautiful day for any ceremony. It was erected by the surviving members of the Second Maryland regiment and their friends, and the dedicatory ceremonies were witnessed by two thousand people, including the members of the Second regiment, the Maryland Line, the Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States, the Murray Association, the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, Company C, First Maryland cavalry, the Fifth Maryland regiment acting as escort, and survivors of the First Maryland infantry, First Maryland artillery, Chesapeake artillery, and a large number of ex-Confederate soldiers from other States, gentlemen and ladies of Baltimore, Frederick and Gettysburg. The Western Maryland railroad ran a special excursion train at 8.30 A. M. to Gettysburg in two sections, the first section being in charge of Conductor William Johnson, and the second

in charge of Captain W. T. Cooksley, who had been in the Confederate service. The first section, consisting of ten cars, was occupied by the Fifth regiment, Colonel Stewart Brown commanding, with band and drum corps, two hundred and eighty men, and in the fourteen cars of the second section were the various associations and their friends. At Emory Grove the last section was divided, and was run to Gettysburg and back as two trains. The trip to the battlefield and return was made with comfort and pleasure for all. On the train Captain Daniel A. Fenton collected over $40 for the injured firemen. Arrived at Gettysburg, the veterans found the Fifth regiment in line on Carlisle street. When they had formed their columns they passed the regiment, which stood at present arms, and then saluted and cheered the command as it passed them to take the right of line.

The march to the battlefield was then taken up in the following order: The Fifth regiment, couriers Messrs. Emmett Brown, J. B. Brown, sons of Captain J. B. Brown of the Third North Carolina infantry, M. H. Herbert, son of General Herbert, and J. Duncan McKim, son of Rev. Dr. Randolph H. McKim; General George H. Steuart and staff officers; Lieutenant Randolph H. McKim, chief of staff; Lieutenant McHenry Howard, Colonel W. S. Symington, Colonel H. Kyd Douglass, Captain Frederick M. Colston, Captain Frank Markoe, Captain John Donnell Smith, Private George C. Jenkins, Lieutenant Fielder C. Slingluff, Private Gresham Hough, Captain J. S. Maury, Midshipman John T. Mason, Captain C. M. Morris, Midshipman J. Thomas Scharf, Private Spencer C. Jones, Corporal Robert M. Blundon, Sergeant William H. Pope, Private George T. Hollyday, Captain John B. Brown; the Second Maryland regiment; First Maryland Cavalry; a carriage containing Captain George Thomas, the orator of the day; Mr. Ridgely Howard and friends; the Maryland Line, Society of the Army and Navy, and other organizations. Nearly one thousand persons were in line. The veterans marched to the music of Latchford's Drum Corps, composed of sons of Federal veterans, the drum-major, Aquilla Jackson, having been a Federal soldier.

The flags borne in the Maryland Line were carried by Messrs. John W. Chapman and T. W. Carey—the two battle flags of the Second regiment, one presented by the ladies of Baltimore and the other by the ladies of Frederick. The Frederick flag, borne at the head of the line, is of blue silk, with the State arms on one side, and on the other the inscription, "Presented to the Frederick Volunteers

by the Friends of Southern Rights." This company was raised by Captain Bradley T. Johnson, and was the first body of troops that joined the Confederate army in Virginia. The Baltimore flag, known as the Bucktail flag, also of blue silk, with the State seal and the inscription, "First Regiment, Maryland Line," upon it, was brought from Baltimore by Miss Hetty Cary, just before the battle of Manassas, and the two colors on one staff were carried through the battle. The flags were also in the battles of Front Royal, Winchester, Bolivar Heights, Harrisonburg, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Cold Harbor, Chickahominy, Malvern Hill, and the Seven Days around Richmond. At the battle of Harrisonburg, where Ashby was killed, five men were shot under the colors.

The route of the procession was out Carlisle street to Baltimore street, across Cemetery Hill, then by a road to the left to Culp's Hill, where stands the monument, one of the most handsome ones on the field. It was described in *The Sun* of yesterday. The Fifth regiment passed at carry arms the National cemetery, where the flag was at half-mast in respect to the memory of Ex-President Arthur.

As the procession marched over the battlefield one could obtain some little idea of the desperate fighting which occurred there when he viewed the stones and monuments in close proximity marking the positions of the opposing bodies, and the rugged nature of the country, broken by woods and huge ribs of rock projecting several feet above ground. The monument has one of these ribs for a base. At the monument, upon which was placed a floral anchor by a lady whose son was a member of the Second Maryland, the scene was striking. The Fifth regiment stood at parade rest; the veterans gathered about the monument or strolled about the field, pointing out the spots where they were wounded, where the gallant Murray and other members of their command were killed, or narrating the incidents of the three days' fight. Luncheon parties were scattered about among the trees, giving an animated appearance to the bare November landscape. The battle of Gettysburg was one of the two fights in which Maryland troops were pitted against each other. Among those present yesterday were Messrs. Joseph H. White and W. T. Ehlen, of Talbot county, who were members of Pennsylvania regiments opposed to the Confederate forces in that battle.

General Steuart and staff were greeted by Messrs. John M. Krauth, John S. Schick, Dr. Charles Horner, W. D. Holtzworth, and Colonel C. H. Buehler, of the Gettysburg Memorial Association, and with General Steuart presiding the ceremonies were begun by Rev.

Dr. Randolph H. McKim, late of Holy Trinity Church, New York, and now of Trinity Church, New Orleans, and the sole surviving member of the personal staff of General Steuart at the battle of Gettysburg. He prayed that the liberty for which the South had fought and the Union for which the North had contended might never be broken asunder. Captain George Thomas then delivered the dedicatory address, which occupied three-quarters of an hour, and was heard attentively. At its conclusion, Mr. John M. Krauth accepted the monument, and said that the Association would deem it a privilege and a duty to guard the monument to the gallantry and courage of the men of whom it was a memorial. The audience was then dismissed with the benediction. During the services the Fifth regiment band, under Adam Itzel, played two dirges, and it was noticeable that during the whole day no National or Southern airs were played. Everybody returned to Gettysburg at the conclusion of the exercises, took dinner, and, until train time, enjoyed the pranks of some of the members of the Fifth regiment, who, headed by Latchford's Drum Corps, marched about the town in high glee, and heard a brief speech made by General Steuart from the platform of one of the cars.

General Bradley T. Johnson was detained in Baltimore by court business, but met the excursionists on their return at Emory Grove. Upon the return of the excursion to the city at 8:20 P. M., the Fifth regiment escorted the organizations to their hall, on Mulberry and Cathedral streets.

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN THOMAS.

Captain George Thomas, of St. Mary's county, acting-adjutant of the Second Maryland regiment in the battle of Gettysburg, who was badly wounded in the charge on the works, July 2, delivered the address. Captain Thomas said: "This is indeed a beautiful country, singularly favored by nature, wonderfully improved by the hand of man. Its natural beauties and attractions, its evidences of thrift and well-being, are well calculated to arrest the attention of even the least observant. Peace and happiness, quietude and contentment, would seem to have found here their most congenial home. But yet more beautiful and yet more attractive are the occasion, the prompting and the circumstances that mark our assemblage of to-day. To one taking in at a glance this splendid panorama of hill and plain, of mountain side and vale, of fertile field and busy mart of trade, it would seem scarce credible that this spot, so favored by nature and

improved by man, could have been in the recent past the scene of armed contest between men of the same blood and lineage, having the same pride and the same traditions, like hopes and aspirations. To one familiar with the bitterness and heartburning that the history of those times recalls, it would seem even less credible that the men of the South could be here to perpetuate by monumental record the memory of their own achievements. Is it then difficult to realize that the choicest handiwork of nature and of man may, in the track of human passion, be trampled in the dust? 'A field of the dead rushes red upon the sight' in quick response. Is it difficult for us, in our conception of the workings of human nature, to realize the possibilities exemplified by the courteous recognition of our privileges on this field, thus made a common heritage? Let us all with bowed heads have thankful hearts that time, the great healer and assuager, has so far softened the memory, so far healed the bitterness of the past, that the men of Maryland, who once upheld the banner of the Southern Cross, may here erect, under the very shadow of tributes to the Union dead, this memorial evidence of soldierly work demanded, and soldierly work well done, by the men of their command on the fateful days of Gettysburg

"Without all thought of bitterness, without all fear of misconception, lift we then the curtain of the past, knowing that behind its folds there is to us no shame to those who were our enemies, no cause for further estrangement or distrust.

"We stand, my friends, where, for the three long July days of 1863, the armies of Lee and Meade—with almost more than human effort and endurance—strove for victory. This alone would render it a point of no ordinary interest even to the casual passer-by. To every American there is something more, for, as by intuitive perception, it is felt that the contest here had in it those features that give it rank in the history of nations by the side of the mighty conflicts that in their results have marked out the destiny of the world. Upon the issue of that contest hung, so far as human intelligence can tell of possible results, the decision of questions that, dating back for their inception to the very foundation of our government, had, as matters of prime political faith, handed down from father to son, been so cherished by generation after generation of the two great sections of the North and South that their lines of political thought had at length so diverged that there was no possible outcome save by resort to that dread arbiter from whose decision there can be no appeal. With full realization of the responsibilities involved in the act, the

gauntlet was thrown into the arena—with equal resolution and resolve it was lifted from the dust. There was no paltering upon either side with the magnitude of the interests at stake, and the preparations were commensurate with the powers that were to be opposed.

"Two years of the stubborn trial of strength passed by, and the end seemed as far off as at the beginning. Manassas and Seven Pines, Donelson and Pittsburg, the trial of the Seven Days, and the contest at Antietam, Corinth and Perryville, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville! On these, and on an hundred other battlefields, the insatiate demands of the Moloch of civil war had been met, and still there was no rift to be seen in the cloud that hung as a pall over the homes of the millions of our land. From the sighing forests of Maine to where the tropic tides throb upon our Southern shores, here in the land of Penn, there by the firesides of the home of Washington, where Hudson trod, and where De Soto caught his Eldorado, there in that mighty region whose life-blood pulses in the restless flow of the father of waters, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in hamlet, town and village, and in quiet country home, there was the sound of wailing and the cry of woe. Yet none the less from North to South, from East to West, the fire of battle still fiercely glowed in every heart.

"But even then the mighty fiat had gone forth, and the day was close at hand when the supreme effort was to be made that was to determine upon which side the meed of the victor should rest. And it was here—here that the men that followed Lee met with that crushing repulse that gave to the ensuing contests those features that, culminating on the plains of Appomattox with the fading from our view of the knightly crest of Lee, caused to be furled for aye that banner so long upheld in honor and in pride.

"At no time since the first sound of war had rung throughout the land had the heart of the South beat with more hopeful aspiration than when, in the early summer of 1863, the line of march was taken up and the movement northward was begun. With full ranks and as high resolve the opposing force met one by one the moves of Lee. With march and countermarch, with thrust and feint, and hurrying to and fro of armed battalions, and brilliant strategy, the game of war was played, till here, where no sound of war's alarms had ever come, with a shock that was felt to the utmost bounds of our continental domain, the battle of destiny was joined.

"The character of the campaign, impressed upon it from its incip-

iency, had marked out for Lee the necessity for inception in attack, and his was not a nature to hesitate when the time for action had come, nor were his the men to cause a feeling of doubt in the heart of their commander. After the first day's engagement, favorable to the Confederate arms, calmly and with a soldier's eye he viewed the difficulties to be overcome, estimating at their full value the advantages to be gained by possible success, weighing well the resources at his command, and relying upon his trusty soldiery to do all that men might do, he determined upon a continuance of the contest. And so for two more days of bloodshed, from here at Culp's Hill, there upon the cemetery slopes, and further on, where the grand charge of Pickett and his Virginians was met by the storm of shot and shell that swept them, even at the moment of victory, from existence, and further still, to where in the far distance Round Top frowns at the extreme left of the Federal line, with all the appliances of modern warfare brought into play, the fierce attack and desperate resistance in very revelry of death, went on. Gallantly, most gallantly, had the men of his command responded to Lee's appeal, but the work demanded was beyond human performance. And when, on the morning of the fourth, the day dawn came to look upon the dead that along these slopes in thousands lay cold and stark together, upon the wounded and the dying crowded close in ranks unnumbered in the hospitals at the rear, upon the thinned and wasted remnant of the host that for three long days had striven in the very jaws of death for victory, upon every feature of the scene, ready as that remnant was for renewal of the contest, there was impressed the evidence, plain now, though unacknowledged then, that the beginning of the end had come. What matters it that Lee, as he fell back sorely wounded, presented a front so bold, and an array so compact that even the stout hearts of Meade and his lieutenants hesitated to strike at the foe in retreat! What matter the days of the Wilderness, the gallant charge of Lookout Heights, or the dreary hours in the trenches at Petersburg! It was here that the chief act of the great drama was played—all that went before the prelude; all else the sequel.

"The military mind and the popular heart have united in selecting this as the one battlefield whose distinctive features are to be preserved by enduring monuments that will tell to future ages and to coming generations the story that was writ in their father's blood. Memorial stones, recording brilliant deeds and bold achievement, with tributes to the dead upon the field of honor, are to be seen on

every side. Here Reynolds fell, there Vincent bravely died, here Kane upheld his Pennsylvania's pride, there Hancock in his splendor fought with nerve of steel; here Farnsworth, there Weed and Hazlett fell; here Slocum held his vantage ground, there Gibbon met the fierce assault of Trimble and of Armistead. Splendid memories, well deserving a nation's pride. But in all this the story is but half told, and now the managing control has, with liberal and broad appreciation of its duties and obligations thrown wide the door to the survivors of the Confederate commands to complete the record, worthy in its entirety to be engraved 'with an iron pen, in lead, upon the rock forever.'

"The first to avail themselves of the privilege thus accorded is the regiment to which I had the honor of belonging, known then as the First and afterwards as the Second Maryland infantry, and we, the survivors, are here to mark the point gained within the opposing lines, at the close of the second day's engagement, and further to indicate the movement made on the following morning, of the nature of a forlorn hope, when the handful left were well-nigh destroyed.

"The history and character of that command are in some points peculiar, and it is not altogether inappropriate that to it should have been reserved the honor and the privilege of being the first Confederate organization to mark its place and indicate its deeds upon this field. Strictly a volunteer organization at the outstart, it retained that feature, soon in great degree peculiar to itself, till the close of its existence. Again, the men who, with the courage of their convictions, left their homes in Maryland to cast their fortunes with the South were no mere agitators or disorganizers. The historic names of the Goldsboroughs and the Johnsons, the Halls and Steuarts, the Tilghmans and the Howards, the Pacas, the Carrolls, and the Barneys, the Stones and Lloyds who filled our ranks give token of no churlish or ignoble blood, the descendants of the men who formed their State and who made the history of their colony, whether by sword or pen, to shine with peculiar lustre, even in the brilliant period of the revolutionary epoch, these men but put in practice the lessons they had learned from childhood when they staked their honor and their all and offered up their lives upon the altar of devotion in the effort to maintain the principles of their political faith.

"The representatives in the Confederate service of this phase of Maryland sentiment were scattered far and wide, attached to various

and widely-separated commands. The attempts to unite them in one command for many reasons failed, and it thus happened that the Second infantry, in some sense to be considered the successor of the old First that fought at Manassas, was the only Maryland organization of that arm in the service, and its members consequently felt as a body and as individuals a peculiar pride that upon them, small though their numbers were, fell in large degree the duty and the obligation of upholding the honor of their native State. This monument will tell whether or not that honor was safely lodged and cared for.

"The part played by the regiment in this connection is not long to tell. The morning of the 29th of June found it in camp near Carlisle, under field officers Lieutenant Colonel Herbert and Major Goldsborough. It was attached to the brigade of General George H. Steuart, in Johnson's division, Ewell's corps. When the command moved from camp on that morning, it was with ill-concealed dissatisfaction that the men found the movement to be, as they supposed, one of retreat. It was not until the morning of the 1st of July that the movement was so far developed that its aggressive character became plain. When the sounds of the engagement then progressing at Gettysburg first struck upon their ears as they reached the crest of the ridge that shuts in the Cumberland valley upon this side, and the word was passed along the line, "Close up, men; close up; Hill's corps is in," the wild shouts and hearty cheers, and quickened pace, showed how ready they were for the fray.

"Passing over the scene of the first day's engagement, they bivouacked for the night in the open ground to the north and east of the town, sharing in the general belief that before the dawn of another day they would be called upon to charge the heights frowning in their front. It was with something of a feeling of dismay, certainly with one of disappointment, that the tired men were roused from their slumbers on the following morning to find the sun high in the heavens and no movement made. From their somewhat exposed situation they were moved to the protection of the wooded ground, still further to the east, and there, in anxious anticipation, they awaited the signal for advance, which they knew could not be long delayed. At last, about four in the afternoon, the signal-gun was fired. In an instant the roar and din of over two hundred field-pieces filled the air, telling but too plainly what work would be required of them before many moments had passed.

"The fire slackens, and their veteran experience tells them that the infantry is now to be called into action. The command is given, and steadily the line moves on, closer and closer still, to the foot of the heights, where are the serried lines of infantry and the numberless batteries posted too far above our own to be engaged with prospect of advantage. The balls begin to tell before Rock creek is gained. Crossing that the difficult ascent begins; the fire thickens and the shrieking shells fill all the air with horrid sound, but still the line moves on over the huge projecting rocks, men falling at every step, till at last, by nine at night, the position is reached that is to be marked by the stone we rear to-day. Herbert is down, and the line is fearfully thinned; but it is no time to count the losses—only time to think of the enemy in front and upon the flank. For the tired men there is to be little rest or sleep, for, wedged in as they are in dangerous proximity to the very vitals of the Federal line, the position must be held, no matter at what hazard, and scarce a man can be spared from the active watch. They know, too, that the work before them when the morning dawns is to be of more trial still, and so they pass the night, not knowing when the fierce rush may be made in the attempt to hurl them from their place, knowing nothing of support to the right or to the left, trusting that all is well and ready when the command is given for further sacrifice.

"When the daylight comes they find themselves almost alone. They stand upon the extreme left of the line, with only the fraction that remains of the Tenth Virginia further on. The position seems scarcely tenable when, after having lain for hours under a withering fire of infantry and artillery, the order comes for a charge upon the works to the right and front. The men are no novices in the art of war, and they know that the move is desperate. But the order is imperative, and it is not their part to question—only to obey. Our gallant brigadier, with a full heart, passes along the line, changes the direction, sees that all is ready, then, with bright blade waving high, with clear command, cries, 'Forward!' and leads the way.

"It was but a little way to go. As the line, well preserved, passed into the opening just beyond, a burst of flame and shot and shell seemed to sweep the devoted band from earth. To advance was impossible—the odds ahead were too fearfully apparent; to remain was simple madness. There was no alternative, and so the order to retire was given, and when the little handful was assembled, under the command of the gallant Torsch, further down the slope, the survivors

looked around with wonder that even they were left alive. Of the four hundred who started to climb the slope more than two hundred fell; some, in the confusion of the night's engagement, had wandered into the enemy's lines; all of the staff and Murray, the first captain, gone; Murray dead nearly at the foot of the entrenchments. Such is the simple story that this tablet tells.

"Comrades, we have together shared trials and dangers that knit our hearts as one, by ties the strongest that man can know, and of all the memories that cluster about our hearts there are none that appeal more strongly to our tenderest affections and to our pride than those that are immediately recalled by our ceremonies of to-day, and I cannot but feel and give expression to the feeling that I have been honored far above my deserving in having been selected as the organ of your feelings and affections on an occasion such as this. Conscious of the many obligations under which your unvarying kindness and good-will laid me when associated together in the honorable career of arms, I rely upon your kindness and forbearance if I have not come up to the full measure of your expectations. In few and simple words I have recalled the story we would not willingly let die. A tongue more eloquent and a heart less full might have done it ampler justice.

"Comrades, we go to our homes when our ceremonies are over conscious of having performed a most sacred duty. In the time to come some one of us may stand under the shadow of this monument to tell of the labor and work of dear companions gone, to those who know of our days of sacrifice and devotion only as matters of old tradition, and the reply may rise to the lips, 'And yet you failed,' and you shall say. 'Not so; not so. Failure is in duty left undone. Obeying the call of sacred obligation, we did our part as best we might, trusting for our justification to the God that ruled our hearts and had our cause in hand. To Him and to His will we bowed.'

"And now, sir, it is my duty and my great pleasure to turn over to the charge of the Association which you represent this memorial of the deeds of the sons of Maryland whose cause was lost in the clash of arms. You will guard it well, not as a tribute to the cause that's dead, but as an added page to the great record you have in charge—a record which belongs to no section and to no time, the joint heritage of the North and of the South, and of right to be transmitted in all its fullness to the ages yet to come."

A Visit to Beauvoir—President Davis and Family at Home.

BY J. WM. JONES.

RICHMOND, VA., August 1st, 1886.

A trip from Richmond to Beauvoir, by the Richmond and Danville route to Atlanta, the Atlanta, West Point and Montgomery to Montgomery, and thence by the Louisville and Nashville railway, is quick and comparatively comfortable, even at this season. Leaving here at 2 A. M. on Thursday we reached Beauvoir—a flag station on the Louisville and Nashville, half-way between Mobile and New Orleans—at 4:40 P. M. Friday.

The first questions asked are, "Where is Mr. Davis's house?" "Is Mr. Davis at home?" The grounds are pointed out as running down to the station, the large vineyard of Scuppernong grapes forming a pleasing contrast to the sighing pines around, and soon the large yard, shaded by live-oaks, is seen, and the dim outlines of the cottages and mansion, as we hurry along the road to the house of a relative on the beach, several hundred yards below. But I was greatly disappointed to learn that Mr. Davis had received a summons to his plantation up on the Mississippi river, and had left several days before.

I had, however, a very pleasant time—gazing on the beautiful Gulf, breathing its salt breezes, dipping in its brine, catching fish every morning for breakfast, making some very pleasant acquaintances, etc.—and made a most enjoyable visit to Beauvoir, where Mrs. Davis and Miss Winnie entertained me in most agreeable style.

THE HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

At this and subsequent visits I had ample opportunity of seeing the house and grounds. The house is a large, double-framed building, painted white, and contrasting very pleasantly with the foliage in which it is embowered. A wide veranda runs around it, and a broad hall through the centre makes a very pleasant sitting-room in the summer. On either side of the main building, and a few yards from it, are very neat cottages, also white, and in the rear are ample and convenient out-buildings. The house is very well furnished, mostly with handsome old furniture, the walls are adorned with some fine pictures—some of them copies of the masterpieces of the old mas-

ters—and the rooms are tastefully decorated with *bric-a brac* and pretty ornaments, many of which are the products of the deft fingers and good taste of Mrs. Davis and her accomplished daughters.

Books, carefully selected from standard authors, adorn the tables or grace the shelves. In a word, the stranger who knew nothing of the occupants would have only to glance through the rooms to see at once that this is an abode of culture, refinement, and taste.

The grounds are ample, the live-oaks and their hanging moss are very beautiful, the Gulf of Mexico laves the beach in front of the house, and is certainly one of the most beautiful sheets of water that the sun shines upon. The grounds are certainly very beautiful as they are, but are capable of great improvement, and one could not repress the wish that our honored Confederate chief had the means of making them all that his cultivated taste would suggest.

And yet it is a source of gratification to old Confederates that our great leader has this quiet retreat, where, away from the rushing crowd, on the soil of his loved Mississippi, breathing the healthful breezes of the Gulf that washes the southern shores of the Confederacy, in the shades of his own home and in the bosom of his family, he can spend the evening of his busy life, and fill out the record of his great duties and heroic deeds. But it ought to be added that his needed rest and quiet are often broken by visitors—loving admirers who are anxious to pay their respects and do honor to the greatest living American; but too often mere curiosity-hunters, some of whom partake of his hospitality and then go off to write all manner of slanders about him.

THE FAMILY.

I would not be guilty of drawing aside the veil that conceals from the world the privacy of the home, or parading before the public even the names of our noble women; but the deep interest which our people take in all that concerns this noble family must be my excuse for saying some things which otherwise might not be admissible.

Those who knew Mrs. Davis in other days, as a Senator's or Secretary's wife, in Washington, or as "Mistress of the White House" and "first lady" of the Confederacy, in Richmond, would find no difficulty in recognizing her now; for, though time has wrought some changes in her, she is the same bright, genial, cultivated, domestic woman, who is equally well qualified to grace the parlor, preside at a State dinner with historic men as her guests, attend to the minutest

details of her housekeeping, or visit her neighbors, or look after the needy poor.

She is one of the finest conversationalists I ever met, and her recollections of society and events in Washington, in Richmond, and in Europe, and of the prominent men and women with whom she came in contact, are simply charming, and would make a book of rare interest were she disposed to turn her attention to authorship. Devoted to her husband, and taking a natural pride in his fame; an affectionate mother, who delights in her children and grandchildren; affable and pleasant with her neighbors; a noted housekeeper and fine economist, and a charming entertainer of visitors, she strikes all who know her as worthy to share the fortunes and comfort the declining years of our chief, as she was worthy to share his honors and reign in society at Washington and at Richmond.

She speaks in the most cordial terms (as does Mr. Davis) of Richmond and Richmond people, and inquires very affectionately after some of her special friends.

Miss Winnie Davis, the single daughter, who was born in Richmond not long before the close of the war, is one of the most thoroughly educated, accomplished young women whom I have ever met. At the same time she is simple, affable, and sweet in her manners, a brilliant conversationalist, a general favorite, and every way worthy of her proud lineage and happy inheritance as "Child of the Confederacy."

Mrs. Hayes, the only other living child, was on a visit to Beauvoir, but was sick, and I had not the pleasure of seeing her; but I heard her spoken of in the warmest terms of admiration by some of the neighbors. I saw her four sweet children—and what pets they were with their grandfather, whose love of children is one of his strong characteristics!

PRESIDENT DAVIS.

Returning from a several-days' trip to Meridian, I was delighted to find that Mr. Davis had returned from his plantation, had done me the honor of calling at my brother-in-law's to see me, and was awaiting my arrival.

Those who knew him in Richmond during the war might not recognize him at once, as over twenty years have left their impress upon him, and he now wears a full beard instead of being closely shaven as then. But the handsome face, the courtly grace of his bearing, the flash of his eagle eye, his cordial manners, genial

humor, and almost unrivalled eloquence of conversation, soon bring back the Confederate President—the indomitable leader, the unflinching patriot, the high-toned, Christian gentleman, whom true Confederates will ever delight to honor.

Seventy-eight years of an eventful life are upon him, his health is not strong, and his physical powers begin to weaken, but his intellect is as clear as ever, and his heart as warm as ever for the land he has loved so well, and for which he has toiled, and suffered, and sacrificed so much.

I shall not be guilty of betraying to the public the confidence of private conversation, as at this and subsequent interviews, at his own home, he spoke freely of men and events and measures from that full knowledge and intimate acquaintance, and in that perfectly charming manner which make his lightest utterances of unspeakable value.

But there are some things of which I may, without impropriety, write, and which I know will be of deep interest to our people.

Mr. Davis loves to talk of his home, the Gulf coast of Mississippi and its advantages, his pictures, his books, questions in English literature, science, the arts, etc., in all of which he is perfectly at home and talks charmingly; his cadet life at West Point and the men he knew there, who were afterwards famous; the Mexican war and his services, of which he speaks very modestly, but the brilliancy of which all the world knows; his services in the United States Senate and as Secretary of War, and the men with whom he came in contact while serving in these high positions; his travels abroad, etc., etc.

But he seems to delight especially to talk of the Confederacy; its splendid rise, its heroic struggle, its sad fall, when "compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources." He seemed thoroughly familiar with the minutest details of all the Departments of the Government. He gave some very interesting details of experiments made while he was Secretary of War, on the question of whether to cast guns hollow or to bore them out from solid castings, and spoke of the laudable pride with which Rodman sought him when he had prepared some cannon-powder, and exclaimed, "Eureka, eureka!"

He gave a very interesting account of some experiments made by Professor Bartlett, of West Point, under his direction, on the proper size and shape of bullets. The experiments failed, but last year at Beauvoir he got to thinking over it, and thought that he discovered the cause of the failure.

He at once wrote to Professor Bartlett, giving him his theory, but

received from him a very kind reply, in which the Professor said that he was now too old and infirm to make new experiments, and that, besides, he had lost their original memoranda and calculations.

He spoke with commendable pride of what progress the Confederacy had made in creating material of war, until at the end of the struggle the best powder in the world was made at the Confederate mill under charge of General Rains. He said that while a prisoner at Fortress Monroe he was told that the powder which produced the best results in firing at iron plates was some of this powder captured from the Confederates.

He talked freely, and in the most interesting manner, of the causes, progress, and results of the war, and, while fully accepting its logical results, he seems profoundly anxious that our children should be taught the truth, and that our people should not forget or ignore the great fundamental principles for which we fought. As for allowing the war to be called "The Rebellion" and our Confederate people "Rebels," he heartily repudiated and condemned it. "A sovereign cannot rebel," he said, "and sovereign States could not be in rebellion. You might as well say Germany rebelled against France, or that France (as she was beaten in the contest) rebelled against Germany."

He said that once in the hurry of writing he had spoken of it as "the civil war," but had never used that misnomer again.

He spoke of many of our generals and of the inside history of some of our great battles and campaigns, telling some things of great interest and historic value, which I do not feel at liberty to publish now.

After speaking in the most exalted terms of Lee and Jackson, their mutual confidence in each other, and their prompt co-operation, he said: "They supplemented each other, and, together, with any fair opportunity, they were absolutely invincible." He defended Jackson against the statement made by some of his warmest admirers (even Dr. Dabney in his biography) that he was not fully himself in failing to force the passage of White Oak swamp to go to the help of A. P. Hill at Frazier's Farm. He said that he thought that a careful study of the topography would show that Franklin's position was the real obstacle to Jackson's crossing.

He spoke warmly of the magnificent fight which A. P. Hill, afterwards supported by Longstreet, made that day—a battle which he witnessed—and told some interesting incidents concerning it.

Early in the day he met General Lee near the front, and at once

accosted him with "Why, General, what are you doing here? You are in too dangerous a position for the commander of the army."

"I am trying," was the reply, "to find out something about the movements and plans of those people. But you must excuse me, Mr. President, for asking what you are doing here, and for suggesting that this is no proper place for the commander-in-chief of all our armies."

"Oh, I am here on the same mission that you are," replied the President, and they were beginning to consult about the situation when "gallant little A. P. Hill" dashed up and exclaimed, "This is no place for either of you, and, as commander of this part of the field, I order you both to the rear."

"We will obey your orders," was the reply; and they fell back a short distance, but the fire grew hotter, and presently A. P. Hill galloped up to them again and exclaimed, "Did I not tell you to go away from here? and did you not promise to obey my orders? Why, one shell from that battery over yonder may presently deprive the Confederacy of its President and the Army of Northern Virginia of its commander." And with other earnest words he finally persuaded the President and General Lee to move back to a more secure place.

Mr. Davis spoke in the warmest terms of praise of A. P. Hill. "He was," he said, "brave and skillful, and always ready to obey orders and do his full duty." Reminding him that General Hill was killed at Petersburg "with a sick-furlough in his pocket," having arisen from a sick-bed and hurried to the front when he heard that the enemy was moving, he said, "Yes, a truer, more devoted, self-sacrificing soldier never lived or died in the cause of right."

Speaking in general of the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, he said that we accomplished grand results, and that the failure to annihilate McClellan's army was due chiefly to the fact that when General Lee took command there were at headquarters no maps of the country below Richmond, and it was then too late to procure them, and that our army moved all the time in ignorance of the country and with guides who, for the most part, proved themselves utterly inefficient.

He said that General Lee's object in the retreat from Petersburg was to reach Danville, and then to unite with Johnston and crush Sherman before Grant could come up.

After General Johnston's surrender, his object was to reach the Trans-Mississippi department and see if he could rally the forces there. And this he believes he could have accomplished, as he knew

every swamp along his proposed route, but he was turned aside by information that a band of robbers were about to attack his family, who were traveling on a different line.

He gave deeply interesting details of the foreign relations of the Confederacy, and of how near we were several times to recognition by England and France. He spoke in the highest terms of praise of Captain Bullock's "Secret Service of the Confederacy in Europe"—a book which he thinks should be in every library—and said that the Confederacy had nothing to fear from the publication of all of its official correspondence.

He spoke in strong terms of the double dealings of Louis Napoleon, who, after inviting Mr. Slidell, the Confederate commissioner, to have Confederate vessels built in France, and assuring him that there would be no obstacle to their going out afterwards, went square back on his word (because of certain representations of Mr. Dayton, the United States Minister), and refused to allow them to go out. When he was in France, after the war, the Emperor sent him word, that "If he desired an interview with him he would be glad to grant it." "But," said the grand old chief of the Confederacy, "I wanted no interview with the man who had played us false, and so I promptly replied that I did not desire it."

He spoke of General Lee's high opinion of the ability of General Early as a soldier, and of his own emphatic endorsation of that opinion, and said many other things of deep interest which I may not write now.

He and his family were evidently deeply touched by the grand ovation accorded him at Montgomery, Atlanta, Savannah, etc., last spring, and I assured him that if he would accept the invitation which I bore him from Governor Lee to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of the Lee monument next October we would give him in the last capital of the Confederacy a welcome equally as warm—an ovation fully as imposing. He could not promise so long ahead what he could do, in view of his declining years and uncertain health, but said, "There is no place I would rather visit than Richmond; no occasion I had rather be present upon than one that is to honor R. E. Lee. If possible I shall do myself the pleasure of going."

I came away from Beauvoir with the highest gratification that I had had the privilege of seeing at his home, eating with at his table, and mingling in free social intercourse with the great statesman, the peerless orator, the gallant soldier, the stainless Christian gentleman, the devoted patriot, whom, with one voice, the Confederate States

called to be their chief, who never betrayed their trust, but who was true in war, and has been true in peace—"who did not desert during the war and has not deserted since."

What true Confederate—what true citizen of any section of the country—can fail to join in the earnest prayer that Heaven's choicest blessings may rest upon that beautiful home at Beauvoir—that his last days may be his best days, and that he may finally rest in peace, wear "the fadeless crown of victory," and rejoice in the plaudit of the Great Captain—"Well done, good and faithful servant"—when he shall join Lee and Jackson and others of our Christian soldiers in that bright land where "war's rude alarms" are never heard?

Building Confederate Vessels in France.

[The following extract, from Captain Bullock's "Secret Service of the Confederate States in Europe," gives a very interesting account of French duplicity in this matter:]

I have always understood that when the proposition to raise a loan in Europe was first broached, the Confederate government was not greatly impressed with the scheme, and was somewhat reluctant to accept the offer of the bankers who proposed to undertake the negotiation. After some discussion, it was, however, determined to make the experiment with the moderate amount of £3,000,000. The financial enterprise was undertaken by Messrs. Erlanger, of Frankfort and Paris, and they managed the transaction with great skill and ability. When the prospectus was issued there was a prompt and gratifying response. In a very short time the amount subscribed was £15,000,000, or five times the amount wanted, and it was thought that a much larger sum still would have been offered if it had been applied for. The financial agents of the Confederate government lamented their inability to issue bonds for the whole amount offered, but, looking back upon the transaction now, all must feel gratified that the loss to the European public was limited to the smaller figures.

The necessities of the financial situation defined the extent of our naval operations in France, and on the 16th of July, 1863, I closed a contract with M. L. Arman for two ironclad vessels of the dimensions and power afore-mentioned. About a fortnight after the completion

of the arrangements, in respect to the above contract, I received a cypher despatch from the Secretary of the Navy on the subject of getting ships in France, and as it affords conclusive proof of the hopes that were held out, and the expectations which were aroused at Richmond in consequence, I think a portion of its contents may properly be given here as a part of the facts necessary to a full understanding of that strange episode in the war which forms the chief subject of this chapter. The following is an extract from the above-mentioned despatch, dated "Richmond, May 26th, 1863":

"My letter of the 6th instant, enclosed you a copy of a Secret Act of Congress relative to building ships abroad. Since that letter was written, I have received additional assurances, which I regard as satisfactory, that iron-plated ships-of-war can be constructed in France by French builders, and delivered to us ready for service upon the high seas or elsewhere.

"Heretofore I have brought to your attention an intimation which I deem not unworthy of notice, from the quarter whence it reached me, that one or more of the ironclads of the French Navy might be so transferred as to come into our possession, and as I have heard, only incidentally from you on the point, and know that you have recently, by your visit to France, had an opportunity of learning the value of this suggestion, I again ask your attention to it.

"The immediate possession of two or three good armored ships, capable of entering the Mississippi, would be of incalculable value to us, and though the hope of thus obtaining them is not sanguine, I still deem it proper to attempt it. You will, therefore, if you have not already acted, take such measures for this purpose as you may deem best."

In reply to the portion of the foregoing despatch, which referred to the possible purchase of one or more ironclads from the French Navy, I informed Mr. Mallory that "inquiries have been, and continue to be, made. Most of the ironclads already built, or now under construction for the European powers, are either too large, and of too heavy draft, for our especial purposes, or they are mere floating batteries, too small and heavily armed to cross the Atlantic."

The subject was fully discussed with Mr. Slidell, and he did not see how the negotiation could be opened in such a way as to get the proposition before the Emperor, unless it should appear that he had determined to recognize the Confederate government independently of England, and there was no evidence that he intended to take any such decisive step alone. Mr. Slidell thought that we should be con-

tent with the covert intimation that no ship-builder we might employ would be prevented from despatching the vessels to sea when they were completed. Personally, I fully agreed with Mr. Slidell, and on the general question I subsequently wrote to the Secretary of the Navy as follows:

"You may rely upon it that the purchase of men-of-war from any of the European navies is not practicable under existing circumstances. The transaction would necessarily be managed through intermediaries, who, from the very nature of the negotiations, would be forced to sacrifice principle by prevaricating, and then all sorts of objectionable means would have to be used, even bribery, and after all we would only get cast-off vessels. I make these remarks as the result of experience, for I have had propositions from many persons, and I know wherein they are all wanting."

The construction of the corvettes at Bordeaux and Nantes, and the two ironclad vessels, progressed rapidly, and for some months there did not arise any question which suggested a doubt in regard to the purposes of the Imperial government in respect to their departure when completed. On the 23d of November, 1863, I reported that the armored vessels were quite three-fifths finished, and that the corvettes would probably be ready for sea within the contract time, but by that date affairs began to change in their aspect. The American papers began to discuss the probable destination of the ships, and it was stated that Mr. Dayton, the United States Minister, had addressed a protest to the French government against their completion, and it was even affirmed that he had been assured by the Minister of Marine that none of the ships would be allowed to leave France. Commenting upon these uncomfortable rumors, in a subsequent despatch (November 26th, 1863,) to the Secretary of the Navy, I wrote as follows:

"The extent to which the system of bribery and spying has been, and continues to be, practised by the agents of the United States in Europe, is scarcely credible. The servants of gentlemen, supposed to have Southern sympathies, are tampered with, confidential clerks, and even the messengers from telegraph offices, are bribed to betray their trust, and I have lately been informed that the English and French post-offices, hitherto considered immaculate, are now scarcely safe modes of communication. * * * *

"Mere suspicion is not, I regret to say, the basis of Mr. Dayton's protest. He has furnished the French government with copies of certain letters, alleged to have passed between the builders, which go

to show that the ships are for us. The confidential clerk, who has had charge of the correspondence of M. Voruz, one of the parties to the contracts, has disappeared, and has unfortunately carried off some letters and papers relating to the business. M. Voruz has not yet discovered the full extent to which he has been robbed, but is using every effort to trace the theft to its source, and to discover how far he can prove complicity on the part of the United States officials. We know that the stolen papers contain evidence that the ships are for us, for the fact has been so stated by the Minister of Marine to one of the builders, but the French government has only thus become aware of a transaction it was perfectly well informed of before. Indeed, I may say, that the attempt to build ships in France was undertaken at the instigation of the Imperial government itself. When the construction of the corvettes was in progress of negotiation, a draft of the proposed contract was shown to the highest person in the Empire, and it received his sanction—at least I was so informed at the time. At any rate, I have a copy of the letter addressed to the builders by the Minister of Marine, giving authority to arm the corvettes in France, and specifying the number of guns, and I have the original document signed by M. Chasseloup Laubat himself, granting like authority for the rams. It can never, therefore, be charged that the Confederate States government, through its agent, has violated the neutrality of France by attempting the construction of ships in her ports, and if Mr. Dayton has received the assurances we see printed in the American papers, the time is rapidly approaching when the policy of the Imperial government, in reference to American affairs, must be positively and definitely expressed.

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"The builders are still sanguine that they will be allowed to send ships to sea, but I confess that I do not see any such assurance in what they say, and the manner in which the protest of the American Minister had been received is well calculated to confirm my doubts. When Mr. Dayton went to the Minister of Foreign Affairs with a complaint, and with copies of certain letters to substantiate it, the Minister might have said, "These are alleged copies of the private correspondence of two prominent and highly respected French citizens; they could only have come into your possession by means of bribery or treachery. I cannot, therefore, receive them as evidence, and must insist that you produce the originals, and explain how you came to be possessed of them." It strikes me that such a course would have effectually silenced Mr. Dayton, and we could have felt

some assurance of getting our ships to sea. Instead of this, the stolen letters have been received without hesitation, and the United States officials profess to be satisfied with the action, or promised action, of the French government. The builders are sent for, and warned by the Minister of Marine, and although those gentlemen come from their interviews still possessed by the belief that the ships will be allowed to depart, and thus, as I said before, excite hopes, I cannot be blind to the significancy of the above circumstances.

"My belief is, that the construction of the ships will not be interfered with, but whether they will be allowed to leave France or not will depend upon the position of affairs in America at the time of their completion. If at that time our cause is in the ascendant, the local authorities will be instructed not to be too inquisitive, and the departure of our ships will be connived at. If, on the contrary, the Federal cause prospers, the affair of the "Confederate ships" will be turned over to the responsible Ministers of the Empire, who will justify their claim to American gratitude by a strict enforcement of the neutrality of France. Hoping always for the best, I shall not permit any fears to create delay in the progress of work. The ships shall be ready as soon as possible, and every effort shall be made to get them to sea in the manner least calculated to compromise the French authorities if they choose only to be judiciously blind."

On the 18th of February, 1864, I reported further to the Secretary of the Navy as follows:

"I have the honor to enclose herewith duplicate of my despatch of November 26th, 1863, on the subject of the ironclads and corvettes building for us in France, wherein I ventured to express some apprehension as to the policy the Imperial government would pursue when the ships approached completion. That policy has been pronounced sooner than I anticipated, and the Emperor, through his Ministers of Foreign Affairs and of Marine, has formally notified the builders that the ironclads cannot be permitted to sail, and that the corvettes must not be armed in France, but must be nominally sold to some foreign merchant and despatched as ordinary trading vessels. I believe that M. Arman has acted in a perfectly loyal manner thus far in these transactions, and he sincerely regrets the present turn of events. He has proposed that a nominal sale of the vessels should be made to a Danish banker, and that there should be a private agreement providing for a redelivery to us at some point beyond the jurisdiction of France. This would simply be substituting France for England, and then Denmark for France, and the Danish banker

for Messrs. Bravay, and if the two most powerful maritime nations in the world have not been able to resist the importunities of the United States, it would be simply absurd to hope for success through the medium of Denmark, a weak power at best, and just now struggling, almost hopelessly, for her very existence.* The proposition was therefore declined, as it only involved an increased and useless expenditure of money without a hope of profit. * * * * This case may be summed up in a very few words. It is one of simple deception. I never should have entered into such large undertakings except with the assurance of success. I was not as a private individual, but as an agent of the Confederate States, invited to build ships-of-war in France, and so far at least as the corvettes are concerned, received every possible assurance that they might be actually armed in the ports of construction. During three or four months after the contracts were made, the work advanced very rapidly, but latterly there has been a gradual falling off, which caused me to fear that the builders had received some discouraging intimations from the government. I am not fully convinced on this point, but the result would seem to indicate that my suspicions were not unfounded. By affording refuge to our ships at Calais, Brest and Cherbourg, the Imperial government has shown us more favor than that of her Britannic Majesty, and I presume that the Emperor, trusting to the chances of war and diplomacy, hoped that, before the completion of the ships, affairs both in America and Europe would be in such a condition as would enable him to let them go without apprehension. He now favors us so far as to tell us frankly to sell out and save our money, but this can scarcely ameliorate the disappointment. * * *

"The two Bordeaux ironclads and the four corvettes would have been a formidable attacking squadron, and would have enabled its commander to strike severe and telling blows upon the Northern seaboard. The loss of the ironclads changes the whole character of the force, and deprives it of its real power of offence. It is difficult to predict what may be the state of Europe even a month hence, and how the progress of events may affect the chances of getting the wooden ships to sea. I shall, however, make every effort to get at least two of them out to supply the places of our present cruisers should the casualties of the sea reduce their number. There really seems but

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*Then engaged in war with Prussia and Austria in respect to the Holstein-Schleswig provinces.

little for our ships to do now upon the open sea. Lieutenant-Commanding Low, of the *Tuscaloosa*,* reports that in a cruise of several months, during which he spoke over one hundred vessels, only one proved to be an American, and she being loaded entirely on neutral account, he felt forced to release her after taking a bond. The *Alabama* also only picks up a vessel at intervals, although she is in the East Indies, heretofore rich in American traffic. Nevertheless, if all our ships should be withdrawn, the United States flag would again make its appearance; and it is therefore essential to provide the necessary relay of vessels. There is, however, no resisting the logic of accomplished facts. I am now convinced that we cannot get ironclads to sea, and unless otherwise instructed, I will make no more contracts for such vessels, except with such a pecuniary guarantee for actual delivery upon the ocean as will secure us against loss."

M. Arman having received positive instructions not to attempt to send the ironclad vessels to sea, but being still permitted to suppose that the corvettes would not be stopped if sent to sea without their guns, it was arranged with him to push the completion of the latter vessels to the utmost, and to go on with the armored ships more leisurely, while we were considering what might be done with them. The course of events and the *dénouement* is more clearly and fairly explained in the following despatch, written to the Secretary of the Navy at the time, than by any version I could give of the transaction now. The despatch referred to was written June 10th, 1864, and was as follows:—

"It is now my painful duty to report upon the most remarkable and astounding circumstance that has yet occurred in reference to our operations in Europe. Previous despatches have informed you under what influences, impressions and expectations I undertook the construction of ships of war in the building-yards of France, and how smoothly and satisfactorily the work progressed for several months after it was begun. I reported to you when it became evident that the government was interfering and checking the progress of the work, and finally informed you when the authorities forbade the completion of the rams, and directed the builders of the corvettes to sell them.

"When the consultation between Messrs. Mason, Slidell, and myself

* Prize of the *Alabama*, commissioned by Captain Semmes.

was held in Paris, the result of which has already been reported to you, it was unanimously agreed that the ironclads must of necessity be sold, but it was thought that the corvettes should be completed, as the builders were confident that the government would not interfere with their departure, if despatched as commercial vessels, and under the assumed ownership of private individuals. Thus fortified by the opinions and advice of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, I gave M. Arman, the principal builder, written instructions to sell the ships, upon his representation that such a course was necessary in order that he might be able to show to the Minister of Marine that his business connection with me had ceased. There was at the same time an express understanding between M. Arman and me that the sale of the corvettes should be purely fictitious, and that the negotiations in respect to the rams should be kept in such a state that we might get possession of them again if there should be any change in the policy of the Emperor's government before their completion. Scarcely a month since, I had a long consultation with M. Arman regarding all of these matters, Mr. Eustis being present. M. Arman showed me a contract of sale of one of the ironclads to the Danish government, and told me he was then negotiating for the sale of the other to the same government. As Denmark was then at war, it had been arranged that the nominal ownership of the rams should vest in Sweden,* and that government, I was informed, having consented to do this piece of good service for Denmark, M. Arman said that a Swedish naval officer was then at Bordeaux superintending the completion of the rams, as if for his own government. In the contract of sale, M. Arman had agreed to deliver the ships at Gottenburg, in Sweden, and he told me that he had made this unusual stipulation in order that he might be able to send the ships to sea under the French flag, and in charge of men of his own choice. 'Now,' said he, 'if you are willing to sacrifice one of the rams, and will consent to the *bona fide* delivery of the first one, I am sure that the second can be

*I reported this fact, just as I understood M. Arman to state it, at the time of the consultation referred to; but upon subsequent inquiry, I learned that he did not mean me to infer that any public official of the Swedish government took part in the transaction, but that a Swedish banker had undertaken to carry out the arrangement. However, the whole plan fell through; the ship was actually sold to Denmark, and was sent to Copenhagen without any disguise, and under the French flag, with a French commander and crew.

saved to you. When the first ram is ready to sail,' continued M. Arman, 'the American Minister will no doubt ask the Swedish Minister if the vessel belongs to his government. The reply will be 'Yes;' she will sail unmolested, and will arrive at her destination according to contract. This will avert all suspicion from the second ram, and when she sails under like circumstances with the first, my people, having a previous understanding with you, will take her to any rendezvous that may have been agreed upon, or will deliver her to you or your agent at sea'

"The above is almost a verbatim report of the proposition made by M. Arman, which, after some discussion upon matters of detail, was accepted, and I have since felt a reasonable assurance of seeing one of our rams at work upon the enemy. A day or two after I called on M. Arman again, taking with me Captain Tessier, my agent in France, a man of intelligence, a capital seaman, and of course master of the French language. The object of the visit was to discuss the arrangements necessary to get the corvettes to sea, and to send to them their armament and crews. I told M. Arman that it would not take a long time to set everything afloat when the proper moment arrived, but that the undertaking was one which not only involved a large expenditure of money, but which required to be managed with great caution and secrecy. When the expedition was ready I said it would be absolutely necessary for it to sail promptly, because delay would cause exposure, and certain interruption and failure would follow, and having due regard to such a contingency, it was very important and indeed essential that I should, if possible, get some assurance that when we were all ready to move, the government would permit the vessels to leave Bordeaux. M. Arman replied that he thought there was no doubt about the corvettes being allowed to sail unarmed, but he was to have a personal interview with the Emperor in ten days or a fortnight, and would then bring the matter to a close by direct appeal to his Imperial Majesty.

"Many details relating to the best mode of shipping the guns, the engagement of reliable captains, and the possibility of getting seamen from the ports of Brittany were discussed, all in a most satisfactory manner. Before separating, M. Arman expressed great regret at the delay and interference we had met with, and said that as he had made the contracts for building all the ships in perfect good faith, and with the assurance that his government understood the whole transaction, and would permit him to carry it out, he felt doubly

bound to assist in every possible way, and to assume any responsibility that might be necessary.

"In face of the foregoing statements, you will readily imagine my astonishment when Captain Tessier arrived here (Liverpool) yesterday afternoon, bringing me a letter from M. Arman, informing me that he had sold both the rams and both the corvettes to "governments of the north of Europe," in obedience to the imperative orders of his government. He (M. Arman) could not write particulars. * * * Captain Tessier was charged to deliver further verbal explanations as follows:

"M. Arman obtained his promised interview with the Emperor, who rated him severely, threatened imprisonment, ordered him to sell the ships at once, *bonâ fide*, and said if this was not done he would have them seized and taken to Rochefort. Captain Tessier also brought me word that the two corvettes at Nantes were ordered to be sold, and the builders of those ships sent me by him a copy of the letter of the Minister of Marine conveying the order to them. The order is of the most peremptory kind, not only directing the sale, but requiring the builders to furnish proof to the Minister of Foreign Affairs that the sale is a real one. The Minister of Marine writes the order in a style of virtuous indignation, specifies the large scantling, the power of the engines, the space allotted to fuel, and the general arrangements of the ships as proving their warlike character, and dogmatically pronounces the one to which he especially refers "une véritable corvette de guerre." When you call to mind the fact that this same Minister of Marine, on the 6th day of June, 1863, wrote over his own official signature a formal authorization to arm those very ships with fourteen heavy guns each (canons rayé de trente), the affectation of having just discovered them to be suitable for purposes of war, is really astonishing.*

"I certainly thought this kind of crooked diplomacy had died out since the last century, and would not be ventured upon in these common-sense days. Fortunately, I have a certified copy of the permit to arm the ships, and I will get the copy of the indignant order to sell them certified also. Captain Tessier saw Mr. Slidell in Paris, who told him that he had been informed of the sale, and was both astonished and indignant."

My first impulse was to resist and to take legal proceedings to

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* See copy of official authorization, page 67.

prevent the transfer of the ships to the purchasers, but a moment's reflection satisfied me that such a course could not restore the ships to us; at least it was manifest that they could not be reclaimed for use during the war. The proclamation of neutrality issued by the Emperor of the French on the 10th of June, 1861, contained a specific prohibition against any aid whatever being given by a French subject to either belligerent, and if the government had determined to enforce that prohibition strictly and literally, no effective resistance could be offered, and no plausible evasion could be attempted.

In England, where in theory the law is paramount, and members of the government had often declared that they neither could, nor would, exceed the restrictions as prescribed by statute, we found that pressure could, and did, overcome ministerial scruples, and that the law might be, and was not only "strained," but that the judgment of a court could be made inoperative by the interference of a Secretary of State. In France, the neutrality laws were in themselves more specific than the corresponding English act, but the power of the executive government to modify or to enlarge the legal prohibitions was far greater than in England, and while the permission or the connivance of a Minister of State would condone any apparent contravention of the law, his official prohibition would render an appeal to it worse than useless.

When Captain Tessier brought me the unwelcome and discouraging report of the forced sale of our French ships, I was so fully occupied with pressing affairs in England that it was impossible for me to go to France at once, but I sent him immediately back with a letter to Mr. Slidell, and with instructions to arrange with M. Arman to meet me in Paris, and followed in a few days. A consultation with Mr. Slidell resulted in nothing but the conviction that the Imperial government had changed the views which had been previously expressed, and that it would be impossible to retain possession of the ships, or to prevent their delivery to the purchasers by any process of law. It was manifest that the builders of the ships were as much surprised and disappointed by the action of the government as we were. They would not have undertaken the transaction unless they had been impressed with the belief that the supreme government fully understood and approved what they were doing, and they were ready and willing to comply with their engagements, and to assume any reasonable responsibility in the effort to fulfil them.

The course of the civil war about this time took an unfavorable

turn for the Confederate States, and the South began to show signs of exhaustion, which were painfully manifest to those of us who were conscious of the strain and the inadequacy of the means to resist it.

The apparent change in the probable result of the civil war, the manifest evidence that the Mexican enterprise was bitterly resented by the people of Mexico, and was also sorely vexatious to the majority in France, and the loss of prestige which failure in that expedition would doubtless inflict upon the Imperial *régime*, must have been very disquieting to the Emperior and to those immediately attached to his person and his government. At the same time Great Britain persistently declined to join with him in any act which might tend to strengthen the South, or to bring pressure upon the United States in respect to the recognition of the Confederate government, and he did not therefore feel equal to the effort of maintaining his position at home and abroad with the United States for an additional and open enemy, and the South unable to assist.

I can think of no other causes why there should have been any change in the policy of the Imperial government towards the South, and as those causes are sufficient to account for a departure from a course which was adopted for "reasons of State," we may assume that "reasons of State" required the change. Nevertheless, it was our duty to act up to the very end of the struggle as if final success was assured, and to relax no effort that could in any way contribute to that end, or which might strengthen the position of the Confederate government in seeking the reparation which could have been justly claimed from that of France for the injury inflicted upon the South by the sudden and total change of policy.

There was no reason why the government at Richmond should have refrained from making those transactions public at the time, except that to have done so would have borne the appearance of malice, and the effect would have been to alienate the sympathies of the Imperial government, which Mr. Slidell was assured were still with the South; but it cannot be doubted that if the Confederate government had been able to maintain itself, and to achieve the independence of the Southern States, some explanation of those arbitrary and contradictory proceedings would have been required; at least, they would have been taken into account in settling the conditions of a treaty of amity and commerce between France and the new American Republic.

Two Addresses of President Davis to the Soldiers of the Confederacy.

[These ringing appeals of our Chief Magistrate to our soldiers were issued, the first in August, 1863, and the second in February, 1864. They are worth preserving as indicating "the situation" at those important periods of our history.]

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

After more than two years of a warfare scarcely equalled in the number, magnitude and fearful carnage of its battles; a warfare in which your courage and fortitude have illustrated your country, and attracted not only gratitude at home, but admiration abroad, your enemies continue a struggle in which our final triumph must be inevitable. Unduly elated with their recent successes, they imagine that temporary reverses can quell your spirit or shake your determination, and they are now gathering heavy masses for a general invasion, in the vain hope that by a desperate effort success may at length be reached.

You know too well, my countrymen, what they mean by success. Their malignant rage aims at nothing less than the extermination of yourselves, your wives and children. They seek to destroy what they cannot plunder. They propose, as the spoils of victory, that your homes shall be partitioned among the wretches whose atrocious cruelties have stamped infamy on their Government. They design to incite servile insurrection and light the fires of incendiarism whenever they can reach your homes, and they debauch the inferior race, hitherto docile and contented, by promising indulgence of the vilest passions as the price of treachery. Conscious of their inability to prevail by legitimate warfare, not daring to make peace lest they should be hurled from their seats of power, the men who now rule in Washington refuse even to confer on the subject of putting an end to outrages which disgrace our age, or to listen to a suggestion for conducting the war according to the usages of civilization.

Fellow-citizens, no alternative is left you but victory, or subjugation, slavery and the utter ruin of yourselves, your families and your country. The victory is within your reach. You need but stretch forth your hands to grasp it. For this and all that is necessary is that those who are called to the field by every motive that can move the human heart, should promptly repair to the post of duty,

should stand by their comrades now in front of the foe, and thus so strengthen the armies of the Confederacy as to insure success. The men now absent from their posts would, if present in the field, suffice to create numerical equality between our force and that of the invaders—and when, with any approach to such equality, have we failed to be victorious? I believe that but few of those absent are actuated by unwillingness to serve their country; but that many have found it difficult to resist the temptation of a visit to their homes and the loved ones from whom they have been so long separated; that others have left for temporary attention to their affairs, with the intention of returning, and then have shrunk from the consequences of their violation of duty; that others, again, have left their posts from mere restlessness and desire of change—each quieting the upbraidings of his conscience by persuading himself that his individual services could have no influence on the general result.

These and other causes (although far less disgraceful than the desire to avoid danger, or to escape from the sacrifices required by patriotism) are, nevertheless, grievous faults, and place the cause of our beloved country, and of everything we hold dear, in imminent peril. I repeat, that the men who now owe duty to their country, who have been called out and have not yet reported for duty, or who have absented themselves from their posts, are sufficient in number to secure us victory in the struggle now impending.

I call on you, then, my countrymen, to hasten to your camps, in obedience to the dictates of honor and of duty, and summon those who have absented themselves without leave, or who have remained absent beyond the period allowed by their furloughs, to repair without delay to their respective commands; and I do hereby declare that I grant a general pardon and amnesty to all officers and men within the Confederacy, now absent without leave, who shall, with the least possible delay, return to their proper posts of duty, but no excuse will be received for any delay beyond twenty days after the first publication of this proclamation in the State in which the absentee may be at the date of the publication. This amnesty and pardon shall extend to all who have been accused, or who have been convicted and are undergoing sentence for absence without leave, or desertion, excepting only those who have been twice convicted of desertion.

Finally, I conjure my countrywomen—the wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of the Confederacy—to use their all-powerful influence in aid of this call, to add one crowning sacrifice to those which their patriotism has so freely and constantly offered on their country's

altar, and to take care that none who owe service in the field shall be sheltered at home from the disgrace of having deserted their duty to their families, to their country, and to their God.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Confederate
[SEAL] States, at Richmond, this 1st day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

By the President:

J. P. BENJAMIN, *Secretary of State.*

Soldiers of the Armies of the Confederate States:

In the long and bloody war in which your country is engaged, you have achieved many noble triumphs. You have won glorious victories over vastly more numerous hosts. You have cheerfully borne privations and toil to which you were unused. You have readily submitted to restraints upon your individual will, that the citizen might better perform his duty to the State as a soldier. To all these you have lately added another triumph, the noblest of human conquests—a victory over yourselves.

As the time drew near when you who first entered the service might well have been expected to claim relief from your arduous labors and restoration to the endearments of home, you have heeded only the call of your suffering country. Again you come to tender your service for the public defence—a free offering, which only such patriotism as yours could make—a triumph worthy of you and the cause to which you are devoted.

I would in vain attempt adequately to express the emotions with which I received the testimonials of confidence and regard which you have recently addressed to me To some of those first received, separate acknowledgments were returned. But it is now apparent that a like generous enthusiasm pervades the whole army, and that the only exception to such magnanimous tender will be of those who, having originally entered for the war, cannot display anew their zeal in the public service. It is, therefore, deemed appropriate, and, it is hoped, will be equally acceptable, to make a general acknowledgment, instead of successive special responses. Would that it were possible to render my thanks to you in person, and in the name of our common country, as well as in my own, while pressing the hand

of each war-worn veteran, to recognize his title to our love, gratitude and admiration.

Soldiers! By your will (for you and the people are but one) I have been placed in a position which debars me from sharing your dangers, your sufferings and your privations in the field. With pride and affection my heart has accompanied you in every march; with solicitude it has sought to minister to your every want; with exultation it has marked your every heroic achievement. Yet, never in the toilsome march, nor in the weary watch, nor in the desperate assault, have you rendered a service so decisive in results as in this last display of the highest qualities of devotion and self-sacrifice which can adorn the character of the warrior-patriot.

Already the pulse of the whole people beats in unison with yours. Already they compare your spontaneous and unanimous offer of your lives, for the defence of your country, with the halting and reluctant service of the mercenaries who are purchased by the enemy at the price of higher bounties than have hitherto been known in war. Animated by this contrast, they exhibit cheerful confidence and more resolute bearing. Even the murmurs of the weak and timid, who shrink from the trials which make stronger and firmer your noble natures, are shamed into silence by the spectacle which you present. Your brave battle-cry will ring loud and clear through the land of the enemy, as well as our own; will silence the vain-glorious boastings of their corrupt partisans and their pensioned press; and will do justice to the calumny by which they seek to persuade a deluded people that you are ready to purchase dishonorable safety by degrading submission.

Soldiers! The coming spring campaign will open under auspices well calculated to sustain your hopes. Your resolution needed nothing to fortify it. With ranks replenished under the influence of your example, and by the aid of your representatives, who give earnest of their purpose to add, by legislation, largely to your strength, you may become the invader with a confidence justified by the memory of past victories. On the other hand, debt, taxation, repetition of heavy drafts, dissensions, occasioned by the strife for power, by the pursuit of the spoils of office, by the thirst for the plunder of the public treasury, and, above all, the consciousness of a bad cause, must tell with fearful force upon the over-strained energies of the enemy. His campaign in 1864 must, from the exhaustion of his resources, both in men and money, be far less formidable than those of the last two years, when unimpaired means were used with bound-

less prodigality, and with results which are suggested by the mention of the glorious names of Shiloh and Perryville, and Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga, and the Chickahominy and Manassas, and Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.

Soldiers! assured success awaits us in our holy struggle for liberty and independence, and for the preservation of all that renders life desirable to honorable men. When that success shall be reached, to you, your country's hope and pride, under Divine Providence, will it be due. The fruits of that success will not be reaped by you alone, but your children and your children's children, in long generations to come, will enjoy blessings derived from you that will preserve your memory ever-living in their hearts.

Citizen defenders of the homes, the liberties, and the altars of the Confederacy! that the God whom we all humbly worship may shield you with His fatherly care and preserve you for safe return to the peaceful enjoyment of your friends and the association of those you most love, is the earnest prayer of your commander in-chief.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

"Beast" Butler Outlawed.

[The following proclamation of President Davis should be preserved:]

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES—A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas a communication was addressed on the 6th day of July last (1862), by General Robert E. Lee, acting under the instructions of the Secretary of War of the Confederate States of America, to General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief of the United States Army, informing the latter that a report had reached this Government that William B. Mumford, a citizen of the Confederate States, had been executed by the United States authorities at New Orleans, for having pulled down the United States flag in that city before its occupation by the forces of the United States, and calling for a statement of the facts with a view to retaliation if such an outrage had really been committed under sanction of the authorities of the United States.

And, whereas (no answer having been received to said letter),

another letter was on the 2d of August last (1862), addressed by General Lee, under my instructions, to General Halleck, renewing the inquiry in relation to the said execution of the said Mumford, with the information that in the event of not receiving a reply within fifteen days it would be assumed that the fact alleged was true and was sanctioned by the Government of the United States.

And, whereas, an answer dated on the 7th August last (1862), was addressed to General Lee by General H. W. Halleck, the said General-in-Chief of the armies of the United States, alleging sufficient cause for failure to make early reply to said letter of 6th July, asserting that "no authentic information had been received in relation to the execution of Mumford, but measures will be immediately taken to ascertain the facts of the alleged execution," and promising that General Lee should be duly informed thereof.

And, whereas, on the 29th November last (1862), another letter was addressed under my instructions by Robert Ould, Confederate Agent for the exchange of prisoners under the cartel between the two Governments, to Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Ludlow, agent of the United States under said cartel, informing him that the explanations promised in the said letter of General Halleck, of 7th of August last, had not yet been received, and that if no answer was sent to the Government within fifteen days from the delivery of this last communication, it would be considered that an answer is declined.

And, whereas, by letter dated on the 3d day of the present month of December, the said Lieutenant-Colonel Ludlow apprised the said Robert Ould that the above-recited communication of the 29th of November had been received and forwarded to the Secretary of War of the United States.

And, whereas, this last delay of fifteen days allowed for answer has elapsed, and no answer has been received

And, whereas, in addition to the tacit admission resulting from above refusal to answer, I have received evidence fully establishing the truth of the fact that the said William B. Mumford, a citizen of this Confederacy, was actually and publicly executed in cold blood by hanging, after the occupation of the city of New Orleans by the forces under the command of General Benjamin F. Butler, when said Mumford was an unresisting and non-combatant captive, and for no offence even alleged to have been committed by him subsequent to the date of the capture of the said city.

And, whereas, the silence of the government of the United States, and its maintaining of said Butler in high office under his authority

for many months after his commission of an act, that can be viewed in no other light than as a deliberate murder, as well as of numerous other outrages and atrocities hereafter to be mentioned, afford evi dence only too conclusive that the said Government sanctions the conduct of said Butler, and is determined that he shall remain unpunished for his crimes.

Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, and in their name, do pronounce and declare the said Benjamin F. Butler to be a felon, deserving of capital punishment. I do order that he be no longer considered or treated simply as a public enemy of the Confederate States of America, but as an outlaw or common enemy of mankind, and that in the event of his capture, the officer in command of the capturing force do cause him to be immediately executed by hanging; and I do further order that no commissioned officer of the United States taken captive shall be released on parole before exchange, until the said Butler shall have met with due punishment for his crimes.

And, whereas, the hostilities waged against this Confederacy by the forces of the United States under the command of said Benjamin F. Butler, have borne no resemblance to such warfare as is alone permissible by the rules of international law or the usages of civilization, but have been characterized by repeated atrocities and outrages, among the large number of which the following may be cited as examples:

Peaceful and aged citizens, unresisting captives and non-combatants, have been confined at hard labor with balls and chains attached to their limbs, and are still so held in dungeons and fortresses. Others have been subjected to a like degrading punishment for selling medicines to the sick soldiers of the Confederacy.

The soldiers of the United States have been invited and encour aged by general orders to insult and outrage the wives, the mothers, and the sisters of our citizens.

Helpless women have been torn from their homes and subjected to solitary confinement, some in fortresses and prisons, and one, especially, on an island of barren sand, under a tropical sun; have been fed with loathsome rations, that had been condemned as unfit for soldiers, and have been exposed to the vilest insults.

Prisoners of war, who surrendered to the naval forces of the United States on agreement that they should be released on parole, have been seized and kept in close confinement.

Repeated pretexts have been sought or invented for plundering

the inhabitants of the captured city by fines, levied and exacted under the threat of imprisoning recusants at hard labor with ball and chain.

The entire population of the city of New Orleans have been forced to elect between starvation, by the confiscation of all their property, and taking an oath against conscience to bear allegiance to the invaders of their country.

Egress from the city has been refused to those whose fortitude withstood the test, even to lone and aged women and helpless children; and after being ejected from their homes and robbed of their property, they have been left to starve in the streets or to subsist on charity.

The slaves have been driven from the plantations in the neighborhood of New Orleans till their owners would consent to share the crops with the commanding general, his brother (Andrew J. Butler), and other officers; and when such consent had been extorted, the slaves have been restored to the plantations and there compelled to work under the bayonets of guards of United States soldiers.

Where this partnership was refused armed expeditions have been sent to the plantations to rob them of everything that was susceptible of removal, and even slaves, too aged or infirm for work, have, in spite of their entreaties, been forced from the homes provided by the owners and driven to wander helpless on the highway.

By a recent General Order (No. 91), the entire property in that part of Louisiana lying west of the Mississippi river has been sequestrated for confiscation, and officers have been assigned to duty with orders to "gather up and collect the personal property and turn over to the proper officers, upon their receipts, such of said property as may be required for the use of the United States army; to collect together all the other personal property and bring the same to New Orleans, and cause it to be sold at public auction to the highest bidders," an order which, if executed, condemns to punishment by starvation at least a quarter of a million of human beings, of all ages, sexes, and conditions, and of which the execution, although forbidden to military officers by the orders of President Lincoln, is in accordance with the confiscation law of our enemies, which he has directed to be enforced through the agency of civil officials. And, finally, the African slaves have not only been excited to insurrection by every license and encouragement, but numbers of them have actually been armed for a servile war, a war, in its nature, far exceeding in horrors the most merciless atrocities of the savages.

And, whereas, the officers under the command of the said Butler,

have been, in many instances, active and zealous agents in the commission of these crimes, and no instance is known of the refusal of any one of them to participate in the outrages above narrated.

And, whereas, the President of the United States has, by public and official declaration, signified not only his approval of the effort to excite servile war within the Confederacy, but his intention to give aid and encouragement thereto, if these independent States shall continue to refuse submission to a foreign power after the first day of January next; and has thus made known that all appeals to the laws of nations, the dictates of reason, and the instincts of humanity would be addressed in vain to our enemies, and that they can be deterred from the commission of these crimes only by the terrors of just retribution—

Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, and acting by their authority, appealing to the Divine Judge in attestation that their conduct is not guided by the passion of revenge, but that they reluctantly yield to the solemn duty of repressing, by necessary severity, crimes of which their citizens are the victims, do issue this my proclamation, and by virtue of my authority as commander-in-chief of the armies of the Confederate States, do order—

1st. That all commissioned officers in the command of said Benjamin F. Butler be declared not entitled to be considered as soldiers engaged in honorable warfare, but as robbers and criminals, deserving death; and that they and each of them be, whenever captured, reserved for execution.

2d. That the private soldiers and non-commissioned officers in the army of said Butler, be considered as only the instruments used for the commission of the crimes perpetrated by his orders, and not as free agents; that they, therefore, be treated, when captured, as prisoners of war, with kindness and humanity, and be sent home on the usual parole, that they will in no manner aid or serve the United States in any capacity during the continuance of this war, unless duly exchanged.

3d. That all negro slaves captured in arms be at once delivered over to the executive authorities of the respective States to which they belong, to be dealt with according to the laws of said States.

4th. That the like orders be executed in all cases with respect to all commissioned officers of the United States when found serving in company with armed slaves in insurrection against the authorities of the different States of this Confederacy.

{ L. S. } In testimony whereof, I have signed these presents and caused the seal of the Confederate States of America to be affixed thereto, at the city of Richmond, on this 23d day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two.

(Signed) JEFFERSON DAVIS.

By the President,

J. P. BENJAMIN, *Secretary of State.*

General Breckinridge's Reply to General Bragg's Report of the Battle of Murfreesboro.

[It is, perhaps, proper that we should supplement our publication of General Breckinridge's report by the following letter:]

HEADQUARTERS BRECKINRIDGE'S DIVISION,
Tullahoma, March 31, 1863.

To S. COOPER, *Adjutant and Inspector-General, Richmond, Va.:*

SIR,—Two days ago I read General Braxton Bragg's official report of the battles of Stone River, before Murfreesboro, and after a proper time for reflection think it my duty to send you this communication.

I cannot conceal from myself the fact that so much of the report as refers to my command (except some general compliments to the courage of a portion of my troops on Wednesday, the 31st December) is in tone and spirit a thorough disparagement of both. This tone runs through all its parts, and lies like a broad foundation underneath the whole. At the same time the narrative of events is made to sustain the general spirit.

While the report of the Commanding General fails, as I think, to do justice to the behavior of my division on Friday, the 2d of January; yet its strictures are chiefly leveled at my own conduct as an officer during all the operations. By direct statement and by unmistakable innuendo, it is throughout a reflection upon my capacity and conduct.

Without referring to its contents in detail, I have to say, in respectful terms, that neither its material statements nor its equally material innuendoes can be maintained by proof; that its omission of important facts creditable to my division and myself is as remarkable as many of its affirmative statements; in a word, that in spirit and substance it is erroneous and unjust.

I trust that nothing in the foregoing expressions passes the limit of military propriety, and that plainness of statement will be pardoned to one who, even under the weight of superior military censure, feels that both he and his command have deserved well of their country.

Having met the Commanding General repeatedly on the field, and on three occasions in council during the progress of the operations, without receiving from him the least indication of dissatisfaction with my conduct, I was not prepared to see a report, bearing a subsequent date, containing representations at variance with these significant facts. Nor was my surprise lessened when I observed that it was written after a correspondence with his corps and division commanders (I being one of the latter), in which he invokes their aid to sustain him, and speaks of them as officers "upon whom I (he) have ever relied as upon a foundation of rock."

The Commanding General having written and forwarded his report before receiving those of his subordinate commanders, could have derived no assistance in its preparation from those usual official aids to the Commander-in-Chief, and since his position on the field prevented him from seeing many of the movements, especially those of Friday, the 2d of January, it much concerns all affected by his statements to know something of those other, and to them unknown, sources of information to which he has given the sanction of his influence and rank as the head of the army.

I have felt that it would be improper, in a paper of this character, to enter upon a detailed vindication; yet, in view of the fact that the casualties of war may at any time render an investigation impossible, I hope that it has not been improper for me to place on record this general protest against the injurious statements and inferences of the Commanding General, particularly since, not anticipating his censures, I may not have been sufficiently minute in portions of my report.

And in regard to the action of Friday, the 2d of January, upon which the Commanding General heaped so much criticism, I have to say, with the utmost confidence, that the failure of my troops to hold the position which they carried on that occasion was due to no fault of theirs or of mine, but to the fact that we were commanded to do an impossible thing. My force was about forty-five hundred men; of these, seventeen hundred heroic spirits stretched upon that bloody field, in an unequal struggle against three divisions, a brigade, an overwhelming concentration of artillery, attested our efforts to obey the order.

I have the honor to request that a court of inquiry be appointed, to assemble at the earliest time consistent with the interest of the service, and clothed with the amplest powers of investigation.

Of course I do not desire the interests of the service to be prejudiced in the least degree by any matter of secondary importance; accordingly, while an early investigation would be grateful to my feelings, I can cheerfully await the time deemed best by the proper authority.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

[Signed] JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
Major-General P. A. C. S.

General Stuart's Expedition into Pennsylvania.

OFFICIAL REPORTS.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
October 18th, 1862.

General S. COOPER, *Adjutant and Inspector-General:*

GENERAL,—In forwarding the report of Major-General Stuart of his expedition into Pennsylvania, I take occasion to express to the department my sense of the boldness, judgment and prudence he displayed in its execution, and cordially join with him in his commendations of the conduct and endurance of the brave men he commanded. To his skill and their fortitude, under the guidance of an overruling Providence, is their success due.

I have the honor to be,

Most respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed) R. E. LEE, *General.*

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
Camp near Winchester, Virginia, 8th October, 1862.

Major-General J. E. B. STUART, *Commanding Cavalry, &c.:*

GENERAL,—An expedition into Maryland with a detachment of cavalry, if it can be successfully executed, is at this time desirable. You will, therefore, form a detachment of from twelve to fifteen hundred well mounted men, suitable for such an expedition, and should

the information from your scouts lead you to suppose that your movement can be concealed from bodies of the enemy, that would be able to resist it, you are desired to cross the Potomac above Williamsport, leave Hagerstown and Greencastle on your right, and proceed to the rear of Chambersburg, and endeavor to destroy the railroad bridge over the branch of the Concocheague.

Any other damage that you can inflict upon the enemy, or his means of transportation, you will also execute. You are desired to gain all information of the position, force, and probable intention of the enemy which you can, and in your progress into Pennsylvania you will take measures to inform yourself of the various routes that you may take on your return to Virginia.

To keep your movement secret, it will be necessary for you to arrest all citizens that may give information to the enemy, and should you meet with citizens of Pennsylvania holding State or government offices, it will be desirable, if convenient, to bring them with you, that they may be used as hostages, or the means of exchanges for our own citizens that have been carried off by the enemy. Such persons will, of course, be treated with all the respect and consideration that circumstances will admit.

Should it be in your power to supply yourself with horses, or other necessary articles on the list of legal captured, you are authorized to do so.

Having accomplished your errand, you will rejoin this army as soon as practicable. Reliance is placed upon your skill and judgment in the successful execution of this plan, and it is not intended or desired that you should jeopardize the safety of your command, or go farther than your good judgment and prudence may dictate.

Colonel Imboden has been desired to attract the attention of the enemy towards Cumberland, so that the river between that point and where you may recross may be less guarded. You will, of course, keep out your scouts, to give you information, and take every other precaution to secure the success and safety of the expedition.

Should you be lead so far east as to make it better, in your opinion, to continue around to the Potomac, you will have to cross the river in the vicinity of Leesburg

I am, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) R. E. Lee, *General.*

Official: R. H. Chilton, *Acting-Adjutant-General.*

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION,
October 9th, 1862.

SOLDIERS,—You are about to engage in an enterprise which, to insure success, imperatively demands at your hands, coolness, decision and bravery—implicit obedience to orders, without question or cavil, and the strictest order and sobriety on the march and in bivouac.

The destination and extent of this expedition had better be kept to myself than known to you. Suffice it to say, that with the hearty co-operation of officers and men, I have not a doubt of its success —a success which will reflect credit in the highest degree upon your arms.

The orders which are herewith published for your government are absolutely necessary, and must be rigidly enforced.

(Signed), J. E. B. STUART,
Major-General Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION,
October 9, 1862.

ORDERS, No. 18:

During the expedition into the enemy's country, on which this command is about to engage, brigade commanders will make arrangements for seizing horses, the property of citizens of the United States, and all other property subject to legal capture, provided that in no case will any species of property be taken except by authority given in person or in writing of the commander of brigade, regiment, or captain of a company in the absence of his superior officers. In all cases, a simple receipt will be given to the effect that the article is seized for the use of the Confederate States, giving place, date and name of owners, in order to enable the individual to have recourse upon his Government for damage.

Individual plunder for private use is positively forbidden, and every instance must be punished in the severest manner, for an army of plunderers consummates its own destruction. The capture of anything will not give the captor any individual claim, and all horses and equipments will be kept to be apportioned upon the return of the expedition, through the entire division. Brigade commanders will arrange to have one-third of their respective commands

engaged in leading horses, provided enough can be procured, each man linking so as to lead three horses, the led horses being habitually in the centre of the brigade, and the remaining two-thirds will keep at all times, prepared for action.

The attack, when made, must be vigorous and overwhelming, giving the enemy no time to reconnoitre or consider anything, except his best means of flight. All persons found in the transit must be detained, subject to the orders of division provost marshal, to prevent information reaching the enemy. As a measure of justice to our many good citizens, who, without crime, have been taken from their homes and kept by the enemy in prison, all public functionaries, such as magistrates, postmasters, sheriffs, etc., will be seized as prisoners. They will be kindly treated, and kept as hostages for our own. No straggling from the route of march or bivouac for the purpose of obtaining provisions, etc., will be permitted in any case, the commissaries and quartermasters being required to obtain and furnish all such supplies in bulk as may be necessary.

So much of this order as authorizes seizures of persons and property, will not take effect until the command crosses the Pennsylvania line.

The utmost activity is enjoined upon the detachments procuring horses, and unceasing vigilance upon the entire command.

Major J. P. W. Hairston is hereby appointed division provost marshal.

By command of Major-General

J. E. B. Stuart.

R. Channing Price, *First Lieutenant and A. D. C.*

Headquarters Cavalry Division,
October 14th, 1862.

Colonel R. H. Chilton,
Acting Adjutant-General, Army Northern Virginia:

Colonel,—I have the honor to report that on the 9th instant, in compliance with instructions from the Commanding General, Army Northern Virginia, I proceeded on an expedition into Pennsylvania, with a cavalry force of eighteen hundred men and four pieces of horse artillery, under command of Brigadier-General Hampton and Colonels W. H. F. Lee and Jones. This force rendezvoused at Darksville at 12 M., and marched thence to the vicinity of Hedgesville,

where it camped for the night. At daylight next morning (October 10th) I crossed the Potomac at McCoy's, between Williamsport and Hancock, with some little opposition, capturing some two or three horses of the enemy's pickets. We were told here by citizens that a large force had been camped the night before at Clear Spring, and were supposed to be *en route* to Cumberland. We proceeded northward until we had reached the turnpike leading from Hagerstown to Hancock, known as the National road. Here a signal station on the mountain and most of the party, with their flags and apparatus, were surprised and captured, and also eight or ten prisoners of war, from whom, as well as from citizens, I found that the large force alluded to had crossed but an hour ahead of me towards Cumberland, and consisted of six regiments of Ohio troops and two batteries, under General Cox, and were *en route via* Cumberland for the Kanawha. I sent back this intelligence at once to the Commanding General. Striking directly across the National road, I proceeded in the direction of Mercersburg, Penn., which point was reached about 12 M. I was extremely anxious to reach Hagerstown, where large supplies were stored, but was satisfied, from reliable information, that the notice the enemy had of my approach, and the proximity of his forces, would enable him to prevent my capturing it. I, therefore, turned towards Chambersburg. I did not reach this point till after dark, in a rain. I did not deem it safe to defer the attack till morning, nor was it proper to attack a place full of women and children without summoning it first to surrender. I accordingly sent in a flag of truce, and found no military or civil authority in the place; but some prominent citizens who met the officer were notified that the place would be occupied, and if any resistance were made the place would be shelled in three minutes. Brigadier-General Wade Hampton's command being in advance took possession of the place, and I appointed him Military Governor of the city. No incidents occurred during the night, during which it rained continuously. The officials all fled the town on our approach, and no one could be found who would admit that he held office in the place. About two hundred and seventy five sick and wounded in hospital were paroled. During the day a large number of horses of citizens were seized and brought along. The wires were cut and railroads were obstructed. Next morning it was acertained that a large number of small arms and munitions of war were stored about the railroad buildings, all of which that could not be easily brought away were destroyed—consisting of about five thousand new muskets, pistols, sabres, ammunition, also a

large assortment of army clothing. The extensive machine shops and depot buildings of the railroads, and several trains of loaded cars were entirely destroyed. From Chambersburg I decided, after mature consideration, to strike for the vicinity of Leesburg as the best route of return, particularly as Cox's command would have rendered the direction of Cumberland, full of mountain gorges, particularly hazardous. The route selected was through an open country. Of course I left nothing undone to prevent the inhabitants from detecting my real route and object. I started directly towards Gettysburg, but having passed the Blue Ridge, turned back towards Hagerstown for six or eight miles, and then crossed to Maryland by Emmettsburg, where, as we passed, we were hailed by the inhabitants with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. A scouting party of one hundred and fifty lancers had just passed towards Gettysburg, and I regret exceedingly that my march did not admit of the delay necessary to catch them. Taking the road towards Frederick we intercepted dispatches from Colonel Rush (lancers) to the commander of the scout, which satisfied me that our whereabouts was still a problem to the enemy.

Before reaching Frederick, I crossed the Monocacy; continued the march through the night, *via* Liberty, New Market, Monrovia, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, where we cut the telegraph wires and obstructed the railroad. We reached, at daylight, Hyattstown, on McClellan's line of wagon communication with Washington, but we found only a few wagons to capture, and pushed on to Barnsville, which we found just vacated by a company of the enemy's cavalry. We had here corroborated what we had heard before—that Stoneman had between four and five thousand troops about Poolesville, and guarding the river fords. I started directly for Poolesville, but instead of marching upon that point, avoided it by a march through the woods, leaving it two or three miles to my left, and getting into the road from Poolesville to the mouth of the Monocacy. Guarding well my flanks and rear, I pushed boldly forward, meeting the head of the enemy's column going towards Poolesville. I ordered the charge, which was responded to in handsome style by the advance squadron (Irving's) of Lee's brigade, which drove back the enemy's cavalry upon the column of infantry advancing to occupy the crest from which the cavalry were driven. Quick as thought Lee's sharpshooters sprang to the ground, and, engaging the infantry skirmishers, held them in check till the artillery in advance came up, which, under the gallant Pelham, drove back the enemy's force to

his batteries beyond the Monocacy, between which and our solitary gun quite a spirited fire continued for some time. This answered, in connection with the high crest occupied by our piece, to screen entirely my real movement quickly to the left, making a bold and rapid strike for White's ford, to make my way across before the enemy at Poolesville and Monocacy could be aware of my design. Although delayed somewhat by about two hundred infantry, strongly posted in the cliffs over the ford, yet they yielded to the moral effect of a few shells before engaging our sharpshooters, and the crossing of the canal (now dry) and river was effected with all the precision of passing a defile on drill. A section of artillery being sent with the advance and placed in position on the Loudoun side, another piece on the Maryland height, while Pelham continued to occupy the attention of the enemy with the other, withdrawing from position to position until his piece was ordered to cross. The enemy was marching from Poolesville in the meantime, but came up in line of battle on the Maryland bank only to receive a thundering salutation, with evident effect, from our guns on this side.

I lost not a man killed on the expedition, and only a few slight wounds. The enemy's loss is not known, but Pelham's one gun compelled the enemy's battery to change its position three times.

The remainder of the march was destitute of interest. The conduct of the command and their behavior towards the inhabitants is worthy of the highest praise; a few individual cases only were exceptions in this particular.

Brigadier-General Hampton and Colonels Lee, Jones, Wickham and Butler, and the officers and men under their command, are entitled to my lasting gratitude for their coolness in danger and cheerful obedience to orders. Unoffending persons were treated with civility, and the inhabitants were generous in proffers of provisions on the march. We seized and brought over a large number of horses, the property of citizens of the United States.

The valuable information obtained in this reconnoissance as to the distribution of the enemy's force was communicated orally to the Commanding General, and need not here be repeated. A number of public functionaries and prominent citizens were taken captives and brought over as hostages for our own unoffending citizens whom the enemy have torn from their homes and confined in dungeons in the North. One or two of my men lost their way and are probably in the hands of the enemy.

The results of this expedition in a moral and political point of view

can hardly be estimated, and the consternation among property holders in Pennsylvania beggars description

I am especially indebted to Captain B S. White, South Carolina cavalry, and to Mr. ——, and Mr. ——, whose skillful guidance was of immense service to me. My staff are entitled to my thanks for untiring energy in the discharge of their duties.

I enclose a map of the expedition drawn by Captain W. W. Blackford, to accompany this report. Also, a copy of orders enforced during the march.

Believing that the hand of God was clearly manifested in the signal deliverance of my command from danger, and the crowning success attending it, I ascribe to Him the praise, the honor, and the glory.

I have the honor to be, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed) J. E. B. STUART,
Major General Commanding Cavalry.

Address of Honorable B. H. Hill before the Georgia Branch of the Southern Historical Society at Atlanta, February 18th, 1874.

[The following address should have been published in our *Papers* at the time of its delivery, but for the fact that we did not begin our publication until two years later, and it was "crowded out" from time to time by the pressure upon our pages. We are quite sure that our readers will thank us for giving them now this superb address of the great orator:]

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The object of this meeting is to organize in Georgia an auxiliary branch of "The Southern Historical Society." The object of this Society is to collect and preserve authentic materials for a full and correct history of the Confederate States. I have accepted the flattering invitation to address you on this occasion, and now proceed to perform the part allotted me as both a duty and a pleasure.

When the war between secession and coercion ended, the Southern States were under every obligation which defeat could imply, or surrender impose, to abandon secession as a remedy for every grievance, real or supposed. Whatever might have been their convictions

touching the abstract right of secession, or the sufficiency of the causes which provoked its exercise, surrender was a confession of inability to maintain it by the sword, and honor and fair dealing demanded that the sword should be sheathed. But defeat in a physical contest does not prove that the defeated party was in the wrong. It is certainly no evidence of criminal motive. It is a confession of weakness, not of crime. Were it otherwise, the robber is a law-abiding citizen and his victim a thief. Socrates was a felon, and the mob that sentenced him to death were patriots. In a wicked world innocence and right are not at all incompatible with failure, sorrow and humiliation, else the man who fell among thieves on his way from Jerusalem to Jericho was a criminal, and his plunderers were entitled to the plaudits—the oil and the wine of all good Samaritans. Nay, the Saviour himself was a malefactor, and his crucifiers were Christian gentlemen. Failure to dissolve the Union, and nothing more, was the confession of surrender, and the obligation to remain in the Union and discharge all its duties under the Constitution necessarily resulted.

So, on the other hand, the Northern States– the asserters of the right of coercion—were equally under every obligation to accept surrender, as meaning this and only this. They proclaimed no other purpose in making the war of coercion, but to defeat secession and preserve the Union. They had no right, political, moral or honor able, to enlarge the issue after the contest had ended, and the issue made by the contest was exhausted and determined.

The Southern States and people accepted, in a frank and liberal spirit, all the just consequences of their defeat. They abandoned secession, and the doctrine of secession, as a practical remedy for all grievances, past or future, and for all time. They did more. Property in slaves was not the cause of the war. It was not the great fundamental right for which the Southern States went into secession. It was only an incident to that right. The right of the States to regulate their own internal affairs, by the exercise of the powers of government which they had never delegated, and the conviction that independence was necessary to preserve that right of self-government, was the great, moving, inspiring cause of the seceding States. There was not a day of the struggle when the Southern people would not have surrendered slavery to secure independence. But slavery was the particular property which, it was believed, was endangered without independence, and which, therefore, made the assertion of secession necessary. The disciples of coercion denied this, and as-

serted they had no intention of interfering with slavery in the States True, a war-proclamation of emancipation was issued finally, and a movement was made to amend the Federal Constitution, as if to make this emancipation effectual. But this was avowedly done as a threat, to induce a surrender to avoid such a result. Yet, promptly after surrender, the Southern people waived the discussion of all technicalities on this question, and relieved their late enemies of all necessity to enter upon such discussion, and, in conventions assembled, each State for itself most solemnly abolished slavery in their borders. To protect the negro in his freedom was more than a corollary to this emancipation. It was a duty which the preservation of society made necessary in each State, and by each State for itself.

But the Northern States and people were not satisfied with these prompt and manly concessions by our people of every legal, necessary, reasonable, and even incidental result of defeat in the war. The war being over, our arms surrendered, our government scattered, and our people helpless, they now determined not only to enlarge the issues made by the war, and during the war, but they also determined to change those issues, and make demands which had not before been made, which, indeed, had been utterly disclaimed in every possible form by every State of the North, and every department of the Federal government—legislative, executive and judicial. Nay, they now made demands, which they had in every form declared they could have no power or right to make without violating the Constitution they had sworn to support, and destroying the Union they had waged the war itself to preserve. Over and over, during the war, they proclaimed in every authoritative form to us and to foreign governments that secession was a nullity, that our States were still in the Union, and that we had only to lay down our arms and retain all our rights and powers as equal States in the Union. We laid down our arms, and immediately they insisted our States had lost all their rights and powers in the Union, and while compelled to remain under the control of the Union, we could only do so with such rights and powers as they might accord, and on such terms and conditions as they might impose.

Over and over again, during the war, they, in like authoritative forms, proclaimed that our people had taken up arms in defence of secession under misapprehension of their purposes toward us, and that we had only to lay down our arms and continue to enjoy in the Union every right and privilege as before the mistaken act of secession. We laid down our arms, and they declared we were all criminals and

traitors, who had forfeited every right and privilege, and were entitled to neither property, liberty or life, except through their clemency!

Over and over again, during the war, they, in like authoritative forms, proclaimed that the seats of our members in Congress were vacant, and we had only to return and occupy them, as it was both our right and duty to do. Our people laid down their arms and sent on their members, and they were met with the startling proposition that we had neither the right to participate in the administration of the Union, nor even to make law or government for our own States!

Addressing this Society in Virginia, during the last summer, Mr. Davis said: "We were more cheated than conquered into surrender." The Northern press denounced this as a slander, and some of our Southern press deprecated the expression as *indiscreet!* I aver to-night what history will affirm, that the English language does not contain, and could not form, a sentence of equal size, which expressed more truth. We were cheated not only by our enemies, but the profuse proclamations of our enemies, before referred to, were taken up and repeated by malcontents in our midst—many of them, too, who had done all in their power to hurry our people into secession. They coupled these professions and promises of our enemies with brazen assertions that the laws of the Confederate government enacted to carry on the war were unconstitutional and void. They scattered these documents of twin falsehood and treachery among our people, to prove to them that they had a right to refuse supplies to the soldiers. They scattered them through the army to convince soldiers it was no crime to desert. And they scattered them among our enemies, to prove to them that our people were dividing, that our armies were weakening, and that they had only to take courage and keep up the struggle, and surrender was inevitable! Oh, my friends, we were fearfully, sadly, treacherously, altogether cheated into surrender! If the demands made after the war was over had been frankly avowed while the war was in progress, there would have been no pretexts for our treacherous malcontents; there would have been no division or wearying among our people; there would have been no desertions from our armies, and there would have been no surrender of arms, nor loss of our cause! Never! Never!!

But the Northern States and people having made these demands as results of the war, when we could join no issue on them in battle, there were only legal and political forums left in which to test their justice and truth. Had sovereign States committed treason? Were

eight millions of people traitors? Were leaders who had only obeyed their States and served their people criminals worthy of death?

These were the great questions, and the most usual forums to determine such issues were the courts of law. There was certainly no hindrance to such a test. Our great chief was a prisoner—in a dungeon—*in chains!* He was not only ready and willing to be tried, but demanded a trial. By himself he was most anxious to vindicate the innocence of his people; or, in himself, expiate their guilt by an ignominious death! Our enemies had the appointment of the judges, the formation of the court, the selection of the jury, the entire control and direction of the proceedings. Why did they hesitate? why did they finally decline to try? Was it because of mercy, or a spirit of magnanimity? Ah! we shall see directly. No, they were gnashing their teeth with rage. They knew that such a trial had no parallel in human history—they knew the whole world, and posterity for all time, would review it. *There was the written law, and they knew it had not been violated!* Eight millions of people, struggling as one man for liberty, were not traitors, only because power and treachery combined to defeat and enslave them. To try and convict, was to commit perjuries which would redden human nature with an eternal blush of shame—to try and acquit, was a judgment under oath by their own courts, that the war of coercion was itself but a gigantic crime against humanity, and a wicked violation of their own form and principles of government.

Here was the terrible dilemma which confronted our accusers, and it was so palpable that all the insolence of recent triumph could not hide it, and they were left no resource but to pretend a mercy, whose necessity they despised, and turn the prisoner loose, after a long and most cowardly delay.

The next forum in which our people had a right to be heard was the Congress—the National Councils. By every protest and profession of our enemies, before and during the war, the Union was preserved, and by the plain terms of the Constitution each State was entitled to representation in both branches of Congress. The refusal to test the crime of secession before the courts increased, if possible, the obligation to recognize this clear right of representation. This was a rare opportunity for vindication. The forms of government had afforded it to few defeated parties in history, and to none on such terms of fairness and equality. There was never a time when the intellect of a people was so needed for their vindication, and no people ever possessed grander intellects for the work. We had trained

statesmen, constitutional lawyers, skilled debaters, who were perfectly familiar with every fact, and learned in every principle involved. And, the very ablest and best of these, there was no reason to doubt every Southern State would at once, and with unanimity, return to Congress. If this had been done, not only would the South have been vindicated, but the present horrible sectional acrimony, with all the black record of reconstruction, would have been avoided. The reunion would have been made cordial, with secession abandoned and slavery abolished. The Southern States would already have been far advanced in the work of material recovery, of social order and political contentment, and all the States—co-equals in a common Union—would be rejoicing in a manifest new lease of constitutional government and Republican liberty.

But the very reasons which made the return of our ablest men to Congress a glorious opportunity for us, made it a dreaded one for our adversaries. Victors as they were in a physical contest, they were not willing to meet the vanquished in intellectual gladiatorship. To protect themselves from this collision of mind they determined to add yet further crimes to their cowardice. And now we approach the analysis of the most stupendous series of crimes ever perpetrated in human history by individuals or States, civilized or savage. Unwilling to risk their own judges and juries, to pass legally upon the treason charged, our adversaries determined to punish without conviction—unwilling to hazard the power of equal debate upon the minds and consciences of their own people, they determined to condemn without a hearing. And why not? Their victims were unarmed and helpless, and the luxury of vengeance could have easy, safe, and unrestrained gratification.

The first act was for Congress, composed chiefly of men who had been borne into their seats on the bloody tide of sectional hate and strife, to seize all legislative powers into their own hands, and exclude the Southern States not only from actual representation, but from the right of representatives.

To justify this enormous usurpation, they declared the Southern States needed reconstruction. As this idea was wholly unknown to the Constitution, they boldly put themselves outside of the Constitution they had sworn to observe. To make the work of reconstruction effective, they resolved that it belonged exclusively to Congress—the legislative department—and that the Executive department could not, and should not, participate, except to furnish the military to aid in holding the victims still while the punishment was

being inflicted. To prevent any embarrassing review of their measures, they further resolved that all questions arising under reconstruction were political and not judicial, and that therefore the courts could not, and should not, pass upon their constitutionality. Thus fortified in their usurpations, and goaded by rancorous, blind, long-nurtured hate, they commenced the work of dissolving governments, destroying States, robbing, insulting and oppressing already impoverished and helpless people, and humiliating the white race! They entered each Southern State, and declared all existing governments to be illegal. They outlawed and set aside all existing constituencies, the constituencies which originated State governments, and participated in forming the Federal government. They created new constituencies, composed chiefly of ignorant negroes. They offered to include in these new constituencies such of the resident whites as would consent that the usurpations were legal, and these punishments were just; and it must ever be a sad recital for all time, that some of our people were willing to barter their section, State, race and blood, for the privilege of aiding in this work of destruction, degradation, and infamy. The future historian will weep bitter tears when he finds himself compelled to record this darkest exhibition of human treachery and depravity, and he will close up the chapter as, with nervous energy, he shall write the withering judgment of all decent humanity for all future ages. Cursed thrice, cursed forever, be the memories of such unnatural monsters among men!

These motley constituencies of ignorance and vice, having no conception but in hate, no birth but in strife, no nursing but in usurpation, and no strength but in crime and treachery, were placed in each State under the appropriate lead of adventurous vagabonds—bankrupt in fortunes, and hungry for the spoil of their victims—paupers from birth in every sentiment of honor, and enjoying with keen relish the humiliation of their superiors! And these formed the government under which we have been dying. Ignorant negroes have been made masters—proud, educated masters made slaves—robbers have been made rulers—thieves have been made detectives, all protected by Federal power, while humble submission to the remorseless demands of this insatiate wickedness has been made the only test of loyalty and devotion to that Union which our fathers helped to form in order to secure the blessings of liberty to them and their posterity!

Many of the effects of this policy of reconstruction the future historian will have no difficulty in discovering.

The millions of taxes we have had to pay to feed these vampires upon our substances, and sickening eye-sores to our pride and honor—the millions of debt piled up for our posterity to pay in bonds issued by these licensed gamblers upon the property, life and hope of the people of these States—the miscegenating orgies of loyal legislators, and reckless plundering of carpet-bag governors—the readiness with which criminals were turned loose, and the equal readiness with which good citizens were arrested without warrant, tried without law, convicted without evidence, and hurried off to foreign prisons without mercy, only because they were suspected of having too much manhood to bear their wrongs with unmurmuring submission—how our lands were depreciated, our society demoralized, and all our most intelligent and virtuous citizens were denied all right to provide remedies. These, and many more of like character, the future historian will easily see, and must see, though every glance, create nausea. But there are other facts and incidents, not so patent to the world, and not on record, which may be found in every neighborhood, and which we ought to gather up as far as we can. Rich men have been made poor, proud men have been made humble, noble women have been insulted, innocent men have been imprisoned, many, very many, have been too weak to bear their sorrows and the sorrows of their country, and kind death has brought them a refuge from grief. And yet the authors of all these wrongs boast of the great magnanimity and generosity they have exhibited to a fallen foe! They did not hang and exile our leaders, nor confiscate our property! What conqueror was ever before so manly and liberal? But they made slaves of masters, and masters of slaves, law makers of vagabonds, rulers of strangers, and tax gatherers of robbers. They declined to take life, only that they might make life a lingering death. They did not drive us from home, only that they might make home the abode of sorrow and poverty. They failed to confiscate our property by the usual act of government, that it might remain to be taken by negroes, thieves and strangers, as their own lawful spoil! Death, exile, confiscation, would end the punishment too soon. Such vengeance craved longer revel and slower torture! And if we, who have been the witnesses to these horrors, and the victims of these wrongs, will only gather up and preserve the unwritten outrages and unrecorded griefs of the last seven years, all posterity will, with one voice, declare that the punishments inflicted by our adversaries upon the Southern States and people, under the name of reconstruction, for vindictiveness of

hate, for meanness of oppression, for cool, prolonged relish of torture, and for insatiate extravagance of plunder, are without parallel in precedent, civilized or heathen!

It must be admitted that our enemies were wisely wicked. They well knew it would never do to admit Southern intellect into the National Councils until their work was fully completed and had been made part of the fundamental law. Even when reconstruction had reached the point that the doors of Congress must be opened, they were only allowed to be opened to such as were participants in, and products of, the infamy. The caressing fathers took only to their arms the dirty children their vengeance had begotten. In 1872, alarmed by what seemed to be a returning sense of justice at the North, aided by most remarkable concessions for peace and deliverance at the South, Congress removed the illegal disabilities imposed upon most of our leaders, though upon many even yet these dis abilities remain. In the meantime most of our greatest men—who were most familiar with the facts of the past, so essential to our vindication—had passed away, or were rapidly passing away. A very few of these were released from these bonds upon the use of their intellects. But most manifestly a better opportunity had returned at last to the Southern people, and it was expected by our enemies and the world that this opportunity would be improved, and our very ablest men everywhere chosen to Congress. And now comes the most curious chapter in our history. It will puzzle the future histo rian. Not a single man who was in full sympathy and accord with the Confederate administration, and who was intimate in the councils, and, daily as it progressed, familiar with the policy of that administration, has been called by our own people to a single prominent position, State or National! While many who gave aid and encouagement to the enemy, by disaffecting our people to that administration during the war of coercion, and refused to give counsel, or counseled consent during the baser war of reconstruction, have received high marks of confidence from our enemies, and high positions of honor from our people! Crowds of intellectual imbeciles, like flocks of noisy blackbirds in harvest time, rush forward to secure, by personal scramble and trade, those positions of heaviest trust and responsibility, and thus murder all hope of having any vindication of our dead, or justice for our living in the Councils of the Nation.

When such a State as Virginia, in such a crisis as this, for such a place as the Senate, repudiates such a statesman as Hunter—familiar

with every fact of the Federal history, intimately familiar with every fact in Confederate councils, trained in debate, learned in constitutional law, courteous in manner, accurate in statement, powerful in logic, and respected even by our enemies—I think it is time to despair of doing anything in this generation to lift the South to her former position of influence and power in the Congress of the United States. To feed our people on frothy declamation now, however blown by procured newspaper puffs, is like feeding a starving multitude on unsubstantial snow-flakes, however piled up by capricious winds! There was never such a field for real, profound, patriotic statesmanship. The very inferiority of Northern representatives, as compared with those they sent to Congress before the war, but increased the chances for Southern statesmen to remove, by proper debate in the national councils, the false theories and impressions which have been crowded into the minds of the Northern people, and thus return the general government to its constitutional limitations, restore to the States the free exercise of their reserved rights, and rescue from destruction for our enemies, as well as for ourselves, those great principles of constitutional government, which every purpose of the Confederates sought to maintain, and which every feature of coercion must logically tend to destroy.

Thus, denied by our enemies the opportunity of silencing by the solemn judgments of their own courts, the fierce accusations of criminality in secession, and denied by our enemies, and the follies of our own people, the glorious chance of vindicating our cause in high debate, and face to face with the chosen champions of our accusers, we have but one resource left us for defence or vindication. That resource is history—impartial and unpassioned, un-office-seeking history! It is to secure a fair trial before this august tribunal that this Society has been organized to collect, prepare and perpetuate the evidence. Our enemies are exceedingly active in their efforts to get a false presentation of the testimony for the judgment of history. They are seeking to monopolize the possession of our own records. They readily pay more money for disjointed portions of Confederate archives than they did for the Madison papers, giving an account of the proceedings of the Convention that framed the Constitution. It is shameful to see how much assistance they are receiving in their efforts to pervert and falsify our history from those malcontents who kept up such restless assaults on the Confederate administration. The men who quarrelled more with their own side, than with the enemy during the struggle, are among the first after the

war to rush to writing books, to give their account of the government they did so much to break down. We owe it therefore to our dead, to our living, and to our children, to be active in the work of preserving the truth and repelling the falsehoods, so that we may secure for them and for us just judgment from the only tribunal before which we can be fully and fairly heard.

If the full truth can be secured and preserved, we shall have nothing to fear in the comparison with our enemy which history will make. The courage of our troops is beyond perversion. The fact that we killed, wounded and captured a greater number of the enemy than we had soldiers in our armies, is a tribute to our gallantry and skill which the records of no civilized war can surpass. With inferior arms and limited resources, shut up from supplies from the outside world, and with unfortunate and fatal divisions between the Southern States and among ourselves, we made a fight for independence which no people on earth ever yet equalled.

Equally wonderful were the achievements of our statesmanship. In the beginning we had neither government, nor army, nor navy, nor treasury. All these we had to improvise in the very hearing of an arming foe, who had an established government, an organized army, a powerful navy, and all the sinews and appliances of war in extravagant abundance. And yet, when the enactments and measures of the Confederate Government shall be critically examined, they will be found to have sprung into existence with a wisdom, a vigor, an aptitude for the crisis and a strict conformity to all the principles of free institutions, which must challenge the admiration of publicists and statesmen for all time.

No people, ancient or modern, can look with more pride to the verdict which history will be compelled to render upon the merits and characters of our two chief leaders—the one in the military and the other in the civil service. Most other leaders are great because of fortunate results, and heroes because of success. Davis and Lee, because of qualities in themselves, are great in the face of fortune, and heroes in spite of defeat.

When the future historian shall come to survey the character of Lee, he will find it rising like a huge mountain above the undulating plain of humanity, and he must lift his eyes high towards Heaven to catch its summit. He possessed every virtue of other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate; a friend without treachery; a soldier without cruelty; a victor without oppression, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without

vices; a private citizen without wrong; a neighbor without reproach; a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was Cæsar, without his ambition; Frederick, without his tyranny; Napoleon, without his selfishness, and Washington, without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life; modest and pure as a virgin in thought; watchful as a Roman vestal in duty; submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles!

There were many peculiarities in the habits and character of Lee, which are but little known, and which may be studied with profit. He studiously avoided giving opinions upon subjects which it had not been his calling or training to investigate; and sometimes I thought he carried this great virtue too far. Neither the President, nor Congress, nor friends could get his views upon any public question not strictly military, and no man had as much quiet, unobtrusive contempt for what he called "military statesmen and political generals." Meeting him once in the streets of Richmond, as I was going out and he going in the executive office, I said to him, "General, I wish you would give us your opinion as to the propriety of changing the seat of government, and going further South."

"That is a political question, Mr. Hill, and you politicians must determine it. I shall endeavor to take care of the army and you must make the laws and control the Government."

"Ah, General," I said, "but you will have to change that rule, and form and express political opinions; for, if we establish our independence, the people will make you Mr. Davis's successor."

"Never, sir!" he replied with a firm dignity that belonged only to Lee. "That I will never permit. Whatever talents I may possess (and they are but limited), are military talents. My education and training are military. I think the military and civil talents are distinct, if not different, and full duty in either sphere is about as much as one man can qualify himself to perform. I shall not do the people the injustice to accept high civil office, with whose questions it has not been my business to become familiar."

"Well, but General," I insisted, "history does not sustain your view. Cæsar, and Frederick of Prussia, and Bonaparte, were all great statesmen, as well as great generals."

"And all great tyrants," he promptly rejoined. "I speak of the proper rule in republics, where, I think, we should have neither military statesmen, nor political generals."

"But Washington was both, and yet not a tyrant," I repeated.

And with a beautiful smile, he said: "Washington was an exception to all rule, and there was none like him."

I could find no words to answer, but instantly I said in thought: Surely Washington is no longer the only exception, for one like him, if not even greater, is here.

Lee sometimes indulged in satire, to which his greatness gave point and power. He was especially severe on newspaper criticisms of military movements—subjects about which the writers knew nothing.

"We made a great mistake, Mr. Hill, in the beginning of our struggle, and I fear, in spite of all we can do, it will prove to be a fatal mistake," he said to me, after General Bragg ceased to command the Army of Tennessee, an event Lee deplored.

"What mistake is that, General?"

"Why, sir, in the beginning, we appointed all our worst generals to command the armies, and all our best generals to edit the newspapers. As you know, I have planned some campaigns and quite a number of battles. I have given the work all the care and thought I could, and sometimes when my plans were completed, as far as I could see, they seemed to be perfect. But, when I have fought them through, I have discovered defects, and occasionally wondered I did not see some of the defects in advance. When it was all over, I found, by reading a newspaper, that these best editor generals saw all the defects plainly from the start. Unfortunately, they did not communicate their knowledge to me until it was too late!" Then, after a pause, he added, with a beautiful, grave expression I can never forget: "I have no ambition but to serve the Confederacy, and do all I can to win our independence. I am willing to serve in any capacity to which the authorities may assign me. I have done the best I could in the field, and have not succeeded as I could wish I am willing to yield my place to these best generals, and I will do my best for the cause editing a newspaper."*

Jefferson Davis was as great in the cabinet as was Lee in the field. He was more resentful in temper, and more aggressive in his nature than Lee. His position, too, more exposed him to assaults from our own people. He had to make all appointments, and though often upon the recommendation of others, all the blame of mistake was charged to him, and mistakes were often charged by disappointed

* Since making this address, I find that I repeated this same anecdote in the speech at La Grange in March, 1865.

seekers and their friends which were not made. He also made recommendations for enactments, and though these measures, especially the military portion, invariably had the concurrence of, and, often originated with Lee, the opposition of malcontents was directed at Davis. It is astonishing how men in high position, and supposed to be great, would make war on the whole administration for the most trivial personal disappointment. Failures to get places, for favorites of very ordinary character, has inspired long harangues against the most important measures, and they were continued and repeated even after those measures became laws. "Can you believe," he said to me once, "that men—statesmen—in a struggle like this, would hazard an injury to the cause because of their personal grievances, even if they were well founded?" "Certainly," I replied, "I not only believe it but know it. There are men who regard themselves with more devotion than they do the cause. If such men offer you counsel you do not take, or ask appointments you do not make, however you may be sustained in such action by Lee and all the Cabinet, and even the Congress, they accept your refusal as questioning their wisdom, and as personal war on them." "I cannot conceive of such a feeling," he said. "I have but one enemy to fight, and that is our common enemy. I may make mistakes, and doubtless I do, but I do the best I can with all the lights at the time before me. God knows I would sacrifice most willingly my life, much more, my opinions, to defeat that enemy."

We all remember the fierce war which was made in Georgia, against certain war measures of the Congress, and against Mr. Davis for recommending them. Conscription and impressment, especially were denounced as unconstitutional and void, and not binding on soldiers or people. And then, the limited suspension of *habeas corpus* was made the occasion for a concerted movement on the Legislature, assembled in extra session, to array the State in hostility to the Confederate administration. It failed. This was in the dark days of 1864. On returning to Richmond after this, I made the usual call of courtesy—no, of duty and of pleasure—on the President. As I arose to leave him I said: "Mr. President, I am happy to say to you, that, notwithstanding some indications to the contrary, the people of Georgia will cordially sustain you in all your efforts to achieve our independence." "And I thank you, sir, for that information, and I have never doubted the fidelity of Georgia." "The people of Georgia sustain you," I added, "not only because they have confidence in you, but chiefly because it is the only way to sus-

tain the cause." And with an expression of sincerity glowing all over his countenance, and with a reverential pathos I can never forget, he said: "And God knows my heart, I ask all, all for the cause; nothing, nothing for myself." Truer words never fell from nobler lips, nor warmed from the heart of a more devoted patriot. These words express in language the soul, the mind, the purpose, aye, the ambition of Jefferson Davis. It was his misfortune, and the misfortune of the Confederacy, that this was not true of all who were in authority. It was his fault, perhaps, that he did not use his authority to deprive such of their power to do evil.

I am speaking in Atlanta, and it is all the more proper, therefore, that I should speak for the first time in public of the removal of General Johnston from the command of the army of Tennessee.

I have heard it said that I advised that removal. This is not true. I gave no advice on the subject, because I was not a military man. You have all heard it said that Mr. Davis was moved by personal hostility to General Johnston in making this removal. This is not only not true, but is exceedingly false. I do know much on the subject of this removal. I was the bearer of messages from General Johnston to the President, and was in Richmond, and sometimes present, during the discussions on the subject. I never saw as much agony in Mr. Davis's face as actually distorted it, when the possible necessity for his removal was at first suggested to him. I never heard a eulogy pronounced upon General Johnston by his best friends as a fighter, if he would fight, equal to that which I heard from Mr. Davis during these discussions. I know he consulted with General Lee fully, earnestly, and anxiously before this removal. I know that those who pressed the removal, first and most earnestly, in the Cabinet, were those who had been most earnest for General Johnston's original appointment to that command. All these things I do personally know. I was not present when the order for removal was determined upon, but I received it immediately after from a member of the Cabinet, and do not doubt its truth, that Mr. Davis was the very last man who gave his assent to that removal, and he only gave the order when fully satisfied it was necessary to prevent the surrender of Atlanta without a fight.

The full history of the Hampton Roads commission and conference has never been written. I will not give that history now. Much has been said and published on the subject which is not true. I know why each member of that commission, on our part, was selected. I received from Mr. Davis's own lips a full account of the

conversation between himself and the commissioners before their departure from Richmond.

You have heard it said that the President embarrassed the commissioners by giving them positive instructions to make the recognition of independence an ultimatum—a condition precedent to any negotiations. This is not true. Mr. Davis gave the commissioners no written instructions and no ultimatum. He gave them, in conversation, his views, but leaving much to their discretion. They could best judge how to conduct the conference when they met. His own opinion was, that it would be most proper and wise, so to conduct it, if they could, as to receive rather than make propositions. While he did not feel authorized to yield our independence in advance, and should not do so, and while he did not desire them to deceive Mr. Lincoln, or be responsible for any false impressions Mr. Lincoln might have, yet, he was willing for them to secure an armistice, although they might be satisfied that Mr. Lincoln, in agreeing to it, did so under the belief that re-union must, as a result, follow. I may add that Mr. Davis had no hope of success, or of securing an armistice, after he learned that Mr. Seward was to accompany Mr. Lincoln. "Mr. Lincoln," he said, "is an honest, well-meaning man, but Seward is wily and treacherous."

I could detain you all night correcting false impressions which have been industriously made against this great and good man. I know Jefferson Davis as I know few men. I have been near him in his public duties; I have seen him by his private fireside; I have witnessed his humble Christian devotions; and I challenge the judgment of history when I say, no people were ever led through the fiery struggle for liberty by a nobler, truer patriot; while the carnage of war and the trials of public life never revealed a purer and more beautiful Christian character.

Those who, during the struggle, prostituted public office for private gain; or used position to promote favorites; or forgot public duty to avenge private griefs; or were derelict or faithless in any form to our cause, are they who condemn and abuse Mr. Davis. And well they may, for of all such he was the contrast, the rebuke and the enemy. Those who were willing to sacrifice self for the cause; who were willing to bear trials for its success; who were willing to reap sorrow and poverty that victory might be won, will ever cherish the name of Jefferson Davis, for, to all such he was a glorious peer, and a most worthy leader.

I would be ashamed of my own unworthiness if I did not venerate

Lee. I would scorn my own nature if I did not love Davis. I would question my own integrity and patriotism if I did not honor and admire both. There are some who affect to praise Lee and condemn Davis. But, of all such, Lee himself would be ashamed. No two leaders ever leaned, each on the other, in such beautiful trust and absolute confidence. Hand in hand and heart to heart, they moved in the front of the dire struggle of their people for independence—a noble pair of brothers. And if fidelity to right, endurance to trials, and sacrifice of self for others, can win title to a place with the good in the great hereafter, then Davis and Lee will meet where wars are not waged, and slanderers are not heard ; and as heart in heart, and wing to wing they fly through the courts of heaven, admiring angels will say, What a noble pair of brothers !

The saddest chapter in Confederate history which the future historian will be called to write, will be that one in which he shall undertake to define the real cause of our failure. For the truth must be told.

Five millions of people, in such a country as we possess, were not conquered because our resources were inferior, or our enemies were so powerful. All physical disadvantages are insufficient to account for our failure. The truth is, we failed because too many of our own people were not determined to win. Malcontents at home and in high places, took more men from Lee's army than did Grant's guns. The same agencies created dissensions among our people, and we failed to win independence because our sacrifices ceased, our purpose faltered, and our strength was divided. Kind judge, let this sad chapter be short !

But above all things we have least to dread in history on the merits of the issues which divided the contending parties The Southern States and people must stand before the bar of history responsible for secession. The Northern States and people must stand before the same bar responsible for coercion and reconstruction. Weighed upon principle, by authority, and by effects and consequences, which of the two positions is the more inimical to the Union, to constitutional government and to liberty ?

When the States formed the Union, several of them, especially New York and Virginia, expressly reserved the right to withdraw as a condition of ratification. This reservation, by a well-established rule of construction, enured to all the parties to the Union. But no State recognized coercion to preserve the Union as a right or power, in the Federal Government, either express or resulting. So, in the

very stipulations which made the Union, secession finds a justification, and coercion none.

From 1787 to 1860, the ablest statesmen in America, both in the North and in the South, conceded the right of secession to the States. Some insisted it was a constitutional right, inhering in the sovereignty of the States, and conditioned in the terms of the compact. Others denied it was a constitutional right, but said it was only a revolutionary right, to be exercised for cause, and that infidelity to the terms, or the purposes of Union, would be sufficient cause to justify the act. But no accepted statesman, North or South, Whig or Democrat, ever contended or claimed that coercion was a right, either constitutional or revolutionary, during all that period. So, upon the authority of all our great statesmen, including the very framers of the Constitution, secession will stand in history acquitted and justified, while coercion, upon the same authority, must be condemned as criminal and without excuse.

Secession, consummated, would have divided the Union; the seceding States forming a new Union, and leaving the old Union in undisturbed enjoyment of the States remaining. Coercion, consummated, would first destroy the chief character of the Union, by making it a Union of force, instead of a Union of consent. In the next place, coercion, consummated, would destroy the Union and substitute consolidation instead. The very word, union, implies the combination of separate wholes for a common purpose. The moment you destroy the separate identity of the members, that moment Union ceases, and unity—consolidation—is accomplished. To destroy, is a greater crime than to separate or divide, and therefore, coercion is a greater crime against the Union than secession.

Again: Secession did not interfere with the rights, or attack the sovereignty, or lessen the dignity or importance of the States. Its real great purpose was to rescue all these from the consequences of threatened consolidation. But coercion, in its very nature, asserts dominion over the States, and must destroy them. Suppose we concede that secession would destroy the Union. Which is the greater crime, to destroy the Union, the creature of the States, or the States which created the Union? But I have shown that coercion destroyed the Union as well as the States. Then, again, the Union of the States was formed to secure the blessings of liberty. Secession could not even impair the liberties of the people. It interfered, in no way whatever, with the rights or privileges of the Northern States and people. It sought only to make more secure the rights, liberties and

privileges of the Southern States and people. But coercion, in destroying the Union, and making a consolidation, and in destroying the States, can have no logical result but in the destruction of all the liberties of all the people North and South. Will our people never perceive the patent truth that coercion must work consolidation, and that consolidation must destroy the identity and powers of the States and the liberties of the people? To coerce a State, is necessarily to enslave the State, and to enslave the State is necessarily to enslave the people of the State. Nothing but the roar of cannon, in the hands of unreasoning physical power, can silence this logic of liberty.

Here, then, great impartial judge of the future, we rest the law of our case. Secession did not destroy the Union, nor the States, nor the liberties, the Union of States was formed to secure. It only proposed to divide the Union, in order to rescue the States and the liberties of the people from destruction and overthrow. But coercion is the ruthless criminal which has consolidated the Union, enslaved the States, and destroyed the liberties of the people!

Secession invaded no State, interfered with no right, lessened the privileges of no man. Coercion laid waste the States, enslaved the people, murdered their sons, despoiled their daughters, desolated their homes, and burnt up their property!

And what is Reconstruction? It is the practical application of coercion. It is logic turning to facts. It is coercion at its work. It is the torch of the incendiary, the knife of the assassin, the fire-arm of the bandit, sending death-blows to the life of the State, to the heart of society, and to the hopes of civilization, that ignorance and vice may be exalted, and intelligence and virtue degraded!

Do I exaggerate? Look at South Carolina and answer. See the land of Marion and Sumter, of Rutledge and Pinckney, of Calhoun and Butler, the prey and sport of rioting thieves and gluttonous plunderers, whose orgies continue days, months and years in the face of the nation and under Federal protection!

Look at Louisiana! Behold a sovereign State sentenced to the chain-gang by telegram from Washington, to work at hard labor under negro and carpet-bag drivers!

This, this, is the fruit of coercion! These are the works of reconstruction!

Have the people of America no shame? Has the God of heaven no wrath? If coercion and reconstruction shall continue, their fruits will multiply, until all the people, in agonized remorse, shall cry out: Surely several unions were better than one Empire, and divided liberty more to be desired than concentrated despotism!

Is there a possible remedy for these evils? I should be uncandid if I did not confess to you I doubt it. There is no resurrection for dead Republics, and few have ever been restored to vigor and health after reaching our present state of decline. I fear our people have not more intelligence and virtue than those whose histories we are but repeating. But for one I am willing to make the effort, and I exhort our Southern people to cherish no feeling inimical to success, and omit no duty that may promote it. We have more interest in restoring constitutional government than any other people; for if despotism shall come over all, North and South, there is reason to fear that serfdom of the South to the North will be our darkest portion.

You know I never regarded secession as wise in act, for however legal or just it may or may not have been, as an abstract right I never believed it would prove practicable as a remedy. I have never doubted that a belligerent collision between centralism and constitutional Federalism would, sooner or later, come. But *by* the States *in* the Union, and *for* the liberties of the people, was always my favorite plan to make the fight. But, for the sensitiveness of slavery, we might have made that fight only in the Union. Let therefore secession and slavery be buried out of sight, and, though late, let us make one more determined effort in the forum of reason and at the ballot-box to save the treasures we are losing. We should not pull down the temple our fathers built, because thieves and money-changers desecrate it. Rather, under the inspiring memories of 1776, let us wake up the sleeping god of patriotism, and cast out the despoilers, and consecrate the temple anew to the equality of the States and to the liberties of our children!

There is but one beginning for this work. We must elevate the statesmanship of the country. In all Republics an imbecile statesmanship has succeeded a civil war, and we have not escaped the scourge. It is because men at such times rise into power on passion and hate, and not by merit and worth. If you would purify statesmanship you must elevate it. Men of intellect, alive with ambition to lift up a falling State, are more apt to be moral, patriotic and honest, than hypocritical imbeciles who, dead to the capacity of this higher ambition, are alive only to trade, and barter in blood, religion and prejudice, in order to reap puffs, perquisites and salaries!

In order to elevate our statesmanship, two things, in my opinion, are indispensable. In the first place, our people must abandon the insane habit of placing men in high civil positions simply because of military talents or success. Lee was right. It is contrary to the

very genius and safety of Republican institutions to place their civil administration in the keeping of men of military aptitude and training. Brave fighting is no evidence of able statesmanship. It is usually evidence of the very contrary. Otherwise, Captain Jack was the foremost statesman of this age, and, instead of being hanged, ought to have been made President or Senator for life. If this habit shall not cease, we shall not have a civil statesman for President this generation. In Congress, too, we have generals, and colonels, and captains, and lieutenants, sufficient to make a small army, and scarcely statesmen enough to form a good committee. I will not allude unkindly to General Grant. However much wrong he may have done otherwise, we, in Georgia, owe him a debt, of which I have personal knowledge, and I shall never speak of him unkindly. But I am speaking of a great principle, and if General Grant had adopted and acted upon the grand truth uttered by Lee, he would have lived deeper in the affections of his people and higher in the esteem of mankind than all the battles he has won, and all the presidential terms he can receive can ever secure for his name.

The second thing, indispensable to the elevation of our statesmanship, is the reduction of congressional salaries. Upon principle, the legislators of a country, who have in their hands the purse of the people, ought not to have the power to help themselves. I believe Franklin was right when he desired by constitutional provision to prohibit compensation to members of Congress. I am very sure the propositions of others in the Convention to fix the amount of the compensation in the Constitution—so that the members could not increase their own pay—was full of wisdom. Madison uttered a truth when he said it was an indecent thing for members to fix their own compensation.

Then, again, high congressional salaries are wrong and hurtful in policy. They excite the merely mercenary, with desires to secure the seats. This begets scrambling and trading in every election. Men of high ability will not be parties to such contests. Thus mercenary men get control of the Congress, and as they are chiefly moved by a passion that is insatiate—if the salary were a hundred thousand dollars—they would use the office to double the sum. This will finally reduce our statesmanship to one governing standard—use money to get office, and use office to get money. With few exceptions, Congress is now but a sad congregation of negroes, knaves and imbeciles, and no people ever won, or preserved, or recovered either liberty or right under such civil leaders. You cannot scatter

a flock of carrion birds by railing at them, but if you burn up the stinking carcass that attracts them they will scatter themselves. So we shall never get rid of these creatures from Congress by portraying their characters. They cannot see the mischief they are doing, and, if they could, they have not manhood enough to be made ashamed. But abolish the high salaries that tempt and feed them, and they will leave the places that furnish to them no other allurements. If high salaries continue, the greatest age of American statesmanship is in the past. We shall never have another Clay or Webster or Calhoun in the National Councils. These great men served willingly on a salary of fifteen hundred dollars and less. The Butlers and Chandlers—with their negro and carpet-bag allies—all but the spawn of a mad revolution—need seven thousand five hundred dollars to support their dignity! It is sad to see a Republic dying as other Republics have died, and the people still unable to see the evils which work death until life is extinct.

But one comfort the Southern people and their children must ever have. Whether constitutional government shall continue or fail—whether the States shall remain or be obliterated—whether liberty shall be recovered, or die the death that knows no waking, *we shall be vindicated!* If the Union of the States under constitutional government, and securing the blessings of liberty, be recovered and perpetuated, the work can only be done by returning to the great principles for which we struggled. The general government must be restrained within the limitations of its constitutional delegated powers, and the States restored to the unrestrained control of their domestic affairs, under their reserved rights or Union, States and liberty must perish. If this glorious work shall have success, then the rejoicings of according States, and happy millions from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the lakes to the Gulf, will syllable forever the hallelujahs of Southern triumph!

But if blindness, madness, hate and ambition shall continue, coercion and reconstruction, as accepted and approved principles of Federal administration, then the wail that shall come up from the universal wreck of Union, States and liberty, will drown the thunder in loud vindication of Southern wisdom and fidelity. The graves of Davis and Lee will become Meccas for journeying, sorrow-stricken pilgrims of right for ages to come, and the future historian, reviewing the records your care shall have preserved, will write the epitaph for the Confederate dead. These were the last heroes of freedom in America!

Address Delivered by Governor Z. B. Vance, of North Carolina, Before the Southern Historical Society, at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, August 18th, 1875.

[This address of the distinguished War Governor of North Carolina should have been published in the earlier issues of our PAPERS, but for our failure to secure the manuscript.

We give it now as the utterances of an able and patriotic actor in the great drama, without, of course, endorsing all of its statements and opinions.]

In consenting to accept the invitation of your Society to deliver an address to this meeting, I have thought I could not do better than to give you such information as I could gather in regard to North Carolina and the great struggle between constitutional principles and a physical Union. If in doing so, I shall appear somewhat in the character of a champion of my own State, I yet hope to be pardoned, both because such a position is not unbecoming a true son of the soil, and because it is almost the only theme with which I could deal without the consumption of more time and searching of records than my engagements would possibly permit. I am induced to attempt this theme also because that, owing to the reluctance with which North Carolina went into the secession movement, and because there was a considerable Union feeling still left there, which made some manifestations of itself during the war, an impression has been sought to be made that she did not do altogether as much for the cause of the Confederacy as she might have done. And those who have assumed to write histories on the conflict, so far, have either designedly fed this unjust impression by a studied silence on the subject, or else they have been too much trammelled by the necessity of local panegyric to give ample motive to the *whole South*. I desire to remove this impression, and to lay open the way for the truth of history. Confessing frankly that the great leaders of the war were furnished by other States, whose glories are the common property of the whole South, I desire to show what is true, that in the number of soldiers furnished, in the discipline, courage, and loyalty, and difficult service of those soldiers, in amount of material and supplies contributed, in the good faith and moral support of her people at large, and in all the qualities which mark self-sacrifice, patriotism, and devotion to duty, North Carolina is entitled to stand where her troops stood in battle, behind no State, but in the front rank of the Confederation, aligned and abreast with the best, the foremost and the bravest.

And I regret exceedingly that many of the facts and figures I shall give you are reproduced from memory, though I am quite sure they will approximate exactitude. My familiarity with all the affairs of the State during the last three years of the war was such as to enable me to state facts with reasonable certainty. The principal records of the State, covering that period, in the Executive department, were seized and carried to Washington by the Federal authorities in 1865, where they yet remain. And, though efforts have been made to that end, the officials would neither return the original nor permit copies to be made for the use of the State. No doubt such a course was designed to serve some great and wise State policy, though exactly what it was, beyond the pleasure of irritating and disobliging our people, I have never been able to see. But so it is; we are utterly without official records in North Carolina concerning the most eventful period in our annals of two hundred and ninety years.

It may be said that there were only eleven States wholly committed to the late war—Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, and Tennessee. Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri were only partially engaged, the great majority of their people remaining with the Union. Of these eleven, North Carolina occupied the following position at the beginning of the war: In extent of territory she was the *seventh;* in total population she was the *fifth;* in white population the *third*—Virginia and Tennessee only exceeding her; in wealth she was the seventh; in the value of all farm products the fourth; in the production of cotton the ninth; in the production of corn the fourth; of wheat, rye and oats the third, and in the number of horses and cattle the fourth. In manufactures of all kinds she was the third; in the production of iron and material of war, about fourth, and in root crops, fisheries and naval stores, the *first* of the eleven.

Such, in brief were her capacities and resources for sustaining a war as compared with her associates. Her material condition was in all respects good. Average wealth was considerable, and prosperity and comfort abounded. Her credit was excellent and her State schemes of internal improvement were advancing cautiously and prudently. The cultivation of cotton was advancing northward and that of tobacco was coming South; manufactures were growing and industry diversifying—the surest road to wealth—and everything indeed was moving on a solid basis. Politically, whilst our people were loyal to Southern institutions, they were eminently conservative and attached to the Union of the States. In considering what North

Carolina did or did not do, in the war, this fact of her Union proclivities should never be forgotten. She was the last to move in the drama of secession, and went out at last more from a sense of duty to her sisters and the sympathies of neighborhood and blood than from a deliberate conviction that it was good policy to do so. So late as February, 1861, her people solemnly declared, by a majority of many thousands, that they desired no Convention to consider the propriety of seceding. But after the fall of Sumter and the proclamation of President Lincoln calling upon her for troops, she hesitated no longer. On the 20th of May, 1861, eighty-six years after her first Declaration of Independence of Great Britain, she repealed the ordinance by which she became a member of the American Union, and took her stand with the young Confederacy. None stood by that desperate venture with better faith or greater efficiency. It is a proud assertion which I make to-day when I say that, so far as I have been able to learn, North Carolina furnished more soldiers in proportion to white population, and more supplies and material in proportion to her means, for the support of that war, than any State of the Confederacy. I beg you to believe that this is not said with any spirit of offence to other Southern States, or of defiance toward the Government of the United States, but simply as a just eulogy upon the devotion of a people to what they considered a duty, in sustaining a cause, right or wrong, to which their faith was pledged.

The records of the Adjutant-General's office of the State, will show that North Carolina sent into the service of the Confederacy as volunteers, men at the outset, -	64,636
There were recruited by volunteers from time to time, -	21,608
And by conscripts, - - - - - -	18,585
Making in all, - - - - - - - regular troops from North Carolina in the Confederate service.	104,829
Besides these there were regular troops in the State service, - - - - - -	3,203
Militia on home duty, - - - - -	2,962
Junior Reserves, - - - - -	4,217
Senior Reserves, - - - - -	5,686
Troops from North Carolina serving in regiments of other States not borne on our rolls, - - -	3,103
Total of all grades, - - - - -	121,038

Of this number 107,932 were regular soldiers in the Confederate service, 3,203 were regular troops in the State service, and the remainder what may be termed "Land-wehr," doing garrison duty, guarding prisoners, arresting deserters, etc. These were organized as follows:

Sixty regiments of infantry; six regiments of cavalry; three regiments of artillery; two regiments of reserves—Total, seventy-one.

Four battalions of artillery; four battalions of cavalry; three battalions of infantry; nine battalions of reserves—Total, twenty, and thirteen unattached companies, and eleven companies borne on our rolls serving in regiments from other States. These figures are official.

I do not know but what my assertion might be amended so as to claim that this is not relatively but positively more troops than any State put into service. At all events, I shall be glad if this brings forth the records of any sister State, and will submit when fairly beaten.

According to the report of Adjutant-General Cooper, the whole number of troops in the Confederate service was 600,000, of which North Carolina furnished largely more than one-sixth; one *tenth* would have been about her share. Her total white population was in 1860, 629,942; of this she sent to the army more than one man to every six souls! How they demeaned themselves in the field the bloody records of killed and wounded in all the great battles of the war bear melancholy testimony. In many of the severe conflicts on the soil of Virginia—notably in that of Fredericksburg—a large majority of the casualties of the whole army were in the North Carolina troops, as appeared by the reports in the Richmond papers at that time. One regiment, the Twenty sixth North Carolina, at the battle of Gettysburg, which went in nine-hundred rank and file, came out with but little over one hundred men fit for duty. They lost no prisoners. One company, eighty-four strong, made the unprecedented report that every man and officer in it was hit, and the orderly sergeant who made out the list did it with a bullet through each leg. The regiment commanded by General George B. Anderson (then Colonel) the Fourth North Carolina, at the battle of Seven Pines lost four hundred and sixty-two men, killed and wounded, out of five hundred and twenty, and twenty-four out of twenty-seven officers.

Of the four divisions—D. H. Hill's, A. P. Hill's, Longstreet's and Jackson's—which assailed and put to rout McClellan's right on the

Chickahominy, there were ninety-two regiments, of which forty-six regiments were North Carolinians. This statement I make upon the authority of one of the division commanders.

At the dedication of the Confederate cemetery in Winchester, Virginia, some years ago, I was invited to deliver the oration, and the reason assigned by the committee for soliciting me for this task was that the North Carolina dead there exceeded the dead of any other State; showing that in all the glorious campaigns of Jackson, Ewell and Early, in that blood-drenched valley, North Carolina soldiers were either very numerous or else had an unusual share of the hard fighting; neither of which facts would be so much as suspected by reading the popular histories of those compaigns. *Dead men do tell tales*, and tales which cannot be disputed.

Almost the only commands in Lee's army which were intact and serviceable at Appomattox, were North Carolina brigades, and the statement is made, and so far as I know without contradiction, that she surrendered twice as many muskets as any other State. At Greensboro', too, Hoke's division, containing three brigades of North Carolina troops, in splendid condition and efficiency, constituted one-third or more of Johnston's entire army.

I mention these facts, not by way of ill-tempered or untasteful boasting, but by way of a proper self-assertion, a quality in which the people of my State are charged, and justly charged, with being deficient; and also because they testify to a state of things which in the hands of a just and discriminating historian must greatly redound to the credit and honor of North Carolina. For I shall not scruple to make the statement here which I have often made elsewhere, and I make it without the fear of giving offence to brave and great men, that the writers who have hastened to pen biographies of the great and illustrious leaders which Virginia gave to the Confederacy, have been too anxious to eulogize their heroes to give due attention to the forces which wrought their plans into such glorious results—the plain men, whose deeds gave their leaders so much renown. The history of the British Kings had been often written, said Macaulay, but no one had ever written the history of the British people, which was the more useful to be learned. So we are having many histories and biographies of the great generals and chieftains of our war, but we have not and are not likely to have soon, any history of the Confederate people—of the thousands upon thousands who rushed forward under the banners of these chieftains; of the numbers who died; of the sufferings they endured, the sacrifices

they made, of the labors all classes performed; of the subsistence and material furnished by those not in the ranks ; of their feelings, their hopes, patriotism, and their despair. No history can be useful or instructive which gives us no glance into such things as these. The broad, catholic, cosmopolitan history of this most remarkable struggle has yet to be written, wherein the story of the *people* shall be told ; wherein, when it is said how that a great general won a victory, it will also be mentioned what troops and where from fought it for him ; how the artisan in the shop, the ploughman in the field, the little girls in the factories, the mothers at the old hand-looms, the herdsmen on the mountain's side, the miner in the earth's bowels, the drivers and brakesmen on the railroad engines, how *all these* felt, and strove, and suffered equally with the soldier, and yet without his stimulus of personal glory. Such a history would fill with content the palaces of the rich and the cottages of the poor, would imbue the humble masses with still greater patriotism, and our statesmen with a most useful knowledge : would remove local jealousies and increase brotherly affection.

Having shown how North Carolina performed her duty to the Confederacy in furnishing soldiers, I desire to call the attention of the Society to the part she took in furnishing supplies and material. And here it would greatly interest the political economist were I able to give accurate instead of estimated figures, to consider what resources a people may exhibit under pressure of circumstances. Every industry looking to the support of an army in the field, or the people at home, sprang forward with astonishing activity, especially those wherein we had formerly been dependent on foreign manufacturers. Like most of the Southern people, we were slavish tributaries to Northern and British manufacturers ; the simplest article in common use bore their impress, from a broom or an axe-handle to a water bucket. In the manufacture of cotton she had less than $1,500,000 invested ; in wool, not over $300,000, perhaps not more in iron, and these latter were but small establishments for local accommodation. There was not a manufactory of arms worth mentioning in the State. Of cotton goods, not half a supply, even of the coarser sorts, were made for our own consumption ; of woollen goods, scarcely a tenth; of iron, for ordinary purposes, not a twentieth; of shoes and leather, not a tenth part of home consumption was supplied. Yet in less than twelve months we were not only filling that demand and furnishing large quantities for the army, but selling heavily to our Southern sisters. When the capacity of the cotton

and woollen mills began to be heavily taxed, the old fashioned wheel, card, and hand looms of our grandmothers bloomed into fashion once more, and under the patriotic zeal of our mothers, and daughters the whole land was musical with the song of the spinning and the clack of the shuttle. When their hand cards gave out it was ascertained that there was no machinery in the South to renew the supply. But many thousands of pairs were imported through the blockade, as well as two sets of machinery for their manufacture, and the stock was abundantly renewed. Ere long, also it was discovered that the card clothing and other destructible parts of the mills were giving out and could not be replaced in the Confederacy. This difficulty was also met by the importation of quantities of card clothing, belting and lubricating oils, which kept all the factories going till the end. An abundant supply of cotton goods, and a full supply for the people, and a partial one for the army, of woollen, being thus provided, the remaining quota of woollen goods and leather findings were sought for abroad. By means of warrants based upon cotton and naval stores, an elegant long legged steamer was purchased in the Clyde She was built for a passenger boat to ply between Glasgow and Dublin, and was remarkably swift. Captain Crossan, who purchased her in connection with my financial agent, Mr. John White, ran her in at Wilmington with a full cargo in 1863, changed her name from Lord Clyde to the Ad-Vance. When her elegant saloons and passenger arrangements were cut away, she could carry with ease eight hundred bales of cotton and a double supply of coal. As cotton was worth in Liverpool then about fifty cents in gold, the facilities for purchasing abroad whatever we desired are apparent. Before the port of Wilmington fell this good vessel had successfully, and without accident, made eleven trips to Nassau, Bermuda, and Halifax through the Federal fleet, often coming through in open day. Captain Thomas Crossan, Captain Julius Guthrie, North Carolinians, and Captain Wylie, a Scotchman, were her successive commanders. By reason of the abstraction or destruction of the Adjutant-General's record, as before remarked, I am unable to give an exact manifest of her several inward cargoes, but the following will give an idea of them: Large quantities of machinery supplies, sixty thousand pairs of hand cards, ten thousand grain scythes, two hundred barrels blue-stone for the wheat growers, leather and shoes for two hundred and fifty thousand pairs, fifty thousand blankets, gray woolen cloth for at least two hundred and fifty thousand suits of uniforms, twelve thousand overcoats ready

made, two thousand best Enfield rifles with one hundred rounds of fixed ammunition, one hundred thousand pounds bacon, five hundred sacks of coffee for hospital use, fifty thousand dollars' worth of medicines at gold prices, large quantities of lubricating oils, besides minor supplies of various kinds for the charitable institutions of the State. Not only was the supply of shoes, blankets, and clothing more than sufficient for the supply of the North Carolina troops, but large quantities were turned over to the Confederate government for the troops of other States. In the winter succeeding the battle of Chickamauga, I sent to General Longstreet's corps fourteen thousand suits of clothing complete. At the surrender of General Johnston the State had on hand, ready-made and in cloth, ninety-two thousand suits of uniform, with great stores of blankets, leather, etc., the greater part of which was distributed among the soldiers and people. To make good the warrants on which these purchases had been made abroad, the State purchased and had on hand, in trust for the holders, eleven thousand bales of cotton and one hundred thousand barrels of resin. The cotton was partly destroyed before the war closed, the remainder, amounting to several thousand bales, was *captured*, after peace was declared, by certain officers of the Federal army. The proceeds probably went into the United States treasury, and probably not. *Quien sabe.*

This good vessel, the *Ad-Vance*, was finally captured on her twelfth trip, going out, by reason of unfit coal. She usually brought in enough Welsh coal, which being anthracite, made no smoke, to run her out again, but on this occasion she was compelled to give her supply to the cruiser *Alabama*, which was then in port, and to run out with North Carolina bituminous coal, which choked her flues, diminished her steam, and left a black column of smoke in her wake, by which she was easily followed and finally overtaken.

In addition to these supplies brought in from abroad, immense quantities of bacon, beef, flour and corn, were furnished from our own fields. I have no possible data for estimating these, but any one who is acquainted with the Valley of the Roanoke, and the black alluvial lowlands of Eastern North Carolina, will recognize what they can do in the production of corn when actively cultivated. And they and all the lands of this State were actively cultivated for the production of food. I was told by General Joseph E. Johnston that when his army was surrendered at Greensboro' he had in his depots in North Carolina, gathered in the State, five months' supplies for sixty thousand men, and that for many months previous General Lee's army had been almost entirely fed from North Carolina.

Public sentiment rigidly forbade the cultivation of any but limited crops of cotton and tobacco, and the distillation of grain was forbidden by law. Though, perhaps, mere *brutum fulmen*, in view of their constitutionality, these laws were cheerfully sustained by a patriotic public voice and were generally obeyed. The fields everywhere were green and golden with the corn and wheat. Old men and women, in many cases, guided the plough whilst children followed with the hoe in the gaping furrows. The most serious conditions of life are oftentimes fruitful of amusement to those who have philosophy sufficient to grasp it; and the sufferings of those dark days were frequently illumined by the ludicrous. The prohibition upon distilling was regarded by many as a peculiar hardship. "Old Rye" grew to be worth its weight in silver, and "Mountain Dew" became as the nectar of the gods. Even "New Dip" became precious, and was rolled as a sweet morsel under our rebel tongues. Yet, true to their character of the most law-abiding people on the continent, all respected the act of Assembly. Many thirsting souls, however, fancied that I was invested with that illegal power, the exercise of which lost James II his crown, of dispensing with laws, and petitioned me accordingly for a dispensation. The excuses given were various. One had much sickness in his family, and would I permit him to make a small "run" for medicine? Another wanted to make just enough "to go in camphor"; and still another gave it as his solemn opinion that it was going to be a terrible bad season for snakes, and they must have a little on hand in case of bites! Finally, one man wrote me, with an implied slander on my appetite, shocking to think of even now, that he only wanted to make ten gallons, and if I would give the permission he would send me a quart! I replied in all seriousness, that I could not think of violating my official oath for less than a gallon. That broke the trade.

In addition to providing for the soldiers in the field, there was still a more difficult task in providing for the destitute at home—a task which I think the military men did not appreciate properly. For the comfort of soldiers travelling to and fro, wayside hospitals or inns were established at Weldon, Goldsboro', Wilmington, Raleigh, Greensboro', Salisbury, Charlotte, and other chief points. Here the sick, the wounded, and the furloughed, were entertained. But there were thousands of the families of the poor whose only supporters were in the army, and whom we were in duty bound to care for and keep from suffering. Not only did justice and humanity require this, but good policy as well. When the paper which the husband in the army received became so depreciated that it would buy the wife and

children no bread, the strength and confidence of the Confederacy began to weaken at once. No cause, however just, no enthusiasm however zealous, could long withstand the cry of wife and children for food. To meet this necessity granaries were established at several points in the State, and corn distributed in the most needy districts; committees were appointed in each county to look after the needy, and commissioners selected, whose sole duty it was to provide salt. The State became for the time a grand almoner, and though from the very nature of the task it was impossible to effect the object completely, yet it is my opinion that no part performed in that great struggle was more deserving of praise than that effort which North Carolina made to provide for the poor families of those who were fighting for her independence on distant fields. These efforts went to the very gist of our success. Nor were these confined to the public authorities. Private charities and liberality abounded. Each county has its list of neighborhood heroes, gray headed, quiet men, whose victories were won over the greedy passions of gain and the temptations of avarice. They are pointed out yet as the men who would sell no corn except to soldier's wives, widows or mothers; who would sell no leather from their tanyards except to put shoes on their feet, and who did not raise in price or discount their money. All honor to such men. And let history make mention of it as a fact, that in thus serving God they were likewise rendering a service to their country quite as great as that of the armed soldiers, and far greater than that of the brawling politician. Nor did they stop with the giving of their goods. Courage and patriotism usually go hand in hand with kindness of heart. Such an instance comes to my mind now in the person of old Thomas Calton, of Burke county, whose humble name I venture to give to the Society as worthy of your attention, and as a good sample of the grand but unglorified class of men among us who preserve the savor of good citizenship and enno ble our humanity. He not only gave his goods to sustain women and children, but gave all his sons, five in number to the cause. One by one they fell until at length a letter arrived, telling that the youngest and the last, the bright-haired blue-eyed Benjamin of the hearth, had fallen also. Kind friends deputed an old neighbor to take the letter to him, and break the distressing news as gently as possible. When made aware of his desolation, he made no complaint, uttered no exclamation of heart-broken despair, but called his son in law, a delicate, feeble man, who had been discharged by the army surgeons, and said, whilst his frail body trembled with emotion, and tears rolled down

his aged cheeks : " Get your knapsack, William ; the ranks must be filled !" Surely it may be said that the pure soul which can thus triumph over nature like him that ruleth himself is greater than he who taketh a city !

Such were the efforts made in North Carolina, public and private, to avert the calamities of war and to sustain the spirits of the people. I attribute the comparatively great efficiency of the North Carolina troops to these efforts. In my opinion the causes of our ultimate failure begun by neglect of those at home. Our civil administrators lost the cause of the South. Had it been equal in ability and tact to that displayed by our military administration—had the civilian done his part so well as the soldier—very different would have been the result. I do not mean by this to attack Mr. Davis and his Ministers. By no means. They doubtless did what men could, situated as they were. I mean that class of men to whom the management of public sentiment in a Democratic government is usually entrusted failed of their part. The *morale* of our people at the beginning and for two years thereafter was excellent; and, if it had been sustained, I maintain that we could have won, notwithstanding the fearful disparity of numbers and means. But it was not kept up; and to that defective statesmanship, which permitted the popular enthusiasm to die out, and even aided to extinguish it, must be attributed our ill success. Few of our political leaders comprehended the situation at all when the troubles began. In the first place, the war was resorted to in order to avoid *anticipated*, not *existing* evils; and the great masses of mankind who do not read Burke and Hallam are only stirred permanently and deeply by present oppressions, which they *feel*. Had a tenth of the outrages perpetrated since the war been inflicted upon us, or even attempted, before a blow had been stricken, there would have been no flagging of popular enthusiasm, no desertion, no Appomattox, no military satrapies instead of States under the Constitution. In the second place, the war once begun, our leaders either did not grasp the magnitude of the struggle, or, with an unwise want of candor, concealed it as much as possible from the popular intelligence, which reacted most injuriously upon the cause. A frank avowal that the war would be long and desperate, and a call for volunteers to serve through its whole duration would have brought out the entire military strength of our people as well as the call for six months. This short-sighted policy had to be repaired by a conscript act, and although it was necessary at the time, the blunder of those who created the necessity remains the same. Our people never recovered

from the damper inflicted on their enthusiasm by the anomalous spectacle of beholding men hunted down and tied to make them fight for freedom and independence!

Suffering and disappointment began to produce discontent at home. Little was done to allay this feeling. All eyes were turned to the army. The majority of our civic talent took service there, where, as a general thing, exultant politicians were buried without a corresponding resurrection of great generals. The civic talent which remained at home mistook, to a wonderful extent, the temper of our people in other respects. The Northern masses were kept up to war pitch by appeals for the preservation of the Union. It was a stirring war cry; filled with the most sacred associations of our fathers and their great deeds, and attuned to the proudest glories, moral and physical, of the American citizen, We had no slogan half so thrilling. Our denunciation of abolition operated only upon the comparatively few who reflected upon its consequences, and foresaw the evils of a violated Constitution. Seven-tenths of our people owned no slaves, and, to say the least of it, felt no great and enduring enthusiasm for its preservation, especially when it seemed to them that it was in no danger. Our statesmen were not wise enough to put the issue on any other ground. In brief, it was not so arranged as that the causes of the war took hold upon the popular heart, and the real wonder is, that, sustained mainly by sectional pride and a manly, warlike spirit, the contest lasted so long as it did.

Again: When our currency depreciated so that it would not pay the Government which issued it, a tithe law was enacted, seizing the people's goods by way of taxes, whilst their pockets were filled with the Government promises-to-pay. Then there came another law, exempting from militia duty those who owned a certain number of slaves—an exceeding injurious measure, for which no possible advantage could atone. These sources of discontent, added to much suffering at home, soon put matters beyond the remedial agency of the wisest statesmanship. Enthusiasm died out; confidence fled. Desertion began, and the deserter's place was filled by more conscripts. The result was that not only were the discontent and suffering increased, but the just ratio between those who labor at home and those who serve in the field and consume was destroyed; so that the larger the army became the weaker it grew—lacking the healthy strength of well-organized communities behind it. Since the formation of States on the basis of civilization, and the barbarian tribes ceased to wage war by *migrating* into the territory of their enemies,

there is perhaps no instance of a community stripped so bare of its industrial and productive forces as was the South in 1864. Prussia, during the Seven Years' War, is perhaps an exception to this assertion; I cannot remember any other. From many districts—county sub-divisions—in North Carolina, I had, during 1864, petitions signed by women alone, praying that A. B. might not be ordered away, as he was the only able-bodied man in their district to protect them, grind their grain, etc. But for our slaves, society could not then have moved on at all.

I have dwelt thus long on the reasons for my assertion that our cause was lost at home and not in the field in order to excuse the emphasis which I have given to domestic affairs in North Carolina during this period, and the efforts which we made to remove these springs of discontent. They are not unworthy of your notice, though not so exciting as stories of battles and sieges, because they go to the root of the matter. And although we were not entirely successful in feeding all the poor and keeping down all discontent, yet much was done, and we had the proud satisfaction of knowing that more soldiers in better condition, hailing from old North Carolina, were standing by the great Virginia chieftains, Lee and Johnston, when the bugle sounded the melancholy notes of surrender, than from any other State of the Confederacy. When it is remembered that North Carolina was devoted to the Union, and rejected secession until the very last, that much has been said about an unruly, disloyal Union element in her midst during the war, and that she has been accused of having an unusual amount of desertions from her ranks, it will be admitted, I trust, that we have a right to be proud that we are thus vindicated by the facts and figures. Surely no portion of the Southern people can show a brighter record, a nobler devotion to good faith and order.

So great was the prevalence of this unjust impression, that North Carolina could be easily detached from her duty to her confederates, that it seems there were some who presumed upon it for important purposes. Soon after the failure of the Fortress Monroe or Hampton Roads Conference, I was visited by Governor Graham (whose death we so recently deplore), who was then a Senator of the Confederate States. After giving all the particulars of that Conference which had not appeared in the papers, and the prevailing impressions of Congressional circles about Richmond, etc., he informed me that a number of leading gentlemen there, despairing of obtaining peace through Mr. Davis, and believing the end inevitable and not distant,

had requested him to visit me and urge me as Governor of North Carolina, to take steps for making separate terms with Mr. Lincoln and thus inaugurate the conclusion. That he had agreed to lay their request before me without promising to add his personal advice thereto. I asked who these gentlemen were, and with some reluctance he gave me their names, chiefly Senators and Representatives in the Confederate Congress. I asked why these gentlemen did not begin negotiations for their own States with the enemy, and if they would come out in the papers with this request to me. He said they *could not* take the initiative, they were so surrounded at home, and some trammeled by pledges, etc., as to render it impossible! I declined the proposition, of course, and asked him to say to those gentlemen, with my compliments, that in the mountains where I was raised, when a man was whipped he had to do his own hollowing; that the technical word "enough," could not be cried by proxy. This piece of secret history will serve to show that there was a faintness of heart and a smiting together of knees in other parts of the South outside of North Carolina.*

And now, having briefly alluded to the part which North Caro-

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* NOTE.—Since the synopsis of this was published, I have received a letter from an esteemed friend in Hillsboro, North Carolina, who says he had a conversation with Governor Graham on the same subject, and that his recollection is that the proposition made to me was that I should take steps to withdraw the North Carolina troops from General Lee's army, which would force him to surrender and thus end the war. It may be that my friend's recollection is correct. I am quite sure, however, that substantially I was requested to take separate and independent action to end the contest, and I do not regard the difference between my friend's statement and my own as very material.

I have also been surprised to learn that this statement was construed by many as a personal reflection, both on Governor Graham and the gentlemen who entrusted him with the message. Surely nothing could have been further from my intention. It was understood at Richmond, as I learned, that Mr. Davis neither could nor would negotiate any treaty which involved the destruction of his own government, and as General Lee would only hold out a few days or weeks longer, it was deemed important by those gentlemen to undertake action by the States separately. I was only indignant that those, who were so lively in the beginning of the fight and reflected so severely on North Carolina for her tardiness, should undertake to make her the scape-goat of defeat. I did not regard it as a treacherous or dishonorable proposition, but as one which would have put our State in a false position, if accepted by me.

lina played in the bloody drama, permit me to close by commending most heartily the purposes of this society, and congratulating you on its progress. There are among us unnatural sons of the soil, who being enlightened by the knowledge-inspiring sweets of Federal flesh-pots denounce your labors as evincing a purpose to keep alive the fires of sectional bitterness, and feed a spirit of ill-faith toward our present duties. Again, there are others in our midst, timid souls, abounding in those good intentions which are said to constitute the paving stones of a certain nether locality, who say they *fear* these charges are just, or at least our action looks that way, and had better cease for that reason. I cannot agree with either. I am sure such imputations are libellous. The preservation of the truth—especially the truth of history—challenges the interest of all mankind. To set forth the real deeds which we and our associates enacted and the real issues before us as the only proper motives which incited to their performance, is a solemn duty we owe to ourselves and to posterity. It is especially due to our own posterity—to those who are to succeed us as citizens of the United States under a peculiar and most complicated system of government. The light which our conflict will afford them in grappling with many difficulties of the future, will be as a lamp to their feet, if our story be truly told; but if falsely related, it would prove a delusion and a snare. False history must teach false lessons. And false indeed would have been the verdict of the muse had it been inspired alone by the bitter rantings and partisan war cries of one side; and that side, too, making history, or trying to make history, for the purpose of keeping itself in power. But after a season, bold and representative men begin gradually to creep into the national Legislature and other positions where their voices may be heard. Your society, by a happy inspiration, is formed and begins the work. Both sides now make statements; contention arises, and from its fiery heats, so alarming to the timid, comes forth the precious gems of truth, pure and glorified, whose lessons like the leaves of the tree of life, are for the healing of the nations. Surely, there is in our story food to satisfy the reflective and to fire the hearts of the brave for many generations; how that written constitutions, which men are sworn to support, are yet as feathers in the gale before the fierce passions excited by interest, sectional hatred, and religious bigotry; and that the only hope of freedom is, after all, when her anchors take hold deep down in the hearts of men; how that a simple agricultural people, unused to war, without manufac-

tures, without ships, shut out from all the world and supposed to be effeminated and degenerated by African slavery, yet waged a four years' contest against four times their numbers, and ten times their means, supplementing all their necessities, and improvising all their material almost out of the dreary wastes of chaos; how that their generals wrought out campaigns not discreditable to the genius of Hannibal, Caius, Julius, Marlboro, and Napoleon; whilst their gently nurtured soldiers fought and marched and endured with the courage of the Grecian phalanx, the steadiness of the Roman Legion, and the endurance of the British Line—and all because the Southern people had preserved the lofty souls and gallant spirits of *their* ancestry; had treasured up the traditions of chivalry and personal honor which their fathers had bequeathed them as the highest glory of a race, instead of the heaping together of dollars; the great lesson which this age is striving to forget, that States will be as their men are, that men will be as their souls are, sordid or lofty as they are taught. And if there be any man among us, North or South, who feels that the truth of this cruel war should not be known; or that it is dangerous to honor that courage and patriotism which extend to the giving of life in its support, in any cause which a Christian soldier could maintain; or that unfaithfulness to present duty is bred from a reverencing of the memory of those who died to preserve their faith; with such I have no desire to harmonize, the good opinion of all such I can afford to despise. We know that the glorious profession of arms is of the highest importance to a State; and a skill to wield the sword and the manhood to fight battles are cardinal elements of successful civilization. All peace and mental cultivation produce effeminate Greeks of the lower Empire. All war and physical development produce the Goth and the Hun. But when the martial and the civil spirit are judiciously combined, the highest types of human progress are brought forth.

NOTE.—It is but justice to state here that the idea of obtaining supplies in the way mentioned on pages 512 and 515, was suggested to me by General J. G. Martin, then Adjutant-General of the State. It was his practical ability which shaped the outline of the scheme, though he had returned to active service in the Confederate army before its fruits were reaped.

Z. B. V.

The Campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg—Address of Colonel C. S Venable (formerly of General R. E. Lee's Staff), of the University of Virginia, before the Virginia Division of the Army of Northern Virginia, at their Annual Meeting, held in the Virginia State Capitol, at Richmond, Thursday Evening, October 30th, 1873.

[This address ought ere this to have been put in our records, and would have been but for the delay of the distinguished and busy author to furnish the MS., and the subsequent pressure upon our pages. Our readers will recognize it as a valuable and interesting contribution to our history.]

Comrades and Friends:

Warmly appreciating the kindness and good will of the Executive Committee in extending to me the honor of an invitation to address you on this occasion, and recognizing the duty of every Confederate soldier in Virginia to do his part in the promotion of the objects of this Association, I am here in obedience to your call. Fellow-soldiers, we are not here to mourn over that which we failed to accomplish; to indulge in vain regrets of the past; to repine because, in accepting the stern arbitrament of arms, we have lost; nor merely to make vain-glorious boast of victories achieved and deeds of valor done. But we are met together as citizens of Virginia, as American freemen (a title won for us by the valor and wisdom of our forefathers), with a full sense of our responsibilities in the present and in the future which lies before us, to renew the friendships formed in that time of trial and of danger, when at the call of our grand old Mother we stood shoulder to shoulder in her defence. More than this: we are met to preserve to Virginia—to the South and to America—the true records of the valor, the constancy and heroic fortitude of the men who fought on field and flood under the banner of the Southern Cross. With this view, I have thought it not inappropriate on this occasion to give a brief outline of some facts and incidents of the campaign of the Army of Northern Virginia from the Wilderness to Petersburg, which may be of some little use as a memoir to some future seeker after historic truth. I am aware that in this I am in danger of repeating much that has been told by different biographers and historians; but my desire is to give correctly some incidents of which I was an eye-witness in that wonderful campaign, and to state in brief outline, some facts—accurate contemporary knowledge of which I had the opportunity of obtaining—and to

present these in their proper connection with the statements of high Federal authorities. These incidents will enable us, in some measure, to appreciate that self-sacrificing devotion to duty which characterized our great leader, and will serve to show how worthy the men of that army, which he loved so well, were of his confidence and leadership. And here let me say that no man but a craven, unworthy of the name of American freeman, whether he fought with us or against us—whether his birthplace be in the States of the South or in the States of the North—would desire to obliterate a single page or erase a single line of the fair record of their glorious deeds.

When General Lee set out from Orange Courthouse on the morning of the 4th of May to meet the Army of the Potomac, which moved at midnight of the 3d of May from Culpeper, he took with him Ewell's corps (diminished by General Robert Johnston's North Carolina brigade, then at Hanover Courthouse, and Hoke's North Carolina brigade of Early's division, which was in North Carolina), and Heth's and Wilcox's divisions of A. P. Hill's corps, leaving Anderson's division of Hill's corps on the Rapidan Heights, with orders to follow the next day, and ordering Longstreet to follow on with his two divisions (Kershaw's and Field's) from Gordonsville. So, on May 5th, General Lee had less than twenty-six thousand infantry in hand. He resolved to throw his heads of columns on the old turnpike road and the plank road, and his cavalry on the Catharpin road on his right, against General Grant's troops, then marching through the Wilderness to turn our position at Orange Courthouse. This was a movement of startling boldness when we consider the tremendous odds. General Grant's forces at the beginning of the campaign have been given as more than one hundred and forty thousand of all arms, or about one hundred and twenty thousand infantry, and all of these, except Burnside's corps of twenty thousand, were across the river with him on the 5th. General Lee had less than fifty-two thousand men of all arms, or forty-two thousand infantry—fifteen thousand of which, under Longstreet and Anderson, a days' march from him, and the two North Carolina brigades, under Johnston and Hoke, which reached him, the one on the 6th of May, and the other on the 21st of May—at Spotsylvania Courthouse. And here in the beginning was revealed one great point in General Lee's bold strategy, and that was his profound confidence in the steady valor of his troops, and in their ability to maintain themselves successfully against very heavy odds—a confidence justified by his past experience and by the results of this campaign. He himself

rode with General A. P. Hill at the head of his column. The advance of the enemy was met at Parker's store and soon brushed away, and the march continued to the Wilderness. Here Hill's troops came in contact with the enemy's infantry and the fight began. This battle on the plank road was fought immediately under the eye of the Commanding-General. The troops, inspired by his presence, maintained the unequal fight with great courage and steadiness. Once only there was some wavering, which was immediately checked. The odds were very heavy against these two divisions (Heth's and Wilcox's), which were together about ten thousand strong. The battle first began with Getty's Federal division, which was soon reinforced by the Second corps, under General Hancock. Hancock had orders, with his corps and Getty's division of the Sixth corps, to drive Hill back to Parker's store. This he tried to accomplish, but his repeated and desperate assaults were repulsed. Before night Wadsworth's division and a brigade from Warren's corps were sent to help Hancock, thus making a force of more than forty thousand men, which was hurled at these devoted ten thousand until 8 o'clock P. M., in unavailing efforts to drive them from their position.

Ewell's corps, less than sixteen thousand strong, had repulsed Warren's corps on the old turnpike, inflicting a loss of three thousand men or more and two pieces of artillery. Rosser, on our right, with his cavalry brigade, had driven back largely superior numbers of Wilson's cavalry division on the Catharpin road. These initial operations turned Grant's forces from the wide sweeping marches which they had begun, to immediate and urgent business in the Wilderness. The army which he had set out to destroy had come up in the most daring manner and presented itself in his pathway. That General Lee's bold strategy was very unexpected to the enemy, is well illustrated by the fact recorded by Swinton, the Federal historian, that when the advance of Warren's corps struck the head of Ewell's column, on the morning of the 5th, General Meade said to those around him, "They have left a division to fool us here, while they concentrate and prepare a position on the North Anna; and what I want is to prevent these fellows from getting back to Mine Run." Mine Run was to that General, doubtless, a source of unpleasant reminiscences of the previous campaign. General Lee soon sent a message to Longstreet to make a night march and bring up his two divisions at daybreak on the 6th. He himself slept on the field, taking his headquarters a few hundred yards from the line of battle of the day. It was his intention to re-

lieve Hill's two divisions with Longstreet's, and throw them farther to the left, to fill up a part of the great unoccupied interval between the plank road and Ewell's right, near the old turnpike, or use them on his right, as the occasion might demand. It was unfortunate that any of these troops should have become aware they were to be relieved by Longstreet. It is certain that owing to this impression, Wilcox's division, on the right, was not in condition to receive Hancock's attack at early dawn on the morning of the 6th, by which they were driven back in considerable confusion. In fact, some of the brigades of Wilcox's division came back in disorder, but sullenly and without panic, entirely across the plank road, where General Lee and the gallant Hill in person helped to rally them. The assertion, made by several writers, that Hill's troops were driven back a mile and a half, is a most serious mistake. The right of his line was thrown back several hundred yards, but a portion of the troops still maintained their position. The danger, however, was great, and General Lee sent his trusted Adjutant, Colonel W. H. Taylor, back to Parker's store, to get the trains ready for a movement to the rear. He sent an aid also to hasten the march of Longstreet's divisions. These came the last mile and a half at a double-quick, in parallel columns, along the plank-road. General Longstreet rode forward with that imperturbable coolness which always characterized him in times of perilous action, and began to put them in position on the right and left of the road. His men came to the front of disordered battle with a steadiness unexampled, even among veterans, and with an *élan* which presaged restoration of our battle and certain victory. When they arrived the bullets of the enemy on our right flank had begun to sweep the field in the rear of the artillery pits on the left of the road where General Lee was giving directions and assisting General Hill in rallying and reforming his troops. It was here that the incident of Lee's charge with Gregg's Texas brigade occurred. The Texans cheered lustily as their line of battle, coming up in splendid style, passed by Wilcox's disordered columns, and swept across our artillery pit and its adjacent breastwork. Much moved by the greeting of these brave men and their magnificent behavior, General Lee spurred his horse through an opening in the trenches and followed close on their line as it moved rapidly forward. The men did not perceive that he was going with them until they had advanced some distance in the charge; when they did, there came from the entire line, as it rushed on, the cry, "Go back, General Lee! go back!" Some historians like to put this in less homely words, but the brave

Texans did not pick their phrases. "We won't go on unless you go back!" A sergeant seized his bridle rein. The gallant General Gregg (who laid down his life on the 9th October, almost in General Lee's presence, in a desperate charge of his brigade on the enemy's lines in the rear of Fort Harrison), turning his horse towards General Lee remonstrated with him. Just then I called his attention to General Longstreet, whom he had been seeking, and who sat on his horse on a knoll to the right of the Texans, directing the attack of his divisions. He yielded with evident reluctance to the entreaties of his men and rode up to Longstreet's position. With the first opportunity I informed General Longstreet of what had just happened, and he, with affectionate bluntness, urged General Lee to go farther back. I need not say the Texans went forward in their charge and did well their duty. They were eight hundred strong, and lost half their number killed and wounded on that bloody day. The battle was soon restored, and the enemy driven back to their position of the night before. Wilcox's and Heth's divisions were placed in line a short distance to the left of the plank road. General Lee's immediate presence had done much to restore confidence to these brave men and to inspire the troops who came up with the determination to win at all hazards. A short time afterwards General Anderson's division arrived from Orange Courthouse. The well known flank attack was then planned and put into execution, by which Longstreet put in, from his own and Anderson's divisions, three brigades on the right flank of the enemy, rolled it up in the usual manner, uncovering his own front, thus completely defeating Hancock's force and sending it reeling back on the Brock road. The story of this and of Longstreet's unfortunate wounding is familiar to all. His glorious success and splendid action on the field had challenged the admiration of all. As an evidence of the spirit of the men on this occasion, the Mississippi brigade of Heth's division, commanded by the gallant Colonel Stone, though the division was placed further to the left, out of the heat of battle, preferred to remain on the right, under heavy fire, and fought gallantly throughout the day under Longstreet.

When General Grant commenced his change of base and turning operation on the evening of the 7th, General Lee, with firm reliance on the ability of a small body of his troops to hold heavy odds in check until he could bring assistance, sent Anderson, who had been promoted to the command of Longstreet's two divisions, to confront his columns at Spotsylvania Courthouse. Stuart, too, threw his cav-

alry across Grant's line of march on the Brock road. The enemy's cavalry (division) failing to dislodge Stuart, gave up the accomplishment of that work to the Fifth corps (Warren's). When Anderson arrived at Spotsylvania Courthouse, he found the cavalry (Fitz. Lee's division) at the Courthouse, maintaining gallantly an unequal fight with the Fifth corps and Torbert's cavalry division. Torbert was checked on his right, and Stuart, with the assistance of several brigades of infantry sent to him by Anderson, soon created in the enemy what Swinton describes as "an excited and nervous condition of mind and a tendency to stampede"—ascribed by him, however, to want of rest and Wilderness experience. Stuart stopped their advance, and they fell to entrenching of their own accord. The conduct and skill of Stuart in this fight on the 8th, on which so much depended, always met the warm approval of the Commanding-General, and he spoke of it, with grateful remembrance, in the days of March, 1865, when disasters began to crowd upon us. Let us lay this laurel on the tomb of him who so soon afterwards rendered up his life leading, with heroic courage, his mere handful of wearied men against Sheridan's overwhelming numbers. That General Grant did not push up other troops to Warren's assistance, to enable him to drive these two divisions (now perhaps not more than eight thousand strong) from his front is attributable to the fact that he detained Hancock (the nearest supporting corps) to meet an anticipated attack from General Lee on his rear. That General Lee, with his small force, reduced by two days' heavy fighting, should check this great body of one hundred and twenty thousand infantry (reduced by Wildernes experience), and at the same time threaten its rear and cause the Federal commander to send to Washington for reinforcements, is a thing almost unparalleled in the history of war. On General Lee's arrival with Ewell's corps in the afternoon, after a second repulse of the enemy, the line of Spotsylvania was taken up. That a part of the line was weak on Rodes's right and General Edward Johnson's salient, has often been asserted. The reason for taking it was that the road in the rear might be left free from missiles, for the convenient use of the trains.

The repulse of Hancock's corps, in its attempt to threaten our left and rear, by General Early with Heth's division, and the terrible repulses given by Anderson's corps (Field's and Kershaw's divisions) to the repeated assaults of heavy columns, thrown against them from the Second and Fifth corps, and to the grand assault by both of these corps simultaneously at five o'clock in the afternoon are matters of

record. The odds here were seven or eight thousand men against one-half the Federal infantry. Nothing but the absolute steadiness and coolness of our men could have met and repelled these onslaughts. Our men would often call out, "Yonder they come, boys, with five lines of battle!" and after driving them back, would creep out cautiously and gather up the muskets and cartridges of the dead braves who had fallen nearest our line, so that to meet subsequent attacks, many of the men were provided each with several loaded muskets. This extemporaneous substitute for breech-loaders was not to be despised when we consider the thinness of our troops in the defences, the absence of reserves, the tremendous odds of the Federal forces, and the remorseless manner with which their corps commanders sent them into these repeated assaults.

Indeed, it became pitiful to see the slaughter of these brave men in their unavailing attacks and to hear their groans as they lay dying near the Confederate line. One brave youth, a sergeant of a New York regiment, who fell, shot through both knees, not far from our breastworks, was for many hours an especial object of sympathy to his foes. He was seen making in his misery vain attempts at self-destruction. Repeated attempts were made by our men to bring him in, but the Federal sharpshooters were very active and rendered it impossible to get to him, and on the 11th May, when the Federal forces had withdrawn from that part of our line, there, amidst the blackened, swollen corpses of the assailants, whose sufferings had been more brief, lay this boy with the fresh, fair face of one just dead.

On the afternoon of the 10th a portion of the Sixth corps (General Sedgwick's) succeeded in piercing Rodes's line on the front, occupied by Doles's Georgia brigade. General Lee had his quarters for the day on a knoll about a hundred and fifty yards in the rear of this part of the lines and in full view of it. He at once sent an aid-de-camp to General Edward Johnson, on Rodes's right, and mounting his horse, assisted in rallying the troops and forming them for the recapture of the lines. Under his eye, Rodes's troops and Gordon's brigade, which had been brought up from the left, went forward in handsome style, recovering the lines and the battery, which, after doing much execution at short range, had fallen into the hands of the attacking force.

Swinton, blindly followed by several other writers, speaks here of the capture of nine hundred prisoners from Rodes. This is an entire mistake—the captured were very few. On the 11th General

Grant withdrew from our left, and General Lee became convinced that he was going to swing round to turn our right, he therefore ordered the artillery on a portion of our left to be withdrawn from the immediate front so as to be ready to move at a moment's notice. On that night General Johnson, hearing the enemy massing on his front, sent a message to his corps commander (General Ewell) asking the return of his artillery. He also sent to General Gordon, commanding Early's division, asking a reinforcement of two brigades (Hays's and Pegram's), which he placed in a second line on the rear of what he considered the weakest of his defences.

The delay of the artillery and consequent disaster to Johnson's division are matters of record. The actual loss in captures was about three thousand men (his division was four thousand strong at the beginning of the campaign) and eighteen pieces of artillery, which the enemy did not get, however, for twenty hours. Johnson's message to his corps commander about the massing of the enemy in his front did not reach General Lee. He usually, in these days at Spotsylvania, left the battlefield at nine or ten o'clock in the evening for his tent, a short distance in the rear. Rising at 3 A. M. and breakfasting by candle-light, he returned to the front. On the morning of the 12th, hearing the firing, he rode rapidly forward, but did not know of the disaster to Johnson's division until he reached the front. Before he arrived Brigadier-General Gordon, commanding Early's division, in obedience to orders previously given by General Lee to support any portion of the line about the salient which might be attacked, hearing the firing about daylight, had moved forward towards the salient with his division. Moving in column in the dim light, with General Robert Johnston's North Carolina brigade in front, he came in contact with Hancock's line advancing through the woods, it having overrun General Edward Johnson's division, capturing his lines and a large number of his men. The enemy's line thus moving on, stretched across our works on both their flanks, thus taking our men in the trenches on both sides the captured angle completely in flank. They fired on Gordon's advancing column, severely wounding General Robert Johnston and causing some confusion among the men. It was still not light—the woods dense, and the morning rainy. A line of troops could not be seen a hundred yards off. It was a critical moment. Gordon halted his column, and with that splendid audacity which characterized him, deployed a brigade as skirmishers —extending, as he supposed, across the whole Federal front—and ordered a charge by this line of skirmishers. This charge caused

that part of the Federal troops whose front they covered to hesitate long enough to enable him to get his troops into line, but the Federal line on Gordon's right still pressed on, threatening his right rear and the right flank of Hill's corps (commanded by General Early) in the trenches. They were here checked by General Lane's North Carolina brigade, who, throwing his left flank back from the trenches, confronted their advance.

Gordon soon arranged the left of his division to make an effort to recapture the lines by driving the enemy back with his right. As he was about to move forward with his Georgia and Virginia brigades in the charge, General Lee, who had reached the front a few minutes before, rode up and joined him. Seeing that Lee was about to ride with him in the charge, the scene of the 6th of May was repeated. Gordon pointed to his Georgians and Virginians, who had never failed him, and urged him to go to the rear. This incident has passed into history, and I will not repeat the details here. Suffice it to say Lee yielded to his brave men, accepting their promise to drive the enemy back. Gordon, carrying the colors, led them forward in a headlong, resistless charge, which carried everything before it, recapturing the trenches on the right of the salient, and a portion of those on the left, recovering some of the lost guns and leaving the rest of them on disputed ground between our troops and the portion of the line still held by the enemy. As Hancock's left and centre were thus checked by Gordon's audacious line of skirmishers and Lane's disposition of his brigade on Hill's left, and finally hurled back by this splendid charge of Gordon's brigades, so his right was met by Ramseur's North Carolina brigade, of General Rodes's division, who attacked and pressed it steadily back towards the angle. Rodes bringing up the rest of his division to Ramseur's assistance, Hancock was thrown completely back on that portion of the captured line to the left of the salient, and here, in this narrow space, was waged the tremendous combat throughout the entire day. In the space between the contending lines lay fourteen of the eighteen pieces of artillery, swept over by the Federals as they leaped into the salient in the early morning, before they were even unlimbered—neither party being able to take possession of them. What was left of Johnson's division had been immediately attached to Gordon's command, and at an early hour a portion of Gordon's men were set to work to make a strong entrenched line, about three hundred yards in rear of the captured salient, in order thus to render its occupation of no advantage to the foe.

The Sixth corps was sent by General Grant about 6 A. M., to reinforce Hancock, and somewhat later he sent two divisions of Warren's corps. General Lee sent to the assistance of General Rodes, on whose front the confined battle raged, three brigades during the day—McGowan's South Carolina brigade, Perrin's Alabama brigade and Harris's brigade of Mississippians. Now, Rodes's division at the beginning of the campaign was about six thousand five hundred muskets, and it had already done some heavy fighting in the Wilderness and on the Spotsylvania lines. The brigades sent to his assistance did not number twenty-five hundred men. So that Rodes, with less than ten thousand men, kept back for eighteen hours more than one half of General Grant's infantry, supported by a heavy fire of Federal artillery. There was one continuous roll of musketry from dawn till midnight. The Spotsylvania tree cut down by bullets was a proof, not only of the closeness of the contestants, but of the narrow space to which the battle was confined. During the day there was a second repetition of the occurrence of the 6th of May. General Lee had his position nearly all day near a point on Heth's line to the left of Spotsylvania Courthouse. Rodes sent to him asking for reinforcements. He sent me to the right of the line to guide Harris's brigade of Mississippians from the right of our line down to Rodes. The brigade, in coming across from the right, passed near General Lee's position. He rode out from a little copse alone and placed himself by General Harris's side at the head of his column. Soon the troops came under the artillery fire of the enemy. General Lee's horse reared under the fire, and a round shot passed under him very near the rider's stirrup. The men halted and shouted to him to go back, and, in fact, refused to move if he marched with them. He told them he would go back if they would only promise him to retake the lines. The men shouted, in response, "We will! We will, General Lee!" He then repeated the order to me to guide them down to General Rodes, and rode slowly away towards Heth's lines. The Mississippians marched on with steady step to the front —"Into the mouth of hell, marched the eight hundred;" theirs but to do and die, for they had promised Lee. They cheered lustily the gallant Rodes, as they passed into the deadly fray. Coming in at a time when Ramseur was heavily pressed, the day was saved. This was the last reinforcement sent in. The lines were not retaken, but the enemy was pressed back into the narrow angle and held there on the defensive until midnight. The homely simplicity of General Lee in these scenes of the 6th and 12th of May, is in striking contrast with the theatrical tone of the famous order of Napoleon at Auster-

litz, in which he said: "Soldiers, I will keep myself at a distance from the fire, if with your accustomed valor you carry disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks; but if victory appear uncertain, you will see your Emperor expose himself in the front of battle." It is the contrast of the simple devotion to duty of the Christian patriot, thoughtless of self, fighting for all that men held dear, with the selfish spirit of the soldier of fortune, "himself the only god of his idolatry."

I have been thus particular in giving this incident, because it has been by various writers of the life of Lee confounded with the other two incidents of a like character which I have before given. In fact, to our great Commander, "so low in his opinion of himself and so sublime in all his actions," these were matters of small moment; and when written to by a friend in Maryland (Judge Mason), after the war, as to whether such an incident ever occurred, replied briefly, "Yes; General Gordon was the General"—alluding thus concisely to the incident of the early morning of the 12th, when General Gordon led the charge, passing over the similar occurrences entirely, in his characteristic manner of never speaking of himself when he could help it. But that which was a small matter to him was a great one to the men whom he thus led

At nightfall our line of battle still covered four of the eighteen contested guns. The interior line was finished later, and our wearied heroes were withdrawn to it about midnight. Unfortunately, the four recaptured pieces, through the darkness of the night and difficulty of the ground, became bogged in a swamp while being brought off, and so were left outside of the new lines and fell again into the hands of the enemy.

During the day, the enemy, under the impression that General Lee had weakened his lines to reinforce our troops in Hancock's front, made an attack, which was repulsed with heavy loss to the attacking column. The repulse of this attack of Burnside on Wilcox's front, the splendid execution done by the artillery of Heth's line on the flank of the attacking party, and the counter attacks by brigades of Hill's corps, sent out in front of our lines during the day, have been recorded by the graphic pen of General Early, who had been assigned to the command on account of General Hill's sickness on the 7th of May.* The restoration of the battle on the

* General Hill, though unable to sit up, in these days of Spotsylvania would have himself drawn up in his ambulance immediately in rear of the lines. Such was his anxiety to be near his troops.

12th, thus rendering utterly futile the success achieved by Hancock's corps at daybreak, was a wonderful feat of arms, in which all the troops engaged deserve the greatest credit for endurance, constancy, and unflinching courage ; but without unjust discrimination, we may say that Gordon, Rodes and Ramseur were the heroes of this bloody day. General Lee recommended Gordon to be made Major-General of date 12th May. Rodes and Ramseur were destined, alas ! in a few short months, to lay down their noble lives in the Valley of Virginia. There was no victor's chaplet more highly prized by the Roman soldier than that woven of the grass of early spring. Then let the earliest flowers of May always be intertwined in the garlands which the pious hands of our fair women shall lay on the tombs of Rodes and Ramseur and of the gallant dead of the battle of twenty hours at Spotsylvania.*

The captured angle, now useless to the enemy, was abandoned by them on the 14th. The attacks made on our lines by General Grant on the 14th and 18th were very easily repulsed. On the afternoon of the 19th, General Lee sent Ewell with his corps to the north side of the narrow Ni river to attack the Federal trains and threaten Grant's line of communication with Fredericksburg. After Ewell crossed, and was already engaged with Tyler's division of the enemy, guarding the trains, General Lee became aware for the first time that on account of the difficulties of the way through the flats on the river he had not taken his artillery with him. He was rendered uneasy by this, and sent orders to General Early to extend his left, so as to close up, as far as practicable, the gap between his corps and General Ewell's. Fortunately, General Hampton, who accompanied Ewell with his cavalry brigade, carried with him a battery of horse artillery, and did good service in relieving the difficulties of General Ewell's situation. In this movement some execution was done on some of Grant's newly arrived reinforcements before they were reinforced by troops from the Second and Fifth corps. General Ewell withdrew to the south side of the Ni without much loss. This affair delayed the contemplated turning movement of the Federal army for twenty-four hours.

On the night of the 20th of May, having discovered, after twelve

* The question has been asked since the war why General Lee sent no telegram to Richmond concerning this battle of May 12th. He did send such a telegram to the War Department. Of its further history I know nothing.

days of hopeless effort, that Lee's position could not be carried, General Grant began his movement to the North Anna.

General Lee had received no reinforcements since the beginning of the campaign, except the two absent brigades of Ewell's corps, mentioned before. He telegraphed to General Breckinridge, after the victory of the latter over Siegel at New Market on May 16th, to come to him with his division, and Pickett's division was moving to him from North Carolina and Petersburg.

Grant left his dead unburied in large numbers both at the Wilderness and Spotsylvania Courthouse, and many thousand muskets scattered through the woods. The Confederates being in possession of these battlefields, the Ordnance officers were instructed to collect the materials of war left thereon. Among other things, they obtained more than one hundred and twenty-two thousand pounds of lead in bullets, which were recast in Richmond and fired again at the enemy before the close of the campaign.

The head of Pickett's division reached the army as we began the march to the North Anna, and Breckinridge's division from the Valley, about two thousand seven hundred strong, was added to the Army of Northern Virginia at Hanover Junction on the 24th of May.

When General Grant's troops, on the morning of May 23d, reached the north bank of the North Anna, he found the Army of Northern Virginia in position on the south side. Not much force was wasted in preventing the crossing of the Federal forces. Warren's corps crossed on our left at Jericho ford, without opposition, and Hancock soon overcame the few men left in the old earthworks at the bridge. Once on the south side it was another matter. General Grant found General Lee's centre near the river; his right reposed on the swamps and his left thrown back obliquely towards the Little river behind him. He discovered, at a heavy cost of life, that in his position he could make no progress in attempting to force it. In fact one onslaught on our right was repulsed by merely doubling the line of skirmishers in front of the division (Rodes's) attacked. The Federal commander says in his report: "Finding the enemy's position on the North Anna stronger than either of his previous ones, I withdrew on the night of the 26th to the north bank of the North Anna." Says the chronicler of the Army of the Potomac: "The annals of war seldom present a more effective checkmate than was thus given by Lee."

But it would be a mistake, in estimating General Lee as a soldier,

to assume that it was his *rôle* to permit General Grant to move around his flank at will, and then to content himself by our interior and shorter lines, to throw himself across his path once more. He was constantly seeking an opportunity to attack the Federal army, now dispirited by the bloody repulses of the repeated attacks on our lines, so obstinately persisted in by General Grant. He hoped to strike the blow at the North Anna, or between the Annas and the Chickahominy. He hoped much from an attack on Warren's corps, which, having crossed at Jericho ford, several miles higher up the North Anna, lay in a hazardous position, separated from the rest of the Federal army. General Hill, who was now sufficiently recovered to be in the saddle, at the head of his corps, was also sanguine of success in this attack; but the main plan miscarried through some mishap, though one or two minor successes on this our left flank—notably one by General Mahone's division—were effected.

But, alas! in the midst of these operations on the North Anna, General Lee was taken sick and confined to his tent. As he lay prostrated by his sickness, he would often repeat: "We must strike them a blow—we must never let them pass us again—we must strike them a blow." But though he still had reports of the operations in the field constantly brought to him, and gave orders to his officers, Lee confined to his tent was not Lee on the battlefield.

I know it is unprofitable now to consider what might have happened, but I cannot refrain from venturing to express the opinion, that had not General Lee been physically disabled, he would have inflicted a heavy blow on the enemy in his march from the Pamunkey to the Chickahominy. An officer, whose opinions are entitled to much consideration, has often expressed the opinion that the opportunity was offered for this blow near Haw's shop, where the Confederate cavalry, under Hampton and Fitz. Lee, met General Sheridan, sustained heavily by the Federal infantry. However that may be, Grant found Lee always in his front whenever and wherever he turned. After some desultory but sharp fighting on the Totopotomoy, he found his old adversary in position at Cold Harbor*—a place, the reminiscences of which were more inspiring to the Confederate than to the Federal troops.

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*It may be worth noting that this Cold Harbor, now made famous by two great battles, is the old English name for an ordinary or tavern, where the traveler could get lodging without food. One of the sets of apartments in the town of London is called "Cold Harbor."

General Grant, as soon as he crossed the Pamunkey, made arrangements to draw troops to him from Butler, who was lying in compulsory leisure, in his "Bermuda bottle." His reinforcements received before the arrival of those can be fairly estimated at more than fifty thousand men. These came to him by Acquia creek, Port Royal and the White House on York river, and including these four divisions drawn from the Tenth and Eighteenth corps, Northern authorities put Grant's effectives from the beginning of the campaign up to the days of the Chickahominy conflict, at more than two hundred and twenty thousand men of all arms. In addition to the troops already mentioned, General Lee drew to himself Hoke's division of Beauregard's army at Petersburg, and was reinforced by Finnegan's Florida brigade and Keitt's South Carolina regiment. These bodies, amounting to between seven and eight thousand men, came to him on the Chickahominy. Our cavalry was also reinforced during the latter days in May by two regiments from South Carolina and a battalion from Georgia.

The victory of the 3d of June, at Cold Harbor, was perhaps the easiest ever granted to Confederate arms by the folly of Federal commanders. It was a general assault along a front of six miles and a bloody repulse at all points, and a partial success at one weak salient, speedily crushed by Finnegan's Floridians and the Maryland battalion. The loss on the Federal side was conceded to be about thirteen thousand; on our side it was about twelve hundred. When a renewal of the attack was ordered by General Grant in the forenoon, most of his troops refused to move, and says Swinton: "His immobile lines pronounced a silent, yet emphatic verdict against further slaughter." On the 4th of June we had a renewal of the painful scenes of Spotsylvania, with the dead and the dying assailants lying in front of our lines. On the 5th of June, General Grant asked permission to bury his dead. By that time his wounded, who had lain so long under the summer's sun, were now counted with the dying, and the dying with the dead. General Grant lay in his lines until the night of the 12th of June. The notice here of his "resolution to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer" seeming now "to be sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought." On that day Sheridan was defeated by Hampton, whose force consisted of his own and Fitz. Lee's divisions, at Trevillian's depot. The main object of Sheridan's march towards Gordonsville was to make a junction with Hunter's and Crook's united corps, and bring it down to Grant's army. This operation being rendered impossible by Sheridan's de-

feat, on the night of the 12th of June, the Federal army began its march to the south side of the James. General Grant had at first been of the opinion that the south side of the James was the best position for attack, and doubtless his north side experience had made this opinion a positive conviction. Says his chronicler: "The march of fifty-five miles across the peninsula was made in two days, and with perfect success." Surely after so much unsuccessful fighting, the Federal commander is entitled to all praise for this successful marching.

The overland campaign was at an end. To the Federal army it had been a campaign of bloody repulses, and even when a gleam of success seemed to dawn upon it for a moment (as at the plank road on May 6th, and at Spotsylvania on the morning of the 12th), it was speedily extinguished in blood, and immediate disaster covered over the face of their rising star of victory. Says the historian of the Army of the Potomac: "So gloomy was the military outlook after the action of the Chickahominy, that there was at this time great danger of the collapse of the war. The history of this conflict, truthfully written, will show this. Had not success elsewhere come to brighten the horizon, it would have been difficult to have raised new forces to recruit the Army of the Potomac, which, shaken in its structure, its valor quenched in blood and thousands of its ablest officers killed and wounded, was the Army of the Potomac no more." In a foot-note to this he adds: "The archives of the State Department, when one day made public, will show how deeply the Government was affected by the want of military success, and to what resolutions the Executive had in consequence come."

That the *morale* of General Lee's army was high at this time there can be no doubt. The strain of continuous bloody fighting at Spotsylvania had been great; but the campaigns of the North Anna and Chickahominy had given them much more repose. They were conscious of the success of the campaign, and were on better rations than they had been for a long time. The fat bacon and (Weathersfield?) onions brought in at that time from Nassau were very cheering to the flesh, and the almost prodigal charity with which several brigades contributed their rations to the suffering poor of Richmond was a striking incident in the story of these days on the Chickahominy. But cheerful and in high spirits though they were, there was a sombre tinge to the soldier wit in our thinned ranks which expressed itself in the homely phrase, "What is the use of killing these Yankees? it is like killing mosquitoes—two come for every one you kill."

As General Lee had sent Breckinridge back towards the Valley on June 8th, and General Early, with the Second corps (now numbering about eight thousand muskets—it having suffered more than either of the other corps), on the 12th to meet Hunter at Lynchburg, and restored Hoke's division to General Beauregard at Petersburg, the odds against him were much increased, as he had now with him only from twenty-five to twenty-seven thousand infantry.

These bold movements show what he thought of the condition of the Federal army and his undiminished confidence in the *morale* of his own troops.

When Grant reached the James in safety, after his successful march, he did not repose under the shadow of his gunboats, as did the sorely bruised McClellan in 1862. Being essentially a man of action and obstinent persistency—and, more than all, having the advantage of McClellan in the consciousness that his Government had staked all on him and would support him with all its resources he crossed the James and pushed on to Petersburg. He attacked Beauregard on the Petersburg lines on the 15th with Smith's corps, sent in transports from the White House. Reinforcing Smith heavily, he attacked him again on the 16th, and pushed corps after corps to the front. On the 17th Beauregard had all Grant's army to deal with. Fighting against overwhelming numbers, he had exacted a bloody tribute for every foot gained by the enemy. Though Grant met with partial success in carrying the outer lines, held by a mere handful of troops, yet Beauregard's small force, strengthened by his brigades withdrawn from the Bermuda Hundred lines and by the return of Hoke's division from Cold Harbor, held him in check at the interior lines until General Lee's arrival with reinforcements on the 18th of June.

General Lee remained on the north side of the James until June 15th. On the night of that day he camped near Drewry's Bluff. On the 16th and 17th of June he superintended personally the recapture of the Bermuda Hundred lines by Fields's and Pickett's divisions. These lines had been occupied by Butler after the withdrawal of Beauregard's troops for the defence of Petersburg on the day before. The incident of the volunteer attack of our men on these lines, various incorrect versions of which have been given, happened thus: By the afternoon of the 17th all of the line had been retaken except a portion in front of the Clay House. The order had been given to Generals Field and Pickett to move against them from the lines which they held. But meantime the engineers reported that the line already taken up by our troops was of sufficient strength,

and that it would be an unnecessary waste of life to attack the part still held by the enemy. The orders to make the attack were countermanded by General Lee. This countermanding order reached General Field in time, but did not reach General Pickett until his troops were already involved in the attack under his orders. General Pickett sent a message to General Gregg, of the Texas brigade, of Fields's division, which was next to his right, urging him to go in and protect his flank. Gregg consented at once, but could not wisely move until he had sent a like message to the troops on his right, as the interval between the line held by our troops and that held by the enemy widened much from left to right in front of Fields's division. At this moment, however, Pickett's advancing lines opened fire, and in an instant the men of the brigades of Fields's division, on General Gregg's right (first squads of men and officers, then the standards, and then whole regiments), leaped over our entrenchments and started in the charge without orders, and General Gregg and his Texans rushed forward with them, and in a few moments the line was ours. It was a gallant sight to see, and a striking evidence of the high spirit and splendid *élan* of troops who had now been fighting more than forty days, in one continuous strain of bloody battles. It was a hazardous movement, as the position attacked was a very strong one, but it was found to be held by a mere handful of the enemy, and our loss was very slight. I have been thus particular in the details of this incident, of which I was an eye-witness, as General Lee, who was at the Clay House, was not acquainted with all the facts when he sent the well known message to General Anderson, mentioning only Pickett's men.

On the next day, June 18th, General Lee marched to Petersburg with the van of his army, Kershaw's division, with which he at once reinforced Beauregard's troops in the line of defence. Both generals were on the field that day, when the assault along the whole line was made by the Federal corps, which met with such a complete and bloody repulse. During the action a young artillery officer fell by General Lee's side, shot through the body. The attack made no impression whatever on our lines. The easy repulse of the Federal corps on this occasion, and the result of the attack made by Hill with a part of Wilcox's and Mahone's divisions on the Second and Sixth corps, near the Jerusalem plank road, on the 21st, when sixteen hundred prisoners and four pieces of artillery were captured by Mahone, made it plain that the opportunity had arrived for a decisive blow. So, on the night of the 22d General Lee sent for General Alexander,

the accomplished Chief of Artillery of Longstreet's corps, and made arrangements for the disposition of the artillery for an attack on the morning of the 24th. The attack was to begin at daylight, with a heavy fire of artillery from Archer's Hill, on the north bank of the Appomattox, enfilading the enemy's line near the river, then the infantry of Hoke's division, sustained by Field's division, was to begin with the capture of the line next the river, and then sweep along the line uncovering our front, thus rolling up the Federal right and compelling General Grant to battle in the open field at a disadvantage. At daybreak on the 24th the artillery opened fire and did its work well. The skirmishers of Hagood's brigade, of Hoke's division, went forward very handsomely and captured the lines next the river. But through some mistake this success was not followed up—the gallant skirmishers were not sustained, and were soon made prisoners by the forces of the enemy turned against them. And thus the whole plan, so well conceived and so successful in its beginning, was given up much to the sorrow of the commanding-general.

In the preliminary operations about Petersburg up to July 1st, Grant's losses footed up fifteen thousand men. On the 6th of July his engineers pronounced the Confederate works impregnable to assault. From this date the operations partook of the nature of a siege.

As it is not my intention to give any record of events after the siege of Petersburg, I will close my address at this point in the campaign of 1864—a campaign, the full history of which would leave the world in doubt, whether most to admire the genius of our great leader, or the discipline, devotion, courage, and constancy of his soldiers.

On the 4th of May four converging invading columns set out simultaneously for the conquest of Virginia. The old State, which had for three years known little else save the tramp of armed legions was now to be closed in by a circle of fire from the mountains to the seaboard.

Through the Southwestern mountain passes, through the gates of the lower valley, from the battle-scarred vales of the Rappahannock, from the Atlantic seaboard, by the waters of the James, came the serried hosts on field and flood, numbering more than two hundred and seventy-five thousand men (including in this number also reinforcements sent during the campaign). No troops were ever more thoroughly equipped or supplied with a more abundant commissariat.

For the heaviest column, transports were ready to bring supplies and reinforcements to any one of three convenient deep-water bases—Acquia creek, Port Royal and the White House.

The column next in importance had its deep-water base within nine miles of a vital point in our defences. In the cavalry arm (so important in a campaign in a country like ours) they boasted overwhelming strength.

The Confederate forces in Virginia, and those which could be drawn to its defence from other points, numbered not more than seventy-five thousand men. Yet our great commander, with steadfast heart, committing our cause to the God of battles, calmly made his dispositions to meet the shock of the invading hosts. In sixty days the great invasion had dwindled to a siege of Petersburg (nine miles from deep-water) by the main column, which, "shaken in its structure, its valor quenched in blood, and thousands of its ablest officers killed or wounded, was the army of the Potomac no more."

Mingled with it in the lines of Petersburg lay the men of the second column, which, for the last forty days of the campaign, had been held in inglorious inaction at Bermuda Hundreds by Beauregard, except when a portion of it was sent to share the defeat of June 3d on the Chickahominy, while the third and fourth columns, foiled at Lynchburg, were wandering in disorderly retreat through the mountains of West Virginia, entirely out of the area of military operations. Lee had made his works at Petersburg impregnable to assault, and had a movable column of his army within two days' march of the Federal capital. He had made a campaign unexampled in the history of defensive warfare.

My comrades, I feel that I have given but a feeble picture of this grand period in the history of the time of trial of our beloved South—a history which is a great gift of God, and which we must hand down as a holy heritage to our children, not to teach them to cherish a spirit of bitterness or a love for war, but to show them that their fathers bore themselves worthily in the strife when to do battle became a sacred duty. Heroic history is the living soul of a nation's renown. When the traveler in Switzerland reads on the monument near Bâsle the epitaph of the thirteen hundred brave mountaineers who met the overwhelming hosts of their proud invaders, and "fell, not conquered, but wearied with victory, giving their souls to God and their bodies to the enemy"; or when he visits the places sacred to the myth of William Tell, transplanted by pious, patriotic fraud from the legends of another people to inspire the youth of that

mountain land with the hatred of tyrants and the love of heroic deeds; or when he contemplates that wonderful monument by Thorwalsden, on the shores of Lake Lucerne, in commemoration of the fidelity in death of the Swiss Guard of Louis XVI—a colossal lion, cut out of the living rock, pierced by a javelin, and yet in death protecting the lily of France with his paw—he asks himself how many men of the nations of the world have been inspired with a love of freedom by the monuments and heroic stories of little Switzerland?

Comrades, we need not weave any fable borrowed from Scandinavian lore into the woof of our history to inspire our youth with admiration of glorious deeds in freedom's battles done. In the true history of this Army of Northern Virginia, which laid down its arms "not conquered, but wearied with victory," you have a record of deeds of valor, of unselfish consecration to duty, and faithfulness in death, which will teach our sons and our sons' sons how to die for liberty. Let us see to it that it shall be transmitted to them.

Campaign of 1864 and 1865.

NARRATIVE OF MAJOR-GENERAL C. W. FIELD.

[It is due to the gallant author of the following paper to say that it was not written for publication, but for the private use of General E. P. Alexander, who was at that time—several years after the war—contemplating a history of Longstreet's corps. The narrative is, however, so interesting and valuable that we take the liberty of publishing it as material for the future historian.]

I joined the division at Bull's Gap, east Tennessee, about March 13th, 1864; remained there for some weeks, then fell back to Zollicoffer, and, finally, about the middle of April, took the cars for Gordonsville, Virginia. A few days after our arrival there, General Lee came over and reviewed McLaws's division and mine and aroused great enthusiasm among the troops. This, with the fact of our rejoining the Army of Northern Virginia, and getting back to Old Virginia, where we wished to serve, operated very beneficially upon the troops, and elevated them to the very pinnacle of military pride and perfection.

It was about noon of the 4th of May, whilst encamped near Gor-

donsville, that General Longstreet signalled me that the enemy had broken camp, and directed me to strike, I think, the ——— road, and reach a point on it—Jack's Shop, I think—early next day. By marching nearly all night, I encamped on the following evening at dark about five miles from the Wilderness battleground.

The opposing armies had been engaged during the day, the cavalry fighting in my immediate front. At midnight I received orders to move immediately to the scene of action by striking across the country to the plank road. McLaws's division, commanded by Kershaw, had encamped a few miles from me, and as the head of his column reached the plank road point, and as it was already broad day, and thinking the emergency might be great, instead of halting until the rear of his column passed, I moved parallel with him, the head of his column being maybe a hundred yards or so in advance of mine. Both columns were directly just in rear of the field and moving down the plank road. As the musketeers' fire increased, so did the numbers going to the rear from Heth's and Wilcox's divisions, which had just been assaulted by the enemy. The numbers, manner, and words of these troops all told too plainly that those divisions were being driven back in confusion, and that the two divisions of Longstreet's corps were badly needed. In a moment all our troops in my front gave way and came hurrying by us, and I got an order from Longstreet to form line of battle on the right of and perpendicular to the road, and check the enemy's advance. I threw Anderson's brigade, which was leading to the right, at once in line, but before it could be followed up by the other brigades a second order was received from Longstreet to form in the quickest order I could and charge with any front I could make. Throwing the Texas brigade, which was second, on the left of the road and in line perpendicular to it, and Benning in rear of that, and Law in rear of that, and Jenkins in rear of that, the Texas brigade, led by its gallant General Gregg, dashed forward as soon as it formed, without waiting for those in its rear to get ready.

By this time the enemy had swept Heth's and Wilcox's divisions entirely to our rear, and ignorant that there was anything to oppose them, the view being obstructed by a slight rise and some scattered pines, were pushing forward in heavy and confident masses.

There was nothing to oppose to this seemingly resistless force but Gregg's small body of Texans, less than five hundred strong. But away they went, charging right down the plank road, the right resting upon it, met the enemy and—though flanked on both sides—

forced them back. It was at the beginning of this charge that the celebrated scene, quoted in the newspapers, between General Lee and this brigade occurred. General Lee, who was present, seeing, as all did, that the battle was lost to us unless some almost superhuman exertion was made, placed himself at the centre of the brigade, saying aloud he would lead them. The men strengthened the line, cried out that he must go back, and that they would do the work. And well they did it, but at the loss of two-thirds of their number lying on the ground, killed or wounded, in ten minutes. Some companies were entirely obliterated. One company, I remember, for months had on duty but a single person, a lieutenant—all the rest being killed or wounded at the Wilderness. The Texas brigade met and overcame the first shock, but it was followed by Benning's Georgia brigade at a few paces interval with signally cheering results. General Benning was badly wounded in this charge—the command for some months after devolving upon Colonel DuBose—and his brigade much cut up. Law's brigade, commanded by Colonel Perry, came immediately to the rear of Benning, but fortunately the enemy's course had been somewhat checked, and the losses in this brigade were not so great at that time. The remaining brigade in Field's division—Jenkins's South Carolina—was brought up as soon as it could form, and held for a while in reserve. Meanwhile Anderson's Georgia brigade, which had been the first formed and which had been thrown across to the right of the plank road, was advanced on that side as well as the dense thicket would admit. Its progress being unavoidably slow, and the thicket very dense, its losses were comparatively small. The enemy's progress had been stopped, and he had been driven back by the brigades from Texas Georgia, and Alabama, commanded respectively by Generals Gregg and Benning, and Colonel Perry, but he was not beaten, and for the next three hours a fierce struggle, without any permanent advantage to either side, was maintained at that point—first one side and then the other giving back slowly and doggedly, while the same ground was fought over a half dozen times in succession by both sides. It was about eleven o'clock when General Longstreet informed me that some troops had been sent around to attack the enemy on his left flank, and that he wished me to attack in front at the same time. The plank road at this point was straight and level for a mile or more. Placing a couple of pieces in the road, which effectually dislodged the enemy from a breastwork which he had thrown up across it, and moving down on both sides of the road with my division, the enemy was started back,

but slowly, and then he broke and fled in confusion, leaving his dead and wounded thick upon the field. Among the latter was Brigadier-General Wadsworth, of New York, who died late in the day. It was at this time that General Longstreet was wounded, and Brigadier-General Jenkins, of my division, killed. The enemy being routed and nowhere in sight, and all fighting having ceased, General Longstreet rode up to me at the head of my division, and, seizing my hands, congratulated me in warm terms on the fighting of my troops and the result of the assault. Stopping a moment at the request of General Lee, who also came up at this time to direct the removal of some logs, which the enemy had thrown across the road as a breastwork, so that the two guns might pass, General Longstreet, accompanied by Brigadier-General Jenkins and their staff and couriers, had gotten about thirty yards in my front when I heard a scattering fire from the bushes on the right of the road, and saw General Longstreet's party in great confusion. In a moment it was ascertained that General Longstreet was wounded and General Jenkins and some others killed. Rushing to the General at once, he was assisted from his horse and reclined on the roadside against a tree. Knowing that he was badly, if not mortally hurt, though the exact locality of his wound was not yet known, he desired me to assume command of the corps and press the enemy.

Some have doubted by whom this fire was delivered, but there need be none. There was no enemy in sight or range, but some of our troops of another corps emerging from the bushes and seeing objects on the road where they supposed the enemy still were, opened fire with the result above stated. Could we have pushed forward at once, I believe Grant's army would have been routed, as all that part which I had attacked was on the run. But as the troops were now formed my division and some others, probably, were perpendicular to the road and in line of battle, whilst all those which had acted as the turning force were in line parallel to the road, and the two were somewhat mixed up. No advance could be possibly made till the troops parallel to the road were placed perpendicular to it, otherwise, as the enemy had fallen back down the road, our right flank would have been exposed to him, besides our two bodies being on the road at the same point, one perpendicular and the other about parallel to it, neither could move without interfering with the other. To rectify this alignment consumed some precious time—time, as we learned later, the enemy was employing in reforming his broken columns, and throwing up a new line of works.

Under my direction the line was finally straightened and an advance of the whole line made, and though the attack in some instances was, I know gallantly made, the enemy was too strong behind his breastworks to be again driven from them.

The almost impenetrable growth of wood and brush prevented some of the troops from reaching the enemy at all, but one of my brigades, the gallant South Carolina—now led by Colonel Bratton, since Jenkins's death—rushed up to the enemy's works under a withering fire and got into them, but having no support were driven back again, save those who were killed or captured in the works. The enemy's own account of this affair entirely agrees with this, and they said that they were very near being driven from the works and routed. Anderson's brigade, of my division, on the same occasion made a vigorous attack.

It being now about sunset I formed the corps in line of battle perpendicular to and to the right of the road and bivouacked that night, and the next morning the men threw up breastworks, but except a feeler which the enemy threw against the left of my line next day, there was no occasion for their use, the operations the next day being limited to heavy skirmishing. The corps occupied the extreme right of the army, Major General R. H. Anderson's division joining it at the plank road on the left. Late on the evening of the 7th, after the battle had been fought and won, General R. H. Anderson, the senior major-general, was assigned to and had command of the corps till the following autumn when General Longstreet again reported for duty.

The reports of this and subsequent battles never having been furnished, the only account that I have ever seen was one written by Mr. Lawley, correspondent of the London *Times*, which, though meant to be fair, contained, through ignorance of the truth, one all important error. It is this: He states that at the opening of the fight on the morning of the 6th of May, when two divisions of our army had given way, that *Kershaw's division formed and met the enemy and repulsed him, and that my division was behind and formed upon it*—Kershaw's, etc., whereas, the truth is, as I have before stated, that my division was just formed in column by brigades; that the exultant, jubilant enemy was met and driven back by three of the brigades, Gregg's Texans, Benning's Georgians and Perry's Alabamians; and that the fate of the day and army is due, I firmly believe, to those three brigades; that I did not form upon Kershaw, and had no connection with him till late in the day. Lawley's mis-

take—and others may have made the same—was natural, because a few minutes before Kershaw was leading, but I formed and *charged* first—the ground was open in my front and impassible in his, and the enemy was just in my track This error is a very important one, and it is due to my gallant fellows that it should be corrected. I was myself twice struck during this charge, and several of my couriers wounded. I had but two staff-officers with me, Major Jones and Major Masters, both giving most efficient and hard service. I should state that after Longstreet's fall a good many other brigades were under my command, but I forget now what troops they were; also that General Lee was near me giving verbal directions.

Throughout the night of the 7th, our corps, commanded now by Anderson, was marching to Spotsylvania Courthouse, near which place it arrived about 8 o'clock next morning, and found our cavalry engaged with the enemy, infantry and cavalry, and hard pressed. Kershaw was leading, and General Anderson not knowing what force the enemy was in, or where he was exactly, Perry's Alabama brigade of my division was sent off to the left, and soon joined Humphreys's Mississippi brigade, and had a hard struggle with the enemy all day, whilst I with the rest of my division, and Kershaw with some part of his, was sent down the road to the Courthouse, about a mile and a half distant, to drive the enemy from and secure that point. We found the town occupied by sixteen pieces of artillery and a body of cavalry, but seeing our approach they fled without firing a shot. Seeing nothing to be done here, I wheeled to the left and moved on about two miles to where Perry had been engaged, and picking him up formed line and threw up works and constituted the extreme left of the army when it all came up, which it did that night. The enemy threw up works just in front of ours, and deadly sharpshooting was maintained for the four or five days that I remained there, besides many vigorous assaults being made.

I think it was on the 10th that the enemy, after having tried other parts of the line and failed, tried to break through our left. He accordingly charged the Texas brigade, which was my left and the left of the army—came up to the works, some of them even clambering over, but these last were instantly killed or captured, and the balance driven back. On another occasion the enemy charged over the same ground and against the same brigade, but were handsomely driven back, chiefly by some guns of Cabell's battalion, under Major W. H. Gibbes, posted a little to my left and rear. I think it was on the 12th that they again made a determined effort to break through

my line, this time selecting the right, commencing on the extreme right of the line, Bratton's South Carolina, and extending to the left through DuBose's Georgians (Benning being wounded at the Wilderness and not rejoining until late in the fall), and Perry's Alabamians, but they were repulsed throughout with great slaughter.

After four or five days spent in this position, the enemy withdrew from my front, and going then over the ground he had occupied, we were astounded at the great slaughter we had made. The graves were very numerous, and the dead bodies in some places which were under fire, and could not, therefore, be removed, were black, jet black, and swollen, and presented a horrid spectacle. General G. T. Anderson, of my division, reported that in one day the enemy charged his line eight different times. Our losses were very slight whilst his were immense at this place.

At this time Brigadier-General Law returned and took command of the brigade (Alabamians), but was wounded a few weeks later at Cold Harbor, sent home, and never again rejoined the brigade, Colonel Perry being promoted to it

The enemy having retired from my front, I vacated that position and took front on the extreme right of the army. Remaining here a day or two, the enemy making no attack, we withdrew with the army to the North Anna and formed on its south bank, or beyond it a mile.

It may be well to state that my division was composed of five brigades, all the balance of the army having but four. They were one South Carolina, two Georgia, one Alabama, and one Texas, commanded respectively by Brigadier-Generals Jenkins, Benning, Anderson, Law, and Gregg. As during the campaign Generals Jenkins and Gregg were killed and Generals Benning and Law wounded, their brigades were commanded respectively by Colonel Bratton, afterwards made Brigadier-General, Colonel Bass, Colonel DuBose, afterwards made Brigadier-General, and Colonel Perry, afterwards made Brigadier-General.

After two or three days here, we marched through Ashland to the Totopotomoy river, and fought, I think, on the morning of June 3d, the battle of Cold Harbor. It was two days before, that Kershaw, who was some distance on my right—Pickett being between us—asked for assistance. Either his lines or Hoke's or both had just been broken by the enemy, and a large salient of our works taken by the enemy. Leaving two of my brigades in my thin lines to hold them, with the three others (Law's Alabamians, Anderson's Georgians,

and Gregg's Texans) I went to his assistance, and relieving two of his brigades, I laid out and made a new breastwork in rear of the one taken from Kershaw or some one, and connected it with the old one. We had hardly gotten it tenable when at early daylight, June 3d, the enemy in heavy columns appeared directly in the front of Law and Anderson and partly of Gregg. They came on in heavy masses, and with great spirit, but only to be mowed down. No impression was made upon my line, and our losses were slight (Brigadier-General Law being wounded just above the eye), but the slaughter of the enemy was appalling. My men of Law's brigade (against whom the most determined attack was made) stated that they could see the dust knocked from the enemy's clothes by our balls, and that our fire was so rapid and effective that a second death-wound was frequently given a Yankee before he had time to fall from the first. The enemy's repulse was signal and disastrous, and his slaughter so great that he never made another effort on the north side of the James.

I think it was on the 16th of June, late in the evening, that my division, after crossing James river, found itself near Walthall Station on the Richmond and Petersburg railroad. During the day Butler's troops had been engaged in tearing up the railroad, and had also taken possession of a line of works fronting Bermuda Hundreds, which Beauregard had been compelled to vacate in order to go to the defence of Petersburg. As the enemy only held these works by a strong picket line, Pickett's and my divison next day (the 17th) charged and drove them out, and Pickett continued to occupy this line during the rest of the campaign, I going on to Petersburg on the 18th. I took position in the trenches at Petersburg, my left resting at the battery afterwards blown up and known as the "Mine." I remained in these trenches without relief from this time till two days before the explosion, when I was was withdrawn and sent to the Richmond side of the James to resist an advance there. On the left of my line at Petersburg the picket firing was continuous; my losses being daily from five to fifty. I should have stated that once during this time I left the trenches for the purpose of assisting in an attack upon the enemy's right. This was, I think, about the middle of July, and was as follows: General Lee, believing that the enemy had grown careless and was weak on his right (resting on the Appomattox), determined to assault him there. The plan was written out in detail; was as follows: Hoke's division, which occupied our trenches at that point (our extreme left), was (after a severe artillery fire of half

hour's duration had driven the enemy under shelter and demoralized him) to charge suddenly, take the enemy's first line and sweep up it to the right. *After* Hoke had gotten *entire possession* of the *first* line of the enemy and had swept to the right, I, who was to have been ready in rear of his old line, was to move up over the same ground that he had passed over, and Hoke having unmasked me I was to carry the enemy's second if he should have one, and if not, I was to attack wherever and whatever I found best. Other divisions were to take up the attack at stated periods, as it swept down to our right.

Although it was not expected that I would move from my position, in reserve, till Hoke had not only vacated his line, but had carried the enemy's, I was so anxious to do more than my duty, that as soon as I saw the first signs of stir in Hoke's lines, I rushed forward with my leading brigade (Benning's Georgia, commanded by Du Bose), and took shelter in Hoke's breastworks with his troops. Hoke's assault was a failure; about two-thirds of his left brigade left their trenches and rushed across the space separating them from the Yankees—about three hundred yards—but none of them reached the works, except as prisoners. The rest of that brigade and division, which were to have charged, never left their own works, and of course I had nothing to do until they had gotten out of my way and done the duty assigned them. Instead of getting credit for doing much more than I was ordered to do, ignorant persons (and very few knew what the orders were) took it for granted, I suppose, that it was I who was ordered to make the assault, and that the failure was mine, whereas it was because I was active and exceeded my instructions that people supposed that it was I and not Hoke who was ordered to carry the place. So much for being too enterprising and ambitious.

The next day I returned to my original place in the trenches, and in about a week afterwards left for the north side of the James to resist a threatened attack there. I found upon the north side of the James, permanently stationed there, an artillery force and many guns at Chaffin's Bluff, the Richmond City battalion, and a Tennessee brigade (Johnston's), all under the nominal command of Lieutenant-General Ewell. I say nominal, because, though General Ewell commanded the Department of Richmond, which embraced those troops, and everything which might be located there, in fact I commanded, and made disposition to suit myself, without consultations with him, and received no orders from him. When I first went over

to the north side, Lieutenant-General Anderson, with Kershaw's and Heth's divisions, were there, but, the enemy withdrawing the most of his force to the south side during the night, on the following day Lieutenant-General Anderson and the two divisions last mentioned did the same, leaving my division, and the permanent force I have before mentioned, on the north side to watch the enemy. At this time General Anderson, with Kershaw's division, marched to join Early in the Valley. I believe it was proposed for me to follow in a few days, but at daylight on the 14th of August the enemy, having thrown a heavy force to the north side during the previous night, attacked my lines. He made three assaults at different times during the day, which were handsomely repulsed, with loss to him; and, finding that he could not succeed by direct assault, he determined to effect his purpose by turning my left flank.

The great superiority of his troops in numbers gave him bright prospects of doing this. Up to this time my lines extended from Chaffin's Bluff on the right to New Market Heights on the left, my extreme left resting at this latter place. Covering so great a line, it was of course, with the comparatively few troops at my disposal, weak everywhere, the men being in extended single rank, and in many places there being none at all. I omitted to include a small brigade of cavalry, under Brigadier General Gary, as a part of the permanent force on the north side, and which force rendered me very important service on this occasion.

About a mile to the left of New Market Heights, where the left of my infantry rested, the New Market and Darbytown roads united at Fussell's mill. The line of works behind which I was, continued to to this point, but was, as I said before, not manned. The enemy rightly judged that by getting possession of these abandoned, or rather unoccupied, works at this point, he could, with his large force, probably sweep us before him into the lines surrounding Richmond, as the line upon which we then were was perpendicular to this last line, and the enemy arriving on our left flank would roll us up before we could form line of battle facing him, because our right was at Chaffin's, several miles distant. Accordingly, under cover of a forest, the enemy dashed at this point, Fussell's mill, but Gary quickly dismounting two of his three regiments threw them behind the works and received the Yankees with a galling fire. Fortunately, I was at the moment at my extreme left, and learning the enemy's intention, had a few minutes before started with Anderson's Georgia brigade and two pieces of artillery at a double-quick to the

assailed point. Reaching near the point of attack a few minutes after it began, a part of Anderson's brigade and the two guns opened upon the enemy's left flank, whilst Gary poured in a galling fire in front; the enemy wavered a few minutes, and then gave way in confusion, and fell back out of range for the day. The conduct of Gary on this occasion was very judicious and gallant. Only a portion of the enemy had crossed from Petersburg during the previous night, but all this day (August the 14th), from the elevation at New Market Heights, a stream of reinforcements could be seen coming over. Telegraphing at once to General Lee, who was at Petersburg, the condition of things, he sent to me also large reinforcements which were reaching me at intervals during the 15th. During this day the enemy made no attack, but were hard at work fortifying in my front. By morning of the 16th all my reinforcements had arrived and were in position, my line extending considerably to the left of Fussell's mill in the direction of the Charles City road.

There was now under my command about fifteen thousand troops, consisting of the permanent troops I have previously named, my own division, now immediately commanded by Brigadier-General Gregg, and a brigade or two each, I think, from Heth's, Wilcox's, Mahone's, and Pickett's divisions. I regret that I cannot recall just now precisely whose brigades they were, but one I know was Harris's Mississippi brigade, one was Girardy's Georgia, one was Virginia, two were North Carolina, one commanded by General Conner, one Wright's, and the other I do not recollect. I should add that W. H. F. Lee's division of cavalry had also reported to me, and covered my left on the Charles City road I think it was about 10 or 11 o'clock A. M. of the 16th that the enemy made an assault in heavy masses on a part of my line about six hunded yards to the left of Fussell's mill. He had hit upon the most unfavorable point in our line of defence, for the ground was irregular, and what was of much more consequence, there was a dense forest of oak and pines in this immediate front, which we had only had time to cut away for a few yards (about fifty) in front of our works, thus offering a secure shelter to, and screening the enemy from our men till he got within fifty yards of our works. But he was met with a heavy and well-directed fire as soon as he showed himself through the bushes, and quickly withdrew. It was about a half hour after this, that whilst sitting on the ground with my staff and couriers, about one hundred yards in rear of the centre of the assault, with our horses hitched to some bushes close by, that I heard a scattering fire and some cheer-

ing immediately in my front. I knew at once that the enemy was assaulting again, but as he had just been handsomely repulsed at that very point, I felt so sure that the result would be the same now that I did not even rise up from the ground. Major Willis F. Jones, my Adjutant-General, who was standing up near me and could see all that was going on so near us, suddenly said, very excitedly, "General, they are breaking"; thinking he referred to the Yankees, I replied, "Well, I knew they would;" but he immediately exclaimed, "but, General, it's our men," and, jumping to my feet, I saw at a glance the most appalling, disheartening sight of my life. The brigade just before me—Girardy's Georgia—had, from some entirely inexplicable cause, given way without firing a shot hardly, and the brigade on its left, a North Carolina one, seeing this, immediately did the same, and, at the moment of my looking, both brigades were coming back in disordered squads, and the Yankees were jumping over the works they had just vacated in close pursuit, and cheering like all the world. Jumping on my horse in a moment, I dashed up the line to reach the left two brigades, which were now cut off, and which I wished to attack in flank, whilst with the rest of my disposable troops I met him in front. Though I rode parallel to, and not over fifty yards in front of the enemy for some distance, the motion of my horse, and the great excitement of the enemy, made him miss me, though numerous shots were fired at me. But I could not reach the brigade on my left—the enemy were between us—had broken the army in two, and were pouring through the gap left by the two brigades which had broken.

These two brigades for a time at least seemed to dissolve, but they were afterwards rallied, and aided in restoring things, the North Carolina one particularly doing good service.

At this time not only the day but Richmond seemed to be gone. There were three roads (the New Market, Darbytown and Charles City) radiating from Fussell's mill and leading to Richmond. The enemy had possession of these roads, was fronting two of them in heavy masses, and with my left entirely cut off, I had not at hand a single regiment to oppose him. I felt that nothing but a miracle could save us. My own gallant division had never yet failed when called upon, and sending an order to General Gregg commanding it to bring me every available man he had, to leave only a skirmish line to hold his works, and to come quickly, in a few minutes this division had formed a line of battle (under cover of the forest) in the enemy's path; we advanced against the enemy, and after a hard

and well contested battle drove him back a half mile to our works, which he had captured, over and beyond them, retook our works and continued to hold them forever afterwards. This glorious and scarcely to be hoped for result was accomplished by Gregg, commanding my division, attacking in front aided by such portions of the two broken brigades as could be rallied (a majority of the North Carolina fighting well, its Colonel commanding being badly wounded) and that portion of the army which had been cut off—Colonel Conner, afterwards General Conner, being the senior, and in command of it, attacking at the same time in flank. This ended the fighting for that day.

Our losses, as might be inferred from such open, hard fighting, were heavy—the enemy's, though, much more so. Among the casualties in my division which now, at this distance of time, recur to me were: Colonel Little, commanding Eleventh Georgia, wounded; Colonel Jack Brown, of Georgia, my aide-de-camp, Lieutenant W. Roy Mason, badly wounded, falling into the hands of the enemy, and General Gregg's aide de-camp killed. Brigadier-General Girardy was killed early in the action, at the time his brigade broke. He had only a few days before been raised from the rank of Major and assigned to that brigade, and fell in his first action with his new rank. He was said to be a gallant, meritorious officer.

Previous to this battle being fought General R. E. Lee had arrived from Petersburg; but he did not take command, and was simply a looker-on.

I should have stated that on the day previous (August 15th), General W. H. F. Lee's cavalry, on the Charles City road, being hard pressed, I sent to his assistance Gary's cavalry brigade, and the Texas infantry brigade, and, with their assistance, he drove the enemy back and re-established his position. Hampton, who some days before had started for the Valley to join Early, returned and took position on the Charles City road on my extreme left on the 16th, General Lee having telegraphed him at Gordonsville to return to my assistance. On the next day (the 17th) the enemy sent a request, by flag of truce, that hostilities should cease for a few hours, that they might gather up and bury their dead near our lines. The application was signed and made in the name of Hancock, though I ascertained a day or two afterwards that Grant and Meade were both present. The correspondence granting and arranging the armistice on our side was conducted by me, though General Lee was now present. The second night after,

the enemy having withdrawn to the south side again, the brigades which had come to my aid were also sent back to that side. This battle is called by the enemy "Deep Bottom"—from a point on the James near by thus called—and is placed among their important actions.

Though Richmond came at last so near being closely invested, and the result to us was so important, the people even in Richmond, a few miles off, were never aware how great their danger was, and never knew of nor appreciated the importance of the battle. Indeed, it was scarcely known that a battle had been fought and won.

As a specimen of the knowledge and accuracy of the Richmond journals, one of them, after giving Mahone credit for the fight, gravely added that "he ought not, after winning battles, be too modest to let the public know of his prowess; that he must not, whilst fighting, forget the art of writing," when, in truth, Mahone was at no time nearer than Petersburg, thirty miles off. So much for newspapers and the history they make. Some days after this I was with three brigades (Bratton's, Anderson's, and Perry's) summoned to Petersburg. The Texas brigade and Benning's (Colonel DuBose) were left on the north side, Gregg falling in command. After reaching Petersburg it was found that the particular event for which I had been wanted did not occur, and I remained there for some weeks doing nothing very special, but going from point to point, wherever the enemy threatened or my services were required. I think it was about the last of September that early one morning General Lee sent for me and directed me to proceed at once to Chaffin's Bluff, showing me at the same time a telegram from Gregg stating that Fort Harrison had been captured.

On arriving on the north side that evening, and not having been met by any instructions from Lieutenant General R. H. Anderson (who had just returned from the Valley and was now in command), and believing the occasion too important to lose time in seeking them from him personally, I inquired of a staff-officer, who came galloping by me, where the enemy was most pressing, and receiving for reply that he thought near Fort Gilmer, I immediately, with Perry's brigade (the only one then with me), marched in that direction. As I got in sight of the breastworks I saw beyond them two lines of the enemy (the leading line of negroes) moving up to assault Gilmer and the lines to the right and left of it. Ascertaining at once that DuBose held Gilmer and neighboring works, that Gregg with the Texas brigade was on his right, I threw at a double-quick

Perry on the left of DuBose. Hardly had they got in the trenches when the enemy got within musket range. Fire was opened along the line, but the enemy, under cover of some little irregularities, continued to advance beautifully. But directly our fire got too hot, and he broke and fled in haste, leaving many dead and wounded before us.

It is worthy of remark that some of the negro troops got up to our breastworks and were killed there. In this affair the enemy's losses were heavy, ours scarcely anything. The enemy being driven completely out of sight and range at this point, I believed that that night was the time to attack and retake Fort Harrison. The gorge of the work was open on one side and there had not been sufficient time to close it up securely. General Lee just then arrived upon the ground from Petersburg and meeting him I told him what I proposed to do, but he thought it better to remain where I was for the present. Meanwhile the two other brigades (Bratton's and Anderson's) had come up. It was now sunset.

A little after dark Brigadier-General Gregg came to me, and said that he had just seen General Lee, who wished me to retake Fort Harrison that night, but that Lieutenant-General Anderson wished to see me for a moment before I made the assault. My men were worn out with a long day's march and excitement; were stretched upon the ground asleep. Rousing up the only three brigades which could be withdrawn for that purpose (Bratton's, Anderson's, and Perry's), I started for Fort Harrison, two miles off, and, after reconnoitering, threw them up as close as possible, ready to assault. It was now one o'clock, and, all being ready, I went to report to Lieutenant-General Anderson, in pursuance of what I had been told was his desire. To my surprise, I found General Anderson asleep, and upon waking him and telling him what I came for, he said there was a mistake, that it was not intended I should attack that night. Directing the brigades to fall back a little, we went to sleep on our arms. All night long we could distinctly hear the enemy in Fort Harrison hard at work strengthening it, and by next day it had become, in strength, a most formidable place I have always thought it a great misfortune that it was not attacked that night. I believe that my division could have retaken it then. Next day, when we did attempt it, it cost us dearly. The plan of attack for the next day was as follows: portions of Hoke's division and my own were to be the assaulting column. Hoke was to attack one face, I the other. We were to get, unobserved, as near as possible to the work, and, after a severe artillery fire of twenty or thirty minutes' duration, I forget which, we

were to rush upon the work simultaneously. There was a deep ravine, which ran within a hundred yards of the face which Hoke was to attack. Up this he could form and have his troops completely masked. On my side the ground was a level plain, and consequently I could not form nearer than five hundred yards of the work. When the artillery fire was nearly over and the time for making the assault had nearly arrived, I directed General Anderson, commanding my leading brigade, to move up as close as possible to the work and let his men lay down, so as at the proper moment to spring up and reach the work simultaneously with Hoke, who had much less distance to charge than I. General Anderson failing to inform his men of his intention, they mistook the advance for an assault, and instead of halting and laying down rushed forward to attack. This brigade being in for it, necessitated my pushing Bratton and Perry to its assistance. Hoke, though aware that I was attacking prematurely, waited for the moment agreed upon, and thus the concentrated fire of the fort was poured upon my troops. The attack was, of course, unsuccessful, and my loss very heavy. Though Hoke made an effort after awhile, it was then too late. Had General Anderson sufficiently instructed his men to wait for the proper moment, or had Hoke attacked when I did, even though it did anticipate the time a few moments (and the chances for success were quite as good then as they could have been afterwards), the result might have been very different. General Lee now determined to attack upon the flank. Accordingly, Hoke's and my division having been relieved in the trenches by the Richmond militia during the night of the 6th of October, daylight next morning found us massed on the Darbytown road. The enemy's right, consisting of Kautz's division of cavalry, rested on this road. My division having the advance, upon approaching our old exterior line of works, found Kautz with his division dismounted and with twelve or sixteen pieces of artillery behind them. Having previously detached Perry, who, with Gary's cavalry, was to turn the enemy's right and come in behind him with the rest of the division (Bratton leading), I assaulted in front. After a sharp fight of twenty minutes Kautz was routed, ten guns and caissons complete, and more than one hundred artillery and cavalry horses, being among the spoils. The enemy, being now perfectly aware of our force and intentions, massed about two miles to the rear of the point from which Kautz had been routed a large force of infantry and artillery behind breastworks, protected in front by a line of abattis. Hoke now came up and formed in line of battle on my

right, and, I understood, was to assault simultaneously with me. My gallant fellows, led by the brigade commanders on foot, rushed forward and penetrated to the abattis, facing a most terrific fire, delivered, as I afterwards learned from a Yankee officer of rank, who was present, from those new repeating Spencer rifles. Hoke, from some unexplained cause, did not move forward. The consequence was that the whole fire was concentrated on my fellows. We were repulsed with heavy loss.

Among the killed and wounded was Brigadier-General Gregg, commanding Texas brigade, shot through the neck dead, and Brigadier-General Bratton, commanding South Carolina brigade, wounded in the shoulder. These gentlemen were both brave and able officers, and the fall of General Gregg was felt as a great calamity by the whole army, and was a misfortune from which his brigade never recovered. Had he lived a few days he would doubtless have been promoted, as I had recommended him for a Major-Generalcy for previous distinguished services.

By the 12th of October a new line, intermediate between the old exterior line and the interior, had been traced out. The right of the new line started at Fort Gilmer, and the left extended to the Darbytown road. My division was the extreme left of the army, and as there was nothing easier than for the enemy to come up the Darbytown road and get on my flank and rear, I requested Lieutenant-General Anderson to cause Hoke to extend a little to his left so that I could throw a brigade across the Darbytown road. This not having been done, on the evening of the 11th, on my own responsibility, I withdrew the Texas brigade from my right and placed it on my extreme left across the Darbytown road. It was well that I did so, for at daylight of the 12th the enemy in heavy force came up the Darbytown road, and, thinking from a previous reconnoisance that I only reached to the road, would, but for the Texas brigade extending across it, have been upon my flank before I could have checked him. General Lee, coming upon the field, at once directed me to reinforce myself, and, whilst the Texas brigade held him in check, I threw quickly three brigades from my right on my left. My flank was now safe from being turned, and the enemy completely foiled. He tried all day to break through my lines, making two very determined assaults upon Perry, but late in the evening he withdrew. Our loss was very slight compared to his. Among his slain left in our hands were two Majors. (The body of one of them, Major Camp, was returned to them next day, upon application through flag of

truce.) We had to deplore the loss of Colonel Perryel, Seventh Alabama brigade, a most daring, reckless officer—mortally wounded.

The saddest event of the war befell me in this affair in the death of my Adjutant-General, Major Willis F. Jones. Major Jones had left an interesting family and magnificent home in Woodford county, Kentucky, to give his services and his life, if need be, to the cause of his country. He was my nephew, and, knowing his rare worth, I at once made him Adjutant-General of my division. He had passed through the hottest battles of the campaign unscathed. On this occasion I gave him an order to deliver to General Bratton, of South Carolina. Scorning to dismount, though others were already on foot, he galloped up to General Bratton, in the face of a severe fire, was shot through the brain and fell from his horse without uttering a word, a corpse.

Thus fell, in the vigor of manhood and far from all he held dear, one of the noblest spirits of the war. In his death the country lost an ardent patriot and I an invaluable officer and loved friend.

A few days after this, General Longstreet having sufficiently recovered from his wound, resumed command of his corps to the great joy of us all.

It was on the 27th of October, that early in the morning, long lines of the enemy advancing against us were again visible. At once doubling my skirmish line it alone kept the enemy at bay throughout the day. His appearance against my line was only a demonstration, the feint, though, to be converted into a real attack if an opportunity presented. But my skirmish line did their duty too well for that. The plan of the enemy was to make a show in our front, whilst Weitzel with his division of infantry and Kautz's of cavalry should, under cover of the forest, move some distance to our left, then up the Williamsburg and Nine-Mile roads, get inside our works at those points (we having no troops there to oppose them), and then sweep down on our left flank. Generals Lee and Longstreet discovering his game, directed me to move with my division to the left to resist Weitzel and Kautz. I was still the extreme left of the army, and leaving my strong skirmish line out, which, with such assistance as Hoke could give, it was believed could hold the works I was about to vacate, I moved rapidly to my left to the Williamsburg road, and relieved a regiment of Gary's cavalry which I found there skirmishing with the enemy. One of my scouts just in from the front gave me such information as led me to suggest to General Longstreet that my division should remain at the Williamsburg road, whilst Gary's

cavalry should move to and hold the Nine-Mile road. I had hardly formed line when Weitzel emerged from the wood in front and charged us. He got in about three hundred yards of my line, when his troops, unable to stand the fire, threw themselves on their faces in a little depression of ground. A portion of Bratton's South Carolina brigade, led by his Adjutant-General (the gallant Captain Lyle), went out in front of my division and captured four hundred or five hundred of them, the rest slipped back to the rear in squads leaving their dead upon the field. I may add that Gary was quite as successful in repulsing the enemy's cavalry on the Nine-Mile road.

It was now dark. During the night the enemy fell back behind his fortifications and I returned to my own lines. Thus ended the battle on the Williamsburg road with scarcely any loss to us, but with very heavy loss to the enemy. We buried next day one hundred of his dead near our lines. Among our captures was Weitzel's medical director. This closed on the north side the fighting of the campaign of 1864. From this time forth my left rested on the Williamsburg road. I now set to work strengthening my works and putting up huts for the winter. Churches were also erected, besides a theatre and a house for negro minstrelsy. There was in the Texas brigade a very good company of actors and actresses, of which Mrs. Mollie Bailey, the wife of one of the band, was the *star.* There was in the same brigade (also in others) a great troupe of minstrels. As our hardest duty during the winter was picketing, we had a pleasant, comfortable time after the fatigues and dangers of the past campaign.

I come now to that sad time when we were to leave the north side of the river, never to return as soldiers, and to enter upon the last short campaign of the war. At night of March 31st or April 1st I was ordered to proceed to Petersburg by rail. As the cars could take but one brigade at a time I arrived there with the leading one (Benning's) about 2 o'clock next day ; the last did not come up till sunset. The enemy had already broken through our lines and were moving in upon the city. Brigadier-General Benning, who had recovered from his wound received at the Wilderness, and during the winter resumed the command of his brigade, quickly formed line of battle, repulsed the enemy most handsomely, and held a large force in check till other brigades of my division came to his assistance. The enemy, finding us not inclined to give way for him, contented himself with forming line in front of us, but out of range. We stood thus in plain view of each other till night, when our army began its

retreat, crossing to the north side of the Appomattox river. My division, which was rear-guard that night, and almost continuously during our arduous and trying retreat, crossed on a pontoon bridge about 11 o'clock, after which it was destroyed. We marched all night and next day and most of the following night, reaching Amelia Courthouse the next morning before noon. The suffering of my division throughout this whole retreat for the want of rations was peculiarly great. We had left the north side hurriedly with nothing to eat, expecting to be supplied next day from our wagons or from the stores at Petersburg. But our wagons took a different road, and we first saw them again, or what was left of them, at Appomattox Courthouse. In the emergency and confusion at Petersburg there was no chance to obtain supplies, consequently we left with nothing. At Farmville rations were issued to the army, but, being rear-guard, the supply was issued out almost before we arrived. We had a precarious existence by now and then gathering in a few hogs or cows. Yet the spirits of my brave fellows never flagged for a moment. Their organization and discipline was perfect; there was not a straggler; they were as full of fight and pluck as they were the morning of the Wilderness, and I surrendered near five thousand muskets, rather more than I left Petersburg with, for the sick and convalescent had quitted the hospitals and shouldered their muskets.

At Amelia Courthouse, Jetersville, Rice's station, and near Farmville, I skirmished with the enemy, sometimes very heavily. At the last named place the enemy attempted to turn Mahone's flank, he being on my left. Going quickly to his assistance with two brigades—Bratton's and Anderson's—we drove the enemy back, and captured about seven hundred prisoners. This was the last shot fired by my division during the war; and it is a little remarkable that at the close of this, our last skirmish, my Inspector General, Major L. Masters, who had been with me from the very beginning of the war till that present time, two days of its close, and had passed through the battles of four years without a scratch, should have fallen into my arms dead, shot through the heart.

Major Masters was a Virginian, a lawyer of reputation, a valuable officer, and a most estimable gentleman. That he might give all possible aid to his loved South, he refused all pay for his services in her cause. His death was a sad blow to me. It is unnecessary to speak of what occurred two days afterwards at Appomattox Courthouse, except to say that my division, like myself, was unprepared for such a result. We were still bringing up the rear, the head of

Meade's column being two or three miles behind us; and when that morning some one came back to us and brought a summons of surrender, the division was about to mob him. An hour or two later, when there was no longer any doubt, I saw the tears streaming down the face of the chivalrous Colonel Coward, of South Carolina. Some proposed that if I thought it *honorable*, and would lead them, that they would try to cut their way out. Some few did leave, but I had their names surrendered as though they were present. I did not see Pickett's division at all, nor Kershaw's but once.

On the morning of the surrender a body of about two hundred troops passed, and in answer to my question, of "what troops they were?" the reply came from the leader, a Captain Butts, "Kershaw's division." The artillery, at all times and under all circumstances, rendered the most gallant and efficient service. I have not spoken of it, because you are better able to treat of it. Whilst lying at Appomattox Courthouse, arranging the details of our surrender, General Meade, whose army laid just in rear of my division, sent a request that I would pass him through my lines on his way to pay his personal respects to General Lee. He soon appeared at the head of a brilliant staff, and as these were the first Yankees who had ever ridden by us, except in a hostile attitude, the cavalcade drew large numbers of my men to the road-side to get a near view. Riding by the General's side, and chatting with him, he directly said, pointing to a group of my men standing on the road side, in hearing distance, "those fellows are complimentary to me." I asked him "what was that? I did not hear what they said." He replied, "they just now said I looked like a Rebel." I answered, "that I did not suppose gentlemen on his side of the question thought that a compliment;" to which he replied, "Oh! yes we do; any people who have made such a defence as you have, we can but respect and admire." He then went on to speak in warm terms of our fortitude, endurance and courage, and expressed his astonishment that we had stood out so long. He also expressed his regret that, at General Lee's request, all intercourse between the opposing armies was forbidden, saying, "that the Yankee army had only the kindest feeling for us, and would gladly meet us as friends." I told him that our men had, or thought they had, cause for a different feeling, and that whilst they had arms in their hands, and our defeat was yet fresh, it might be better to keep aloof from any general intercourse. We directly met General Lee in the road, and at his invitation General Meade rode with him to his tent.

In bringing this rough sketch of the operations of my division, whilst a part of Longstreet's corps, to a close, I desire to say that it is not meant for publication in its present form. I have written fully of persons and things because it was necessary to a proper understanding of the subject; but I have the very kindest feeling for all herein mentioned, and do not wish to imply censure upon any one. For our corps commander, Lieutenant-General Longstreet, I have the very highest admiration and regard, both as a soldier and a gentleman. He is, in my opinion, one of the very few who in this war deserved all the honors (and more) that were heaped upon him. He is, or rather was, a thorough soldier and *General.*

As these pages were written from memory alone, there may be some slight inaccuracies in dates, but the incidents and the part assigned to each are set forth just as they appeared to me and those about me, and are, I believe, in every particular correct.

C. W. FIELD,
Late Major-General, Longstreet's Corps,
Army Northern Virginia.

Long's Memoir of General R. E. Lee.

A REVIEW BY J. WM. JONES.

Memoirs of Robert E. Lee: His Military and Personal History. Embracing a large amount of Information Hitherto Unpublished. By A. L. LONG, formerly Military Secretary to General Lee, afterwards Brigadier-General and Chief of Artillery Second Corps Army of Northern Virginia. Together with incidents relating to his private life subsequent to the War, collected and edited with the assistance of Marcus J. Wright, formerly Brigadier-General Army of Tennessee, and Agent of the United States for the Collection of Confederate Records. New York, Philadelphia and Washington: J. M. Stoddart & Co. 1886.

We never fail to seek and to read with interest any and everything which can shed light on the life and character of General R. E. Lee, and hail with peculiar delight any new contribution to our knowledge of this superb soldier and peerless Christian gentleman. Knowing well the ability of the gallant and accomplished soldier, General A. L. Long, and his peculiar qualifications for his task, from the fact that he served for a time as military secretary and confidential staff-officer of General Lee, and afterwards as Chief of Artillery of the old Second

corps, we expected a book of deep interest and great historic value. *We have not been disappointed.* General Long has done his work admirably, and deserves the thanks of all admirers of our grand old chieftain—all lovers of true greatness and true nobility.

The real object of General Long's book is best given in the following extract from his preface: "To overcome the inactivity to which loss of sight has for some years subjected me, I have sought occupation in recording the recollection of familiar events. Having obtained a slate prepared for the use of the blind, I soon learned to write with a moderate degree of legibility. In order to excite a pleasing interest in my work, I undertook something that might prove of future benefit. Having served on General Lee's personal staff during the most important period of his military career, I began an eye-witness narrative of his campaigns in the war between the States. * * * * * * * My work is now completed, and I offer it to the public, hoping it may prove of value as a record of events which passed under my own observation, and many of which have been described directly from my notes made at the time of their occurrence. It is not intended to be a history of the war in detail, but a statement of my personal knowledge of General Lee's life, actions, and character, and of the part played by him in the great events of which he was the ruling spirit." * *

This design to make a narrative of *personal recollections* of Lee, and of the great events of the war in which he figured under the eyes of our author, has been so admirably done and is so valuable a contribution to the material for a biography of the great chieftain, as to make us on the one hand admire the patient perseverance of the blind soldier whose memory was quickened as he "fought his battles o'er again," and, on the other hand, to deeply regret that the sad affliction of his blindness prevented his thorough study of the official records on both sides, so that he might have *added* to his exceedingly valuable work the full statement of relative numbers and able criticism of military movements of which General Long is so capable.

But, then, had he been spared this sore affliction—this "thorn in the flesh"—in the loss of his vision, he might have been (like Venable, and Marshall, and W. H. Taylor, of Lee's staff, and others of our ablest soldiers) so absorbed in active business that we should have lost these invaluable *Recollections of Lee*, as a gallant and accomplished soldier saw him.

The genealogy of the Lee family, and the account of the early

youth and opening manhood of Lee, are very interesting, and contain some new matter in the reminiscences of cotemporaries of the boy, the cadet, the skillful young engineer officer, and the account of his marriage to Mary Custis, and home life at Arlington.

The sketch of the career of "Captain Lee" in the Mexican war, is the fullest and most valuable which has yet been published, and is rendered the more interesting by contributions of General Wilcox, General Hunt, and General J. E. Johnston, besides free quotations from the official reports, which show that even then he was the rising soldier of the army.

The life of Lee from the Mexican war to the breaking out of the great war between the States—his service as engineer near Baltimore; his three years as Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, and his service on the frontier as Lieutenant-Colonel of the famous Second cavalry—is briefly sketched.

His views and feelings on the breaking out of the war are presented in interesting letters, which had been before published, but are none the less valuable as showing the real sentiments of this great man.

General Long brings out clearly the invaluable service rendered by General Lee as commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, and for a time of all of the Confederate forces in Virginia, in organizing, disciplining, and equipping the raw recruits and preparing them to win the first battle of Manassas and other victories of the next year.

Shortly after the battle of First Manassas, General Long had his first interview with General Lee, and was made Major and Chief of Artillery to the Army of Northwest Virginia. Henceforth Long served to the sad end at Appomattox, under the immediate eye and in the most confidential relations with General Lee, and we have a narrative greatly enhanced in interest and value by this fact. The writer of this review remembers to have heard General Lee, upon more than one occasion, speak in high terms of General Long—his ability as a soldier and his character as a man—and the remainder of the memoirs of General Lee's military career are therefore the work of a competent military critic, who speaks of what he saw and learned of General Lee himself, and of which admiring friends may justly say (what our author's own modesty would forbid), *Magna pars fuit.*

We regret that the late date at which we have received the book (only several days before closing this volume), and want of space, must compel us to omit a detailed review of the admirable

account given. We can only indicate the headings of the chapters as follows: "West Virginia Campaign," where Lee sacrificed his own reputation rather than to sacrifice his men or injure the reputation of others who were "striking for the defence of the country as best they could"—"The South Coast Defences," where General Lee left the impress of his engineering skill, which aided materially in the heroic defence which afterwards followed—"The Peninsula Campaign," which brought McClellan to the gates of Richmond, and by the wounding of General Johnston at Seven Pines put Lee in command of the Virginia army—"The Seven Days' Fight," which raised the siege of Richmond, forced McClellan to cower under the protection of his gunboats at Westover, and gave immortal fame to Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia—"Pope Outgeneralled," shows how "Headquarters in the Saddle" were dismounted, and Pope's braggadocio turned into the wail of a disgraceful disaster—"Advance into Maryland," sketches that campaign—"Fredericksburg," describes that great victory—"Chancellorsville," tells the story of that great triumph of military genius and indomitable courage—"Gettysburg," is a valuable addition to the great mass of literature on that campaign, and gives cumulative proof of what the publications in our PAPERS had abundantly proven, that the battle of Gettysburg was lost, not by any mistake of General Lee or any failure on the part of his brave boys, but by the disobedience of orders on the part of General Longstreet—"A Campaign of Strategy," gives the history of the Bristoe campaign, the Mine Run affair, and the Kilpatrick-Dahlgren raid—"Wilderness, Spotsylvania, and Cold Harbor," brings out the marvellous strategy by which Lee outgeneraled Grant at every point, and the heroic fighting by which the Army of Northern Virginia defeated the Army of the Potomac wherever they met until after Cold Harbor, having had more men put *hors du combat* than Lee had, it was compelled to sit down to the siege of Petersburg, a position which it might have taken at first without firing a shot or losing a man—"Early's Valley Campaign," gives a brief account of "the forlorn hope" which was so ably led against Sheridan's overwhelming masses—"The Siege of Petersburg" and "The Siege Continued," give accounts of operations during the summer, autumn and winter along the long line which Lee and his mere handful of ragged veterans defended against Grant's "overwhelming numbers and resources"—"From Petersburg to Appomattox," tells the sad story of

the breaking of our lines, the retreat, and the surrender—"General Lee as a soldier," gives the estimate of an able soldier of his great chief, and concludes General Long's part of the book.

The two hundred and seventy one pages which follow are, as we understand it, compiled by General Marcus J. Wright, and embrace chapters headed "President of Washington College," "Home and Society Life," "Death and Memorial Ceremonies," and "The World's Estimate," and "An Appendix" containing a number of official reports, letters, etc., some of which have never before been published, and are of great interest and historic value.

General Wright, who was a gallant soldier in the Army of Tennessee, and is an accomplished gentleman for whom we cherish a high personal regard, seems to have attempted nothing but *a compilation*, and to have done his work with the earnest industry which characterizes him.

The publishers have brought out the book in good style—the engravings are good, though we do not think they have selected the best *likenesses* of General Lee, and the whole get-up of the book is satisfactory.

And now, having said so much in praise of a book which we desire to see widely circulated, and which we hope may have an immense sale (especially as a part of the proceeds are to go for the benefit of the "Confederate Soldiers' Home" at Richmond), candor compels us to add several other things:

1. There is a marked and inexcusable failure to give proper credit to other authors, whose work has been freely used—*e. g.*: No one who has read "Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Letters of General R. E. Lee," by J. Wm. Jones, can fail to see that nearly every chapter of this book draws largely on that. Letters, anecdotes, and sometimes whole pages of the substance, if not the language of that book, are freely transferred to this. Now we submit that while the free use of this material was entirely legitimate, there ought to have been distinct acknowledgment of the same. And yet, with the exception of a general acknowledgment in the Preface of "the use of the publications of Rev. *J. M. Jones*" [whoever *he* is] and others, and an acknowledgment (on page 400), of a single anecdote as taken from "*Jones's Personal Reminiscences of General Lee*," there is not the slightest intimation of the *wholesale use* of a book which cost the author years of hard work.

2. The letters in the Appendix, taken from General Lee's letter-books, which are in the War Records office at Washington, are, of

course, very valuable, but would be, in our judgment, much more interesting and valuable if they had been published in proper order in the body of the book, and used to illustrate the campaigns to which they refer.

3. The "field returns" are, of course, valuable, but it would have been much more useful if (instead of scattering them through the appendix) their *aggregates* had been used in the text, and compared with the "returns" of the Federal army in order to show the *relative numbers* engaged in the great battles.

4. We exceeding doubt the propriety of "padding" the book with General Lee's official reports, which have been frequently published; which are easily accessible to those wishing to consult them, and for which the general reader will not specially care.

5. We are glad to be able to say that the statement made on page 645 to the effect that General Lee "prepared no formal report of his operations" in the campaign of 1864 is incorrect. His subordinates prepared and forwarded their reports, and he had prepared his. These reports were unfortunately burned in General Lee's headquarter wagons on the retreat, but duplicates of many of them were preserved, [we have published a number in SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS] and Colonel Charles Marshall, who was General Lee's military secretary after General Long went to command the artillery of the second corps, has fortunately preserved the original draught of General Lee's report. Colonel Marshall having been selected by the Lee family to write the full and authorized memoir of General Lee, has in his possession a number of documents of priceless value, besides all of the material which General Lee himself collected for his proposed history of his campaigns, and we record here the earnest hope that the day may not be distant when his book shall be given to the world.

6. We are surprised to see introduced at page 464–465, the famous letter which was published at the North during the war, and purported to be a letter from General Lee at Arlington to his son, G. W. Custis Lee, at West Point, but which General Lee said, at the time, he never wrote, General Custis Lee said he never received, Mrs. Lee pronounced *spurious*, and we have had occasion several times to prove to be *a forgery*, from internal evidence as well as from the testimony of the family.

7. We are sorry to see also that, on page 338, the author copies an error, into which Jones, in his *Reminiscences of Lee*, was led, in attributing the incident of Gordon's men refusing to go forward

unless General Lee would go to the rear to *the tenth of May, 1864*, instead of to the *twelfth*, the real day, as General Early, Colonel Venable, General Gordon, and others showed, and we have several times published in our PAPERS.

But let us say again that despite these blemishes the book is a valuable contribution to our Confederate war literature, and we cordially commend it as worthy of a place in every library. May our gallant friend, General Long, live to write other books, and our good friend, General Wright, be spared long to continue his valuable services to the War Records office.

Field Telegrams from Around Petersburg.

[In Volumes III and VII we published a number of these telegrams. We now give others which have not been published before, and which will be found of interest and value.]

CLAY'S HOUSE, 5 P. M., 17th June, 1864.

His Excellency, JEFFERSON DAVIS, *Richmond, Virginia:*

At 4 P. M. assaulted that portion of our front line held by enemy and drove him from it; we again have the entire line from Howlett's to Dunn's Mill.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Official: W. H. TAYLOR, *A. A. G.*

CLAY'S HOUSE, 5 P. M., 17th June, 1864.

General G. T. BEAUREGARD, *Petersburg, Virginia:*

At 4 P. M. was compelled to assault centre of our former line held by enemy. We now hold entire line from Howlett's to Dunn's Mill. All prisoners from Tenth corps.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Official: W. H. TAYLOR, *A. A. G.*

HEADQUARTERS DREWRY'S BLUFF,
10 P. M., 17th June, 1864.

General G. T. BEAUREGARD, *Petersburg, Virginia:*

General Kershaw's division, which will camp to-night on

Redwater Creek, is ordered to continue its march to-morrow to Petersburg.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Official: W. H. TAYLOR, *A. A. G.*

Superintendent Richmond and Petersburg Railroad.

Richmond, Virginia:

Please notify me when railroad is again in running order.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

HEADQUARTERS DREWRY'S BLUFF,
10 P. M., 17th June, 1864.

Lieutenant-General HILL, *Riddle's Shop*

via Meadow Station, Y. R. R. R.:

Move your command promptly at 3 A. M. to-morrow for Chaffin's Bluff. Cross the river and move to the Petersburg turnpike; there await further orders. Send to examine about bridges.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Official: W. H. TAYLOR, *A. A. G.*

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
June 18th, 1864.

General WADE HAMPTON,

Vernon Church via Hanover Junction:

If Sheridan escapes you and gets to his transports at the White House you must lose no time in moving your command to our right near Petersburg. Keep yourself thoroughly advised of his movements and intentions as far as practicable.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

DREWRY'S BLUFF, 3:30 A. M., 18th June, 1864.

Superintendent Richmond and Petersburg R. R., Richmond:

Can trains run through to Petersburg? If so, send all cars available to Rice's Turnout. If they cannot run through, can any be sent from Petersburg to the point where the road is broken? It is important to get troops to Petersburg without delay.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Official: W. H. TAYLOR, *A. A. G.*

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
June 18, 1864.

General J. A. EARLY, *Lynchburg, Virginia:*

Grant is in front of Petersburg. Will be opposed there. Strike as quick as you can, and, if circumstances authorize, carry out the original plan or move upon Petersburg without delay.

R. E. LEE.

PETERSBURG, 10:34 A. M., June 21, 1864.

Brigadier-General G. W. C. LEE, *Chaffin's Bluff:*

What is supposed strength of enemy's force reported on Kingsland road, and of what composed? Cooke's brigade is at Clay's House available to be sent if you need assistance, and directed to be prepared to move if ordered either by rail or march by land.

In absence of General Lee,

W. H. TAYLOR, *A. A. G.*

DUNN'S MILL, 22 F., 1864.

General HETH:

Inform me of the state of affairs in your front and whether Cooke's and Davis's brigades are needed on that side of the river.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

F. 23, H. D., 11 K. 30 A. M.

Colonel W. H. TAYLOR:

All quiet in my front up to this hour. I am inclined to think that the report of Colonel Gary, stating that the enemy were crossing last night over the pontoon, much exaggerated. I will let you know the earliest moment I consider it safe to withdraw Colonel Gary and Davis from this side.

H. HETH, *Major-General.*
D. H.

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27 HD. VIA.

Colonel W. H. TAYLOR:

All quiet in my front. I think if Cooke's and Davis's brigades are not, that they might be now ordered back. The enemy

evinces no disposition to advance or increase his force on this side. General G. W. C. Lee thinks he can hold Chaffin's Bluff with his force and Gary's cavalry until reinforcements could be sent him. General Ewell will be down to-day and I will consult with him.

H. Heth, *Major-General.*

Petersburg, Va., 4 P. M., 8th August, 1864.

Major-General Wade Hampton, *Stony Creek:*

Have you received further information of departure of enemy's cavalry? Are you able to take the field?

R. E. Lee, *General.*

Official: H. B. McClellan, *A. A. G.*

Petersburg, Va., 9th August, 1864.

His Excellency Jefferson Davis,
President C. S. A., Richmond:

Dispatch of to-day received. General Early reports on the 8th that McCausland had arrived in Hardy, having sustained very little loss. Statements in Northern papers of his defeat untrue. Some commander should relieve Ransom. I think it best to send Fitz. Lee's senior brigadier. Will do so if you approve.

R. E. Lee, *General.*

Petersburg, Va., 10th August, 1864.

General Wade Hampton, *Stony Creek:*

If Sheridan's command has gone, move at once with all your division (exclusive of Dearing) north of James river. General Lee will relieve your pickets. Call at headquarters for orders.

R. E. Lee, *General.*

10th August, 1864.

Colonel S. W. Melton, *A. A. G.*,
War Office, Richmond:

Don't let the proposition for the relief of the poor people here be lost sight of. The Chief Commissary states that he has heard of no action in the matter.

W. H. Taylor.

PETERSBURG, VA., 10th August, 1864.

General R. S. EWELL, *Commanding Chaffin's Bluff:*

I think the camp at Dutch Gap is probably the marines. Could not Captain Mitchell shell it while Pickett opened on land batteries and you attacked it. They will soon be fortified.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

HEADQUARTERS, 11th August, 1864.

General J. A. EARLY, *via Staunton and Woodstock:*

Major-General Lomax has been directed to report to you to relieve General Ransom in command of cavalry. General Ransom on being relieved will report to the Adjutant and Inspector-General, Richmond.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

HEADQUARTERS, 11th August, 1864.

General J. A. EARLY, *via Staunton and New Market, Va.:*

Washington *Chronicle* of the 8th states Sheridan has superseded Hunter. Another division of cavalry has been sent to General Anderson. Communicate with him.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

General G. W. C. LEE, *A. D. C. to President:*

The President's telegram cannot be deciphered. Has the key word been changed lately.

W. H. TAYLOR, *A. A. G.*

HEADQUARTERS, 12th August, 1864.

General R. H. ANDERSON, *Culpeper C. H., Va.:*

General Early at Newtown states the enemy to be moving up the Shenandoah with a view of reaching his rear apparently towards Front Royal. It may be his purpose to move up Luray Valley. You had better move to Sperryville and be governed by circumstances. Hampton should reach you the 15th. Keep him apprised and keep in communication with Early.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Editorial Paragraphs.

Volume XIV, Southern Historical Society Papers, will be found, we think, in no respect inferior to our previous volumes in interest or historic value. We had hoped to issue it earlier in the year, but have been delayed by a press of other work on our printers.

Renewals for 1887 are now in order, and we beg our friends to forward to us without delay their $3.00—a small matter to each one of them, but a very important matter to us.

Remember that membership fees for 1887 *are due on the 1st day of January*, and that prompt payment is very important to us. If we could collect the *back dues* of our members and subscribers, we would have money enough in the treasury to run the Society, on its present economical basis, for several years to come. But the fact that delinquents are so slow in paying their dues makes it all the more imperative that our old friends, who have steadily stood by us, should be prompt now. Then be sure to send us *your* subscription *at once*, before you lay this aside.

Complete your sets while you can, lest you lose your opportunity, and regret, when too late, that you have only "broken" sets of Southern Historical Society Papers.

Material for our archives, or papers for publication, are always acceptable, and we beg those of our friends who have material—books, documents, MSS., etc.—which they *intend* sending to do so *now*. Delays are dangerous. More than once we have lost valuable material, which had been promised us, by fire or other causes.

Book Notices.

PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF U. S. GRANT. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

This book has been before the public for some time, and has had an unprecedented sale.

Anything that came from so prominent an actor in such great events would have possessed interest, and there is no doubt that the tragic circumstances under which the book was written—the financial ruin, protracted illness, and slow death of General Grant—have added greatly to the desire of the public to read it.

It must be said also that the book itself possesses many elements of interest. Written in a pleasing, narrative style, and, in the main, in a very kindly tone, it contains many anecdotes, reminiscences, and expressions of personal opinion about men and things which give a decided interest to the narrative, and give the book a certain historic value.

But it is (as was to have been expected from the circumstances under which it was written) a book full of blunders and flat contradictions of the official reports (both Federal and Confederate), and the future historian who attempts to follow it will be led very far astray from the real truth.

E. g.: In the account given of the campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg, the impression sought to be made by the narrative is that Grant encountered Lee with about equal forces, and steadily drove him back until he took refuge behind impregnable entrenchments in front of Richmond—that Grant was always eager to push the offensive and that Lee persistently refused to fight except behind heavy entrenchments—that Lee's losses were nearly, if not fully as heavy as Grant's, and that Grant's campaign was a splendid success which raised to the highest pitch the *morale* of the Army of the Potomac, while it depressed and demoralized the Army of Northern Virginia to such an extent that it steadily melted away until the end came.

Now any one who will read Grant's narrative of this campaign in connection with the official reports—or will compare it with the accounts of Early, Venable, Walter H. Taylor, Swinton, or Humphreys, will see at once that it is all stuff—the veriest romance that was ever attempted to be palmed off as history. The real truth about that campaign is given by Colonel Venable in his address before the Army Northern Virginia Association, which we publish in this volume, and is in brief simply this: As soon as Grant with his immense host, crossed the Rapidan, Lee moved out and attacked him—Lee made no move in the campaign which was not to meet the enemy—there was never a day when he did not long for and earnestly seek after "an open field and a fair fight"—Grant did more entrenching on that campaign than Lee, and his entrenchments were (because of greatly superior facilities) much stronger—and yet, despite of the immense odds in numbers and resources against which he fought, Lee outgeneralled Grant at every point, whipped him in every battle, and finally forced him, after losing more men than Lee had, to sit down to the siege of Petersburg, which position he might have taken at the beginning without firing a shot or losing a man.

We have not space at present for a further review of this remarkable book, but we propose at some suitable time to review it fully—under some such title as "Grant's Memoirs *vs.* the Official Reports"—and to demonstrate how utterly unreliable and untrustworthy it is alike in its statement of events, and its expression of opinions whether about military or civil matters.

The publishers have done their part of the work admirably, and the book will, no doubt, continue for some time to come to have a wide sale.

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, published at Louisville, seems to be flourishing, and is publishing many articles of great interest and decided historic value.

The December number begins a series of papers by Judge Hines, which give a full history of the secret movement in the Northwest to liberate Confederate prisoners, and encourage and help "the peace party."

THE CENTURY continues its war papers, some of which are very valuable, along with a good deal of trash. We would commend these papers much more strongly if the editors had not shown such an evident disposition to publish, without question, whatever any so called "Confederate" may have to say against our government and leaders, and such unmistakable reluctance to print corrections of their slanders. The most notable example of this was their publication of a paper on "*The Alabama*," by one professing to have been on board, grossly slandering the gallant Semmes and his officers and crew. The fellow was promptly exposed, it was proven that no such man was ever on the *Alabama*, and that his statements were false; but up to this writing the *Century* has not given its readers the benefit of this proof. Recently, however, this veracious writer of "history" has been proven to be a man of many aliases—a forger, a swindler, and fraud generally, and is now on trial for his crimes. Surely the *Century* will now acknowledge its injustice to Semmes in allowing this fellow to write the story of "*The Alabama*."

Confederates who will criticise adversely their leaders and disparage their comrades seem to be prime favorites with the *Century*.

"BARNES'S BRIEF HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES" has gotten into unexpected trouble. In its zealous efforts to so "sugar-coat the pill" that gullible School Boards at the South would the more easily swallow as "*National*" their grossly partisan history, the publishers have brought upon themselves the charge of making a "Rebel Book," and are under the necessity of making an elaborate defence (which some friend has sent us), and of proving that their book is *not* "Rebel," but "*trooly loil*." If they will call on us *we* will give them a certificate to that effect. Moreover, we will certify to all Southern School Boards that Barnes, the "Eclectic" (which the Virginia State Board has very properly kicked out of the Public Schools of Virginia), and books of that ilk, are not fit to be used in our schools, and should never be put in the hands of the children of "the men who wore the Gray." Let our children be taught *the truth*, and learn to take as their heroes not Lincoln, and Grant, and Sherman, and Sheridan, but Davis, and Lee, and Sidney Johnston, and "Stonewall" Jackson, and Stuart, and A. P. Hill, and the ragged veterans who followed them to an immortality of fame.